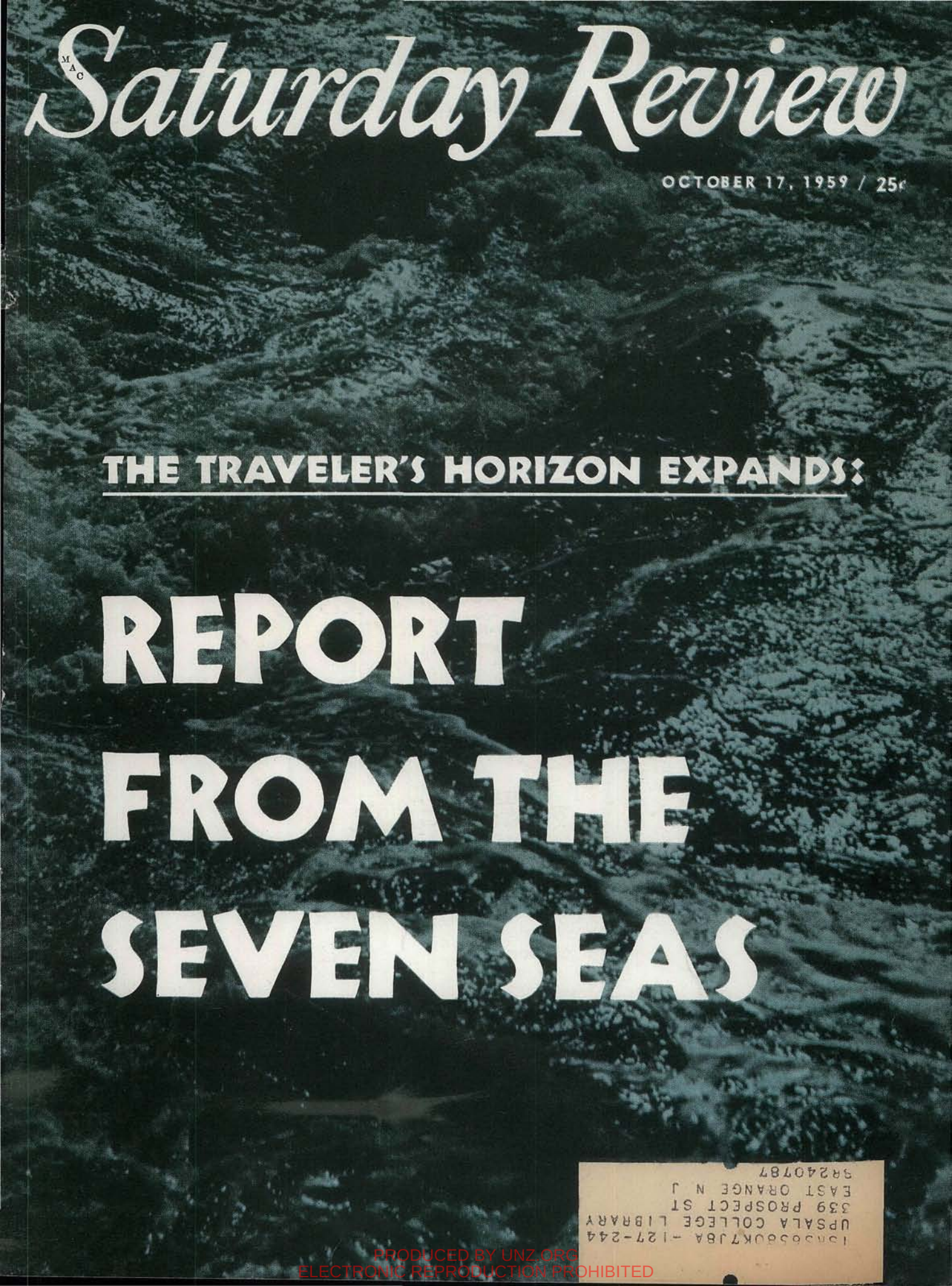

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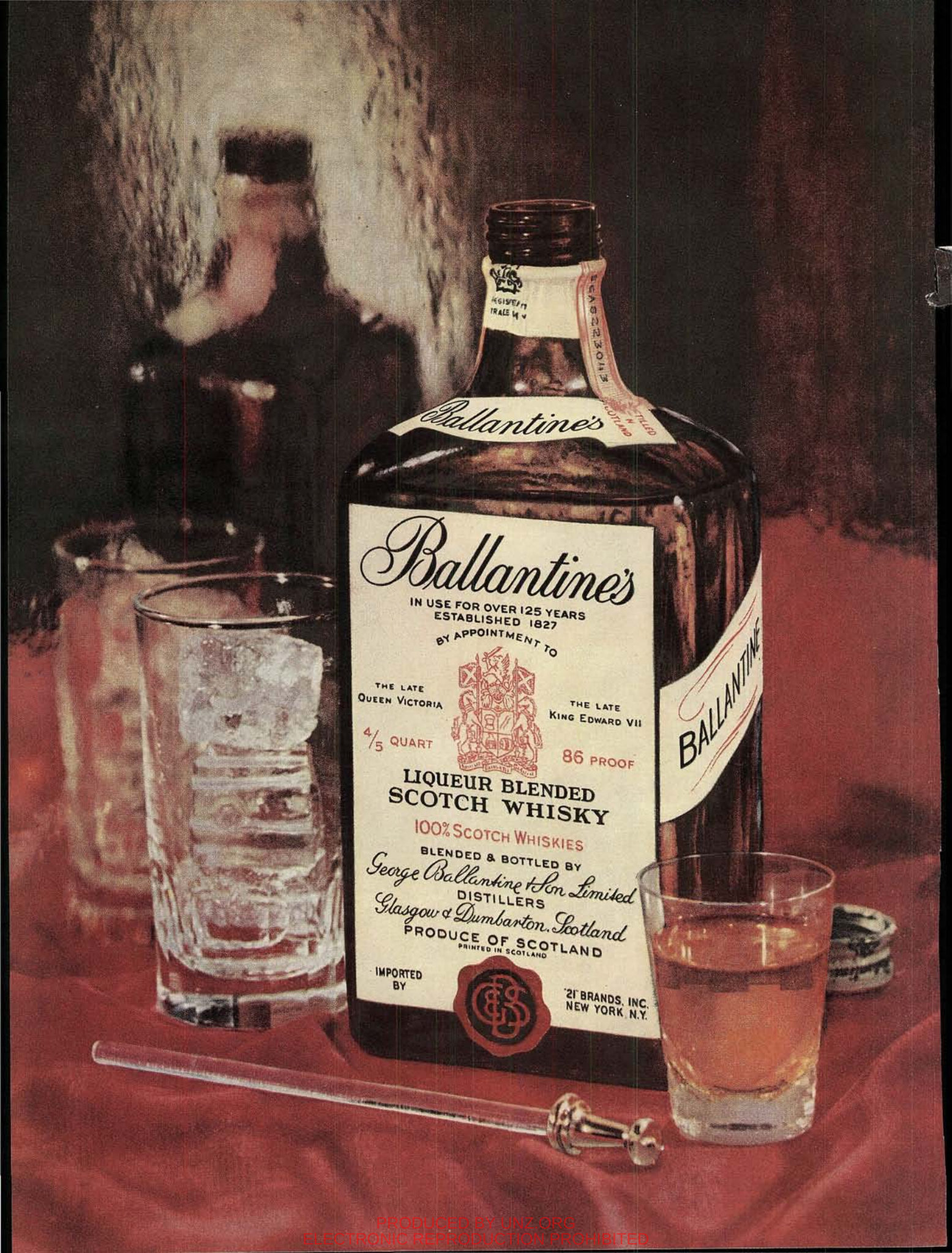

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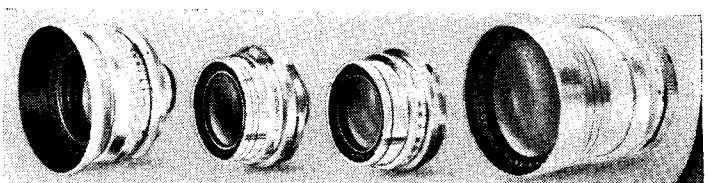

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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PORTFOLIO 1
WHAT IS A PAINTING?
General principles of art appreciation. Why various artists chose to paint as they did. An introduction to "modern art" and how to evaluate it.

PORTFOLIO 2
REALISM: The Painter and the World Around Us
Visual, emotional, intellectual elements. Different forms of "realism" throughout art history.

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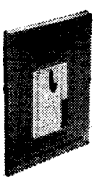
EXPRESSIONISM: The Painter and the World He Creates
The modern "expressionist movement." Why certain painters departed from realism. How an understanding of expressionist principles brings new meaning to whole areas of painting.



PORTFOLIO 4
ABSTRACTION: The Painter and the World We Never See
Similarities between an old master and an abstract master painting the same subject. Abstract principles that lie beneath realistic surfaces of some famous paintings. How to understand the extreme moderns.

PORTFOLIO 5
COMPOSITION: Pictures as Patterns
Pictorial composition considered in detail. Triple function of composition: decorative, structural, expressive.

PORTFOLIO 6
COMPOSITION: Pictures as Structures
How perspective and related devices "open up" space in *three-dimensional* relationships. An analysis of the composition in twelve famous paintings.

PORTFOLIO 7
COMPOSITION: Arrangement as Expression
Twelve paintings in which composition follows no rules. Composition as a means of telling a story, pointing a moral, expressing mood.

PORTFOLIO 8
TECHNIQUES: Fresco
This and the next two portfolios discuss the medium in which a painter works. Frescoes are discussed, mural paintings of ancient Rome and China.

PORTFOLIO 9
TECHNIQUES: Tempera and Oil
Advantages of tempera. Transition from tempera to oil; its effect in widening the expressive range of painting. Techniques of Titian, Rembrandt, others.

PORTFOLIO 10
TECHNIQUES: Water Color, Pastel and Prints
Various types of prints; Japanese, Chinese, medieval and modern woodcuts — with many examples. Rembrandt etchings; aquatints; lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and others.

PORTFOLIO 11
THE ARTIST AS A SOCIAL CRITIC
How artists have expressed their ideas, protested against injustice, commented on man's folly and achievements.

PORTFOLIO 12
THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY
Lyric painters among old and modern masters. Raw materials of an artist's visions. Twelve paintings analyzed and clarified from this point of view.

THE IDEA: A well-rounded course of twelve lectures in which the whole family can participate. You learn by comparison among paintings, utilizing 144 large full-color reproductions of great works which supplement the text . . . it is like being conducted through all the world's great museums with experienced lecturers who point out the fundamental things to look for in every painting.

MANY otherwise cultivated persons seem to have a blind spot with respect to painting. They can stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about." Frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been completely without guidance *as to what to look for in paintings*. Either he has never had an opportunity to take an art appreciation course in a university, or he has never found it convenient, as an adult, to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum.

LEARNING BY COMPARISON AMONG PAINTINGS • Both in content and method these lessons constitute something unique in the field of art education. Each lesson comes in the form of a portfolio, the core of which is the lecture. But in each portfolio is a pocket containing twelve large reproductions. *These are provided separately so*

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IN THE HOME

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that they can be compared side by side, in order to clarify whatever points the lecture aims to illuminate. Thus they serve the same function as colored slides thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall. They have a great advantage, however: they can be referred to over and over again.

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SUCCESS • This fresh approach to art education was launched experimentally about two years ago. To make sure that the unique method of instruction was sound the Museum allowed twenty-five thousand persons—scattered over the country—to take the first lesson, without obligation, under the simple plan outlined above. *Ninety-six percent continued with the full course.* This would be an extraordinary percentage for any series of personally attended art seminars in any museum.

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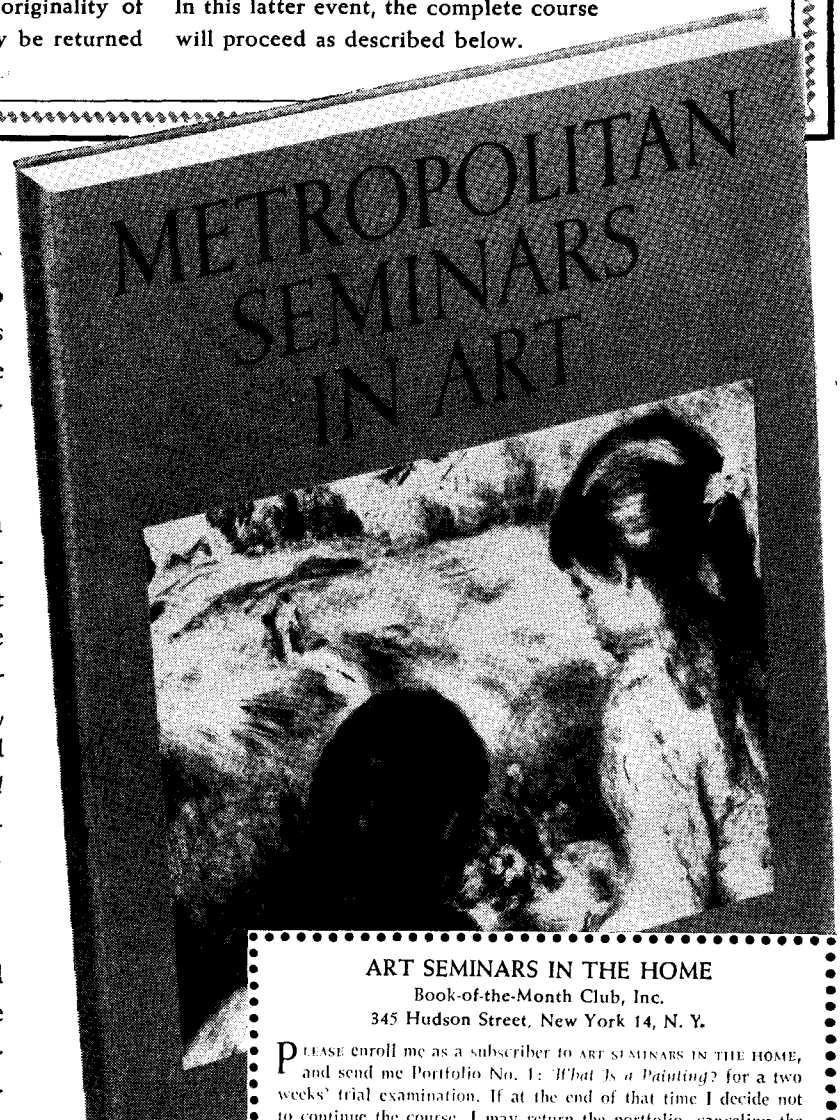

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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 17, 1959

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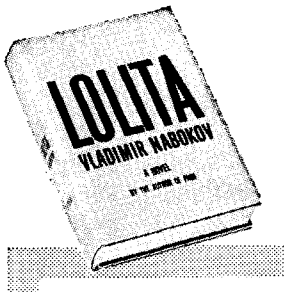

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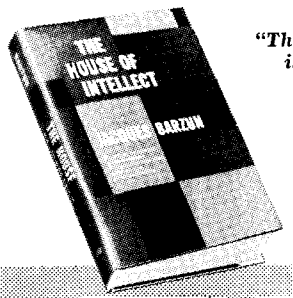

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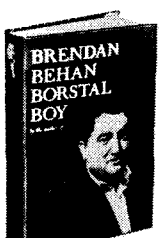

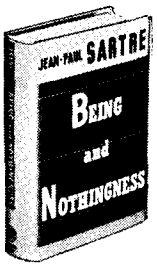

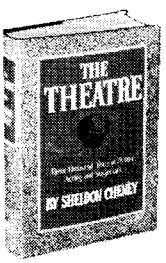

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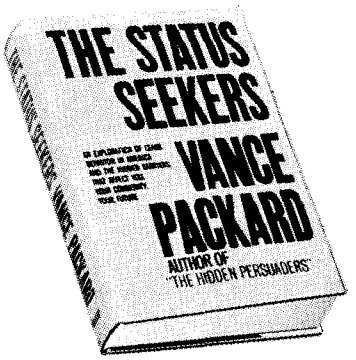

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Show Me the Way to Go Home is *the* book for commuters, about commuters, by a commuter. From the head-end smoker, through the middle-train bar car to the private commuter-club; from the optimistic bridge player who would have made his redoubled slam if those three finesses had held up, to the lady shopper who simply must have the other half of the seat for her packages, Mr. Beatty explores the train and its people with particular reference to the suburbanites of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

He has written a prophecy for everyone considering giving up a city home and a rueful, gleeful memoir for every past and present holder of a commutation book.

As one commuter says:

"I laughed out loud, and anything that can make a commuter laugh has to be very funny indeed."

—MAX SHULMAN

Illustrated by Doug Anderson $3.95

Show Me the Way to Go Home

•

by JEROME BEATTY, Jr.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
Est. 1834 • New York 16

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

OF THINGS TO COME

To Grandpa, asking for the moon
Was foolishness, and yet it
Now looks like someone, pretty soon,
Is mebby gonna get it.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

• • •

WITH MALICE A FULL THOUGHT

THE eighty-four-year-old Englishwoman who recently pulled out of a parking place only to have her car scratch paint off one car and dent two others has my wholehearted support of her court testimony. Her automobile, she explained, sometimes has a "mean spell."

I can assure her that spitefulness in machinery and, to go farther, malevolence in many supposedly mindless things, constitute hazards of which the persecuted can never be too wary. Not only has my car struck two parked cars at different times within one day of truculence, but numerous inanimate objects have shown malign intent throughout my life.

Sullen chairs and tables have leaped up and defleshed my shins, brooding bikes and trikes and coaster wagons smote me hip and thigh, vicious croquet wickets stretched my length upon the turf, stairs shifted just an inch to make me tumble down them, doors, windows, and heavy things empurpled my twenty nails without just cause.

Coffee cups have tilted to scald my legs, table wings collapsed to cascade hot minestrone into my lap, desk drawers sulkily resisted opening until I was exerting the last ounce of strength, at which they simply let loose so the opposite wall could jump forward to strike me in the back.

Tents have dropped upon me without reason, fishhooks seized me by the pants, voracious mousetraps snapped my hands, and once a bottle of beer exploded in my face, nearly earning me a Purple Heart since it attacked me while I was a member of the military in a combat area. Other instances I could name, but it would do no good. The conspiracy is too far-flung, the ways these objects declare their hostility too devious and dark for me to cherish hope of an eventual truce. Indeed, it is more than likely that long before I can testify to their meannesses in court at eighty-four, they will have slyly done me in.

—RICHARD WINKLER.

• • •

MORE ABOUT ROSS

ONE day in the early Twenties, when Harold Ross was editing *The American Legion Weekly,* he received a letter from one of America's best-known short-story writers. Engraved on the letterhead were not only the author's name and address but laudatory quotations from critical appraisals of the writer's work. Ross delayed replying to his correspondent until he acquired some new stationery for himself.

"I'm not as well known as that showoff," said Ross, "but if he favors people advertising themselves by mail, I might as well climb on the bandwagon."

I remember vividly Ross's new letterhead and the two personal tributes he had had engraved on the upper left-hand corner:

"A fine fellow."
Alexander Woollcott

"Among those present was Harold Ross."
F.P.A., *New York World*

—MARC CONNELLY.

• • •

PURIST

Number 19840, Federal
House of Detention

Dear Ern:

Well, here I am again (ha ha) which is not so funny seeing I been here twice before and could spend the rest of my life in this place.

I have a new roomie, a mugg who's doing time for practising psychiatry without a license. A weird-o, but real interesting who reads all the time.

Which is why I am returning you the $1.98 Paint-the-Last-Supper-by-Numbers kit. Ern, it was swell of you, but I seen the real thing by da Vinci in one of my roomie's books and he didn't do it with no $1.98 kit let me tell you.

Everything is $1.98 kits and amateurs today. Build a house. Paint a picture. Even bank robbers now is all amateurs and it is a crime.

Remember when only the real pros would try to knock over a First National? It took guts and planning and

Machine Strikes Back

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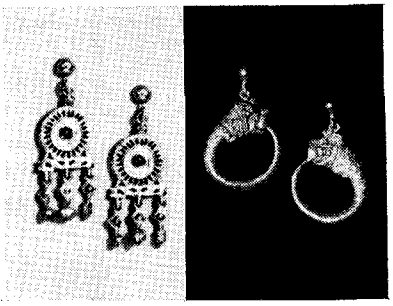
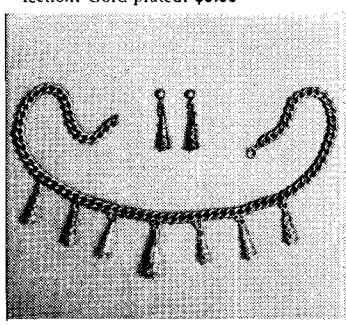
PI-2-ES. "Ur" Earrings. Palestine. 1800-1600 B.C. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$4.75**
PI-4-ES. Cupid's Head Earrings. c. 100 B.C.-100 A.D. Trans-Jordan. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$5.50**

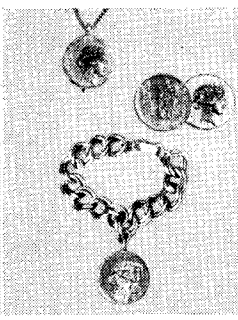
CL-2-P. Bell Top Ornament Pin. Colombia. c. 900-1500 A.D. Cleveland Museum of Art. Gold plated. **$3.75**
PI-12-B. Charm Bracelet. Palestine. Includes symbolic bull's head, drop-shape, bell, amphora and pyramid ornaments. **$10.00**



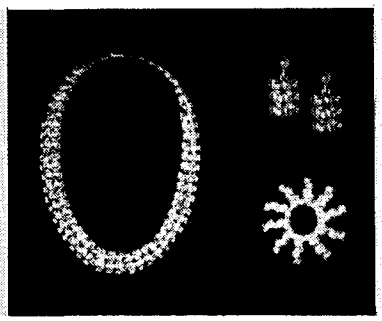
PI-6-ES. Sun Disk Earrings. Roman. c. 100-300 A.D. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$5.50**
AIC-8-EC. Rams Head Ear Clips. Greek 3rd Cent. B.C. Art Inst. of Chicago. Gold plated. **$4.75.** Also **AIC-10-CL** cufflinks. **$4.75.**



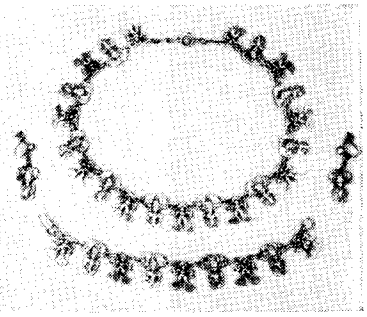
PI-11-N. Drop Shaped Pendant Necklace. Roman. c. 200-100 B.C. Private Collection. Gold plated. **$12.50.** Also **PI-11-ES** earrings. **$3.75**



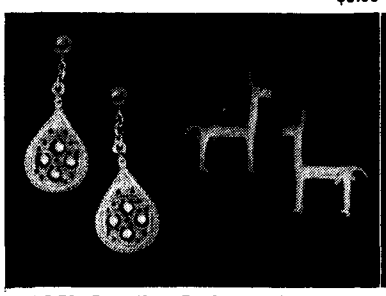
Thasos Coin Group. Greek. 146 B.C. British Museum, London. Gold plated. **BR-100-P** pin **$3.00. BR-100-B** bracelet **$3.50. BR-100-N** necklace **$3.50**



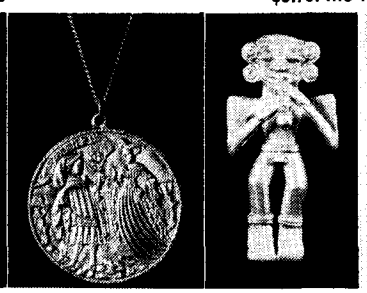
AIC-13-N. Duck Necklace. Graeco-Roman, 3rd Century A.D. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$12.50.** Also **AIC-13-B** Duck Bracelet **$7.50. AIC-13-ES** Duck Earrings **$3.75. AIC-13-RP** Sunburst Pin **$3.50**



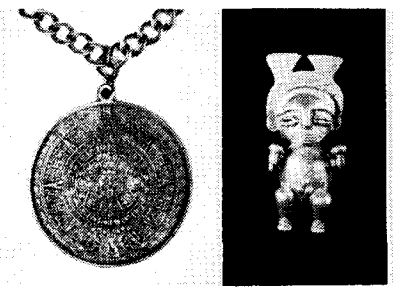
"Gremlin" Ornaments. Corsican. Thayer Collection, Boston. Silver plated. **ST-50/51-N** necklace **$10.00.** Also **ST-50/51-B** bracelet **$5.00. ST-50/51-ES** earrings **$2.50**



DO-5-ES Byzantine Earrings. 7th Century A.D. Dumbarton Oaks Library. Gold plated. **$4.75**
NH-65-P. Silver Llama Pins. Peru. 1200-1532 A.D. Museum of Natural History. Silver plated. **$5.50** pair.



C-12-JS. Lovers' Pendant. France. 15th Cent. Original: Ivory. Silver plated on chain. **$5.00.** Also **C-12-JG** Gold plated on chain. **$5.00**
AIC-1-P. Flute Player Pin. 1300-1500 A.D. Coecle Culture, Panama. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$2.50**



XH-100-NS. "Calendar Stone" Medal. Aztec. Private Collection. Reduction from 11' original. Silver plated. **$5.00.** Also **XH-100-NG** Gold plated. **$5.00**
AIC-2-P. Musician Pin. Central American. 1200-1500 A.D. Art Institute of Chicago. Gold plated. **$2.50**

JF-1-KC. Key Chain. Figure of knight in armor. Middle Ages. Silver plated. **$3.75**

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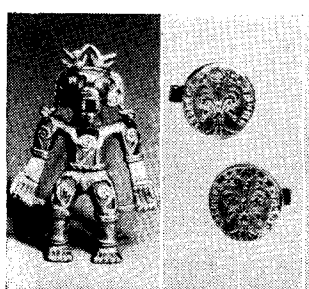
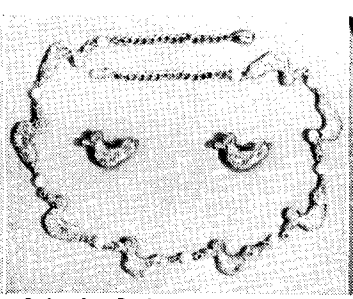


CL-4-P. Ornament. Panama. Coecle Culture. 900-1500 A.D. Cleveland Museum of Art. Gold plated. **$7.50**
NO-35-CL. Florentine Coin Cufflinks. 13-14th Century A.D. Norfolk Museum. Gold plated. **$3.50.** Also **NO-35-ES** earrings **$3.50. NO-35-P** 3 coin pin **$3.00**



Swimming Ducks. Egyptian. 4th-5th Cent. A.D. Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. **C-37-N** necklace. Gold plated with cultured pearls. **$15.00.** Also **C-37-PP** pins. **$3.00** pair.

Medallions. Roman. 2nd-3rd Cent. A.D. Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. Gold plated. **C-36-N** necklace. **$3.75. C-36-P** pin **$3.75. C-35-N** (right), Byzantine necklace. Gold plated. **$10.00**

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AIC-13-B	AIC-1-P	NO-35-P	PI-12-B
BR-100-B	AIC-13-ES	XH-100-NS	C-37-N
PI-6-ES	BR-100-N	AIC-13-RP	XH-100-NG
C-37-PP	AIC-8-EC	ST-50/51-N	DO-5-ES
AIC-2-P	C-36-N	AIC-10-CL	ST-50/51-B
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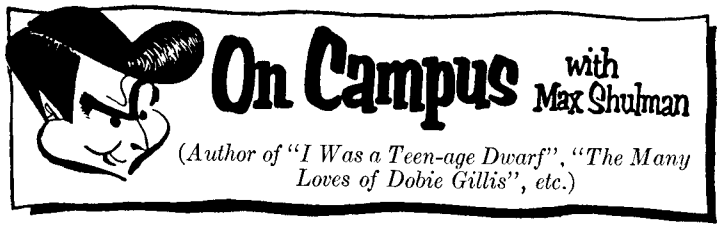

FOOTBALL: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Next Saturday at the football game while you are sitting in your choice student's seat behind the end zone, won't you give a thought to Alaric Sigafoos?

Alaric Sigafoos (1868-1934) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Ralph, were bean-gleaners, and Alaric became a bean-gleaner too. Later he moved to Oregon and found work with a logging firm as a stump-thumper. Then he went to North Dakota where he tended the furnace in a granary (wheat-heater). Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger). Then to Kentucky where he fed horses at a breeding farm (oat-toter). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker). Then to Alaska where he drove a delivery van for a bakery (bread-sledder). Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer). Then to Nevada where he computed odds in a gambling house (dice-pricer). Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicer).

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a job in a tannery beating pig hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger). Here he found happiness at last.

Why, you ask, did he find happiness at last? Light a firm and fragrant Marlboro, taste those better makin's, enjoy that filter that filters like no other filter filters, possess your souls in sweet content, cross your little fat legs, and read on.

Next door to Alaric's hog-floggery was an almond grove owned by a girl named Chimera Emrick. Chimera was pink and white and marvelously hinged, and Alaric was instantly in love. Each day he came to the almond grove to woo Chimera, but she, alas, stayed cool.

Then one day Alaric got a brilliant idea. It was the day before the annual Omaha Almond Festival. On this day, as everyone knows, all the almond growers in Omaha enter floats in the big parade. These floats always consist of large cardboard almonds hanging from large cardboard almond trees.

Alaric's inspiration was to stitch pieces of pigskin together and inflate them until they looked like big, plump almonds. "These sure beat skinny old cardboard almonds," said Alaric to himself. "Tomorrow they will surely take first prize for Chimera and she will be mine!"

Early the next morning Alaric carried his lovely inflated pigskin almonds over to Chimera, but she, alas, had run off during the night with Walter T. Severidge, her broker. Alaric flew into such a rage that he started kicking his pigskin almonds all over the place. And who should be walking by that very instant but Abner Doubleday!

Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before....

Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before, and he was now trying to invent football, but he was stymied because he couldn't figure out what kind of ball to use. Now, seeing Alaric kick the pigskin spheroids, his problem was suddenly solved. "Eureka!" he cried and ran to his drawing board and invented football, which was such a big success that he was inspired to go on and invent lacrosse, Monopoly, run sheep run, and nylon.

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* * *

When you go to next Saturday's game, take along the perfect football companion—Marlboro Cigarettes or Philip Morris Cigarettes or new Alpine Cigarettes—all a delight—all sponsors of this column.

you kind of looked up to the boys what pulled it off.

Today it is all spur-of-the-moment stuff. Impulse. You know: "I had to do it, don't ask me why." My roomie says he knows why: advertising.

Advertising, he says, tells the banks: "Don't be stuffy. Tear down the masonry. Put up glass walls and pastel curtains. Create a father image."

So the banks is everybody's daddy. And what happens when Junior runs out of allowance? He goes in and taps dad for a few bucks. It's easy. The walls is glass, right?

And if you're caught, you just tell John Law you hate the bank cause you got what my roomie calls a Oedipus Complex. Electra if you're a she. And if they nab you heisting a Brinks, you just say you was taking the family car without asking.

Only don't come to me. Like I say, I hate amateurs and $1.98 kits. I like houses built by architects and Last Suppers by da Vinci. And Willie Suttons.

Yours,
Lou

—NEAL M. MCMENAMIN.

• • •

THE ROCK AND ROLL ROAD TO CULTURE

"Bernie Nierow, the jazz pianist, will follow his original instrumental 'Scratch My Bach' with an equally punnish number titled 'Hold My Handel'."

—From Dorothy Kilgallen's "Voice of Broadway."

All right. Let's get on with it.

In the Young Love Department: "Hindemith of a Kiss," "Put Your Brahms Around Me, Honey," "Ivanov Love for Two," "Ferrari Girl There's a Boy," "I Menotti Girl, You're a Naughty Boy."

In the Blues Section: "Hadley Anyone Calls Me Anymore," "All I Get Is a Bizet Signal from You." "They're Only Strauss in the Wind," "It Was Only Bártok, Yet You Believed Them."

For Mother: "Chopin at the Supermarket." For the kiddies: "Respighi Went to Market, Respighi Stayed Home," "Picture Me on Meyerbeer Rug."

From deep down in Dixie: "Debussy Ma Honeysuckle Rose?," "Haydn in the Tall, Tall Corn."

The Rock and Roll group is endless: "Liszt to the Nightingale Rock," "Rock Around the Bloch," "Rachmaninoff Beat Tempo," "You're Way Hoffman." . . .

—LORRAINE BUDNY

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TRADE Winds

SHOW ME THE WRITER who hasn't wandered into a bookstore and casually stood near the pile of his own books on sale, counted them, maybe even patted them neatly, and then watched out of the corner of an eye to see if a customer would buy one.

Sid Offit, author of "He Had It Made" (Crown), is at least straightforward. Just a little while ago he entered one of the biggest stores in New York, went right up to the head of the book department, and introduced himself. The gentleman was pleasant, admitting that he had read the novel, and had liked it. But when Sid tried to find out about sales, the fellow was noncommittal.

Offit was leaving, feeling slightly discouraged, when the bookman asked for his autograph. He flipped open an autograph book to a space where there was an inscription: "Harry Golden. Thanks."

The author rose to the occasion, signing: "Sidney Offit. *Please*!"

IT ISN'T EASY to pick a typical poem from Bill Cole's appealing "Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry," (Simon & Schuster.) Most of them are too long for this column, and so many different kinds of humor are represented that you might not agree with me. With that apology, I'll repeat here Paul Dehn's parody of Robert Herrick, from the anthology:

Whenas in Jeans

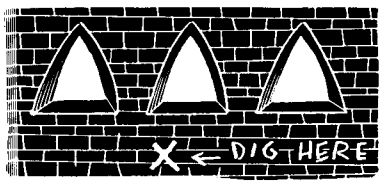
Whenas in jeans my Julia crams
Her vasty hips and mammoth hams,
And zips-up all her diaphragms,

Then, then, methinks, how quaintly shows
(Vermilion-painted as the rose)
The lacquefaction of her toes.

THERE ARE 500 PAGES in Cole's book, and heaven knows how many amusing poems. His introduction is a fine exposition on humorous verse, too, which explains among other things why limericks are excluded from the anthology:

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical,
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

THEY ARE STILL POKING around in the massive masonry of the Franciscan monastery in Ravenna looking for an iron box which is supposed to contain the original manuscript of "The Divine Comedy." This time the pokers are two young scientists of Milan's Polytechnic Institute, using a new and highly sensitive metal detector. The idea is that at the time of Dante's death the monks



may have hidden the manuscript inside the walls of the thirteenth-century building.

The monks are not above suspicion, for in the sixteenth century they pulled a fast one on Pope Leo X as well as on some rival Florentines. Leo had ordered the City of Ravenna to hand back Dante's bones to Florence, but when the happy delegation of Florentines arrived to pick up the remains, they found the tomb empty. The Franciscans had burrowed into the crypt from their adjacent monastery and cleaned it out. Then they lied in their teeth to the Pope himself, professing utter ignorance.

They had placed the stolen remains in an iron box and embedded it in the monastery's outer wall, with the secret being handed down on deathbeds, whispered from one Prior to another, until finally the chain was broken and the secret was lost. In 1865, by mere chance, the box was discovered when some repair work was being done. Ever since, scholars have hoped that maybe some earlier Franciscans did the same thing with Dante's manuscript. It would be nice to get a look at the poet's handwriting, not one line of which is extant.

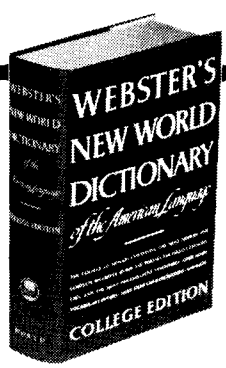
SOOTHSAYERS, RHABDOMANTISTS, and bomb detectors have had a fling at it, but the mystery of the manuscript is unsolved. An aura of the miraculous surrounds the proceedings. A few years before the boxed bones turned up in 1865, a gravedigger in Ravenna had made himself the laughing stock of the town by telling how one night he had seen Dante's ghost issue from the wall of the monastery. Nobody laughed after the box was later located in that very spot.

Even in 1321, it will be recalled,

megrim

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED? WHAT IS ITS ORIGIN?

Seize the moment of excited curiosity –and consult the dictionary



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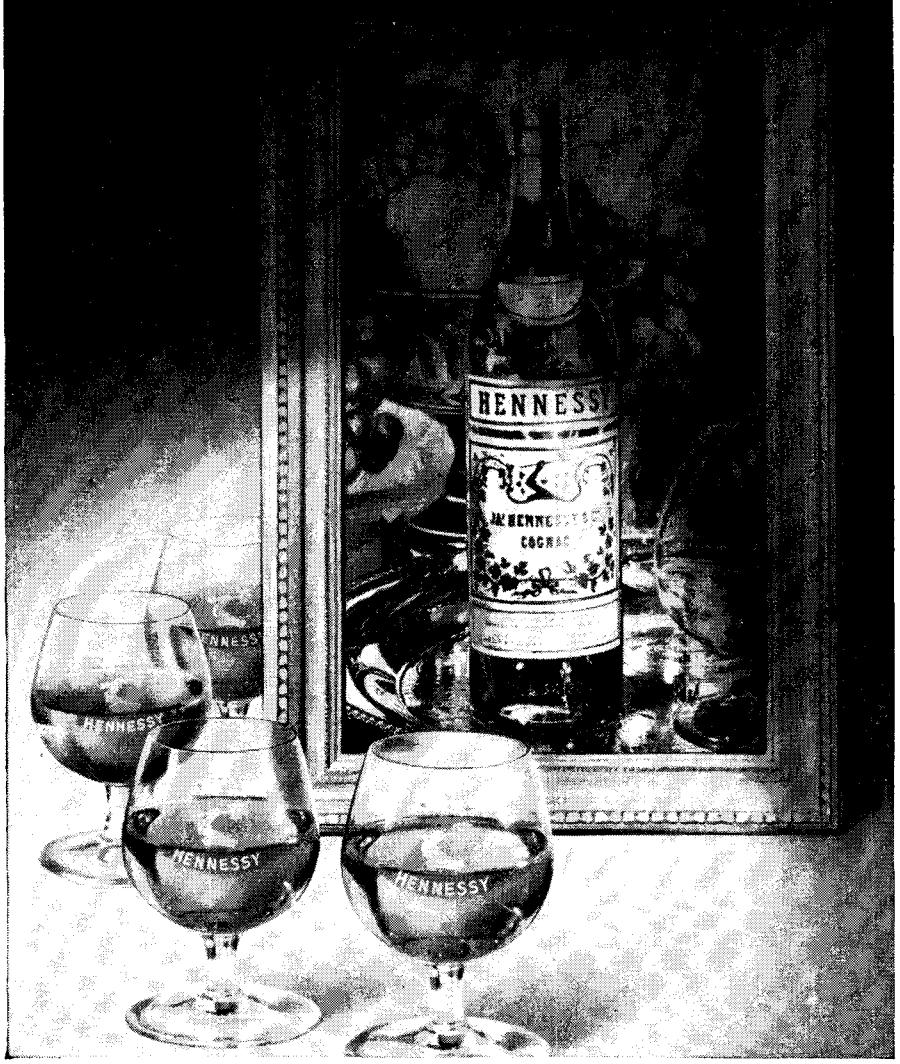

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everyone was flabbergasted when, on the death of the poet, no one could find the last thirteen cantos of the "Paradise." Jacopo, Dante's son, saw his father in a dream beckoning toward a straw mat on a wall. On awakening, Jacopo found the room with the mat, lifted it, and sure enough there were the missing cantos in an iron box. (This story, incidentally, is not a plug for the Ravenna Iron Box Company.)

Will they find the manuscript of "The Divine Comedy"? I have respect for the new-fangled metal detector, but I'd rather see one more good solid dream.

COLUMNIST LEONARD LYONS tells a story about how in April, 1952, John Foster Dulles lunched in Paris with General Eisenhower, who listened to his views on foreign policy and urged him to write a book. Dulles said he had no time. But he flew home the next day and George Brett, the head of Macmillan, persuaded him to go ahead.

Two months later Dulles returned to Paris and again lunched with Ike, who asked, "Have you thought about that book?"

"Yes," said Dulles, handing him the volume, "I wrote it and here it is."

Anecdotes like this help keep alive the general impression that a writer sits down one morning and starts typing, finishes page 250 the following Friday, hands it in, and receives a check for $21,000; and the publisher has the books on the stands some thirteen days later.

A motion picture called "Some Came Running" didn't help any either. In it Frank Sinatra's girl friend mails the guy's manuscript to the *Atlantic* and gets a check back in what I figure is about five days! A friend of mine, who waited nine months for a mere acknowledgment from a national publication, fainted during this particular part of the movie. (His piece was rejected.)

Then, about three weeks later, Frankie goes to the newsstands and there is an issue of the *Atlantic* with his story in it! Since that fine magazine is a monthly, and the editors are working on a deadline of about three or four months, this is another example of Hollywood ingenuity.

In fact, they were all screwed up magazine-wise in that movie. On the table in Dean Martin's abode there were two copies of a publication called *Collier's* (remember?), but the dates of issue were approximately ten years apart. Dean, of course, is an avid reader and that may explain it.

WHEN GORDON MANNING of *Newsweek* saw a baseball story in *Pageant* in which the name of the well-known

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sportswriter was misspelled "Dan Daniels," he sent a note to the editors: "Any relation to Dan Daniel?"

Not long afterwards, Howard Cohn of *Pageant* saw an embarrassing typographical error in Manning's news magazine in which the word "one" appeared as "oen." He quickly encircled it and mailed it off to him with the query, "Any relation to *owt*?"

I SAW SOME INTERESTING signs this summer. At the entrance to a private area on the beach at Sakonnet, Rhode Island, there is this one:

Private Road
No Trespassing
Dead End
Keep Out

The Keep Out is in red. On weekends the residents inside that place hire a policeman to stand next to the sign. Presumably he points to it.

Elsewhere in New England I saw quite a few signs which stated, "Positively No Trespassing." This, I feel, weakens considerably the effect of the old-fashioned directive which says only, "No Trespassing."

A good one, I thought, was seen on the railroad tracks: "Danger High Voltage—Live Wires—11,000 Volts—Keep Away." If the people at Sakonnet used that one they wouldn't have to pay a policeman on weekends, I bet.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: A favorite story among librarians is about the book borrower who asked for a copy of "The Red Boat." Or perhaps the title was "The Scarlet Ship." Further investigation proved that the book desired was the "Rubaiyat."

- Another one concerns the customer who asked for a book on euthanasia and was sent to the Oriental section.
- Vince Mastro, president of the Pizza Institute, is trying to convince me that Americans are eating 50,000,000 pizzas a week, and that hot dog stands are converting to pizza counters at the rate of 200 a month. Sounds like a pizza baloney, if you ask me.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1333)
M. Dunne:

DIARY OF A COUNTRY WIFE
(Suggested by Laura D. Usher)

Best of all, I like the drop in temperature—yes, I do. I like the cold, sharp mornings when the air makes all your red corpuscles stand up and look alive, and the earthy smell of damp leaves mingles with the salt tang from the bay. Autumn is my energetic time.

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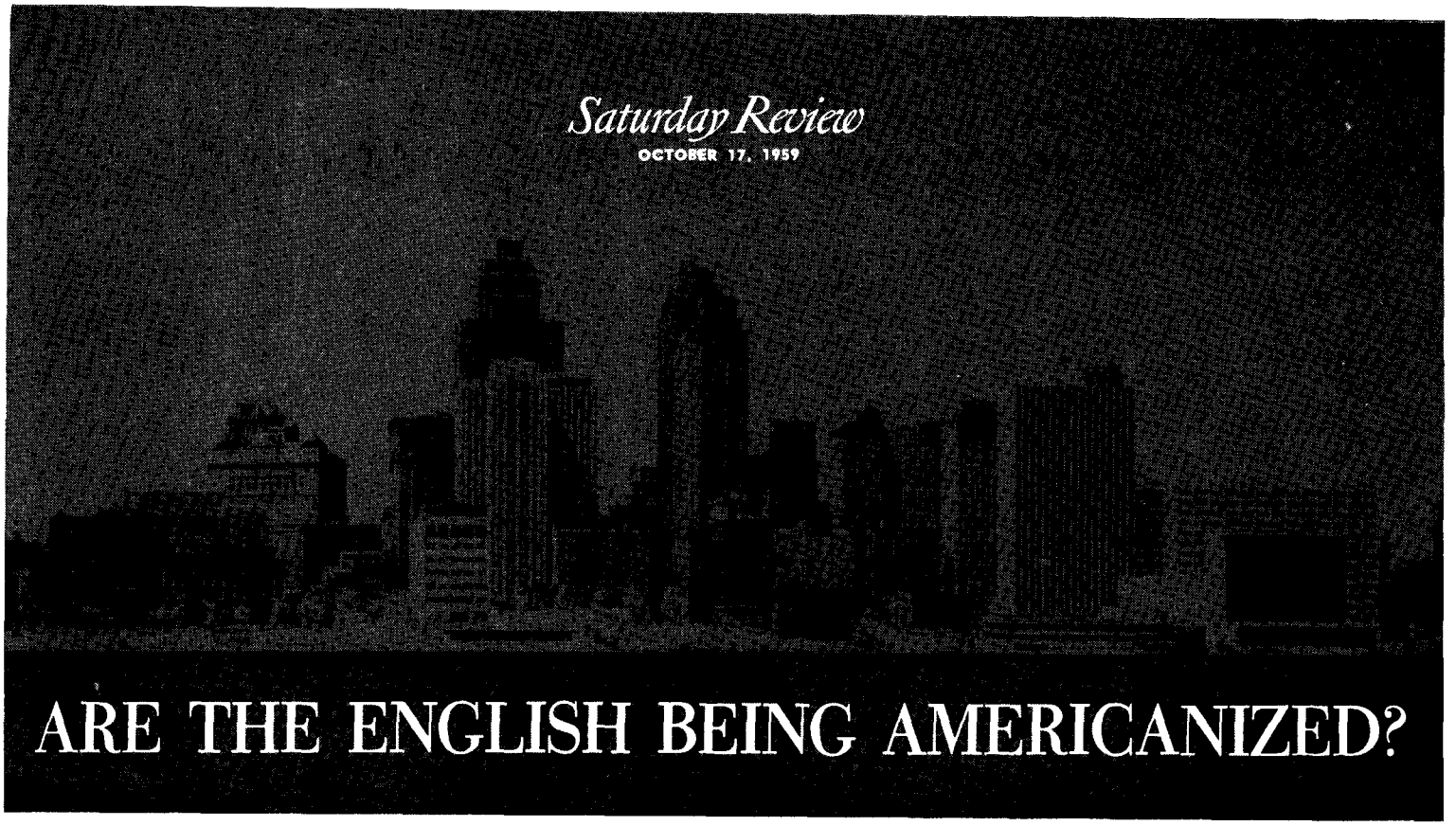

ARE THE ENGLISH BEING AMERICANIZED?

—*Ewing Galloway.*

By ANTHONY SAMPSON, *former editor of the Johannesburg periodical* Drum *and author of a book with the same title published last year. He has been U.N. correspondent for the* Observer *of London.*

ACROSS the river from Big Ben and the long Gothic façade of London's Houses of Parliament, a criss-cross mass of girders is taking shape in the empty space next to the Royal Festival Hall. This is the beginning of the new Shell building, which is to have London's tallest edifice, a twenty-seven storey tower, looming over the Thames.

It comes as a shock to most Londoners to notice that, after twenty years of almost no change—except for bomb-destruction during the war—the traditional low skyline of the city is suddenly being transformed. Already steel-and-glass shoebox buildings have been shooting up above the Georgian terraces and medieval spires. In the last few months plans have been approved for thirty-storey skyscrapers, which will stare at each other over the old domes and towers. London, it seems, is on its way to becoming just another twentieth-century city, built in the international idiom.

But it is not only the skyline which has suddenly begun to change. The girders of the Shell skyscraper might be regarded as the symbol of a much deeper transformation that London is facing. For there have been signs in the past two or three years—and much more strikingly in the last few months—that London is rapidly losing some of its Englishness, and is becoming, as Englishmen describe it, Americanized.

What the word means is never easy to disentangle from the prejudice and misconceptions which surround it. But there seems little doubt that the resistance that London has always maintained against the importation of American ideas has become noticeably weaker. In the past, London—perhaps more than any other Western European capital—has proudly rejected the conveniences or simplifications of life that are roughly classified as "American."

Behind the superficial signs there have always been deep-rooted suspicions about American ways of life; the belief has been cherished that old Rolls Royces are better than brand-new Cadillacs, and that cars, clothes, houses, or radios should be built to last forever; that the family grocer is preferable to the supermarket, and that fallible small firms are better than infallible big ones. Much of this attitude is, of course, no more than innate British conservatism, which gives way slowly to any kind of new idea; it is a conservatism that is exemplified at its best in the London taxi, which is old-fashioned, sedate, but very comfortable—and at its worst in British plumbing. Underlying the conservatism is not only the dislike of change, but also the conviction that there are traditions and rules which are more important than money or efficiency.

To many Englishmen, watching Italy, Germany, and France changing their faces in the early years after the war, with glass palaces, Chevrolets, and chewing gum, it had seemed for a time as though Great Britain might be inured against the influences of America. With the help of a dollar-shortage and strict control of construction, outwardly London has managed to preserve an astonishing old-fashionedness.

But now, with the boom, the end of the credit squeeze, and the biggest building program since 1939, Britain is quickly changing. The skyline is only the visual evidence; much more important is the way the whole character of British business and trade seems to be turning.

The family grocers, who take five minutes to find the marmalade, are being gravely threatened by the new

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supermarkets, whose success in Britain has been even more spectacular than in the States—if only because the old shops have been less competent. Pre-cooked and frozen foods have swept the country: broiled chickens on spits, unheard-of three years ago, are now revolving in nearly every high-street. Late-night shopping, quick-service restaurants, hamburger bars (discreetly renamed "Wimpy bars"), and self-service cafes have sprouted up between the sleepy grocers and the dainty tea shops.

MORE fundamental, the whole pattern of buying is beginning to change. The old British idea of goods "made to last a lifetime" is disappearing. *Very* old cars are still fashionable, but the practice of buying a new one every three years is spreading quickly. The price of second-hand automobiles is falling accordingly, while new models are taking on the glittering, chromium-plated look of their American counterparts. Radios, refrigerators, Gramophones, even ladies' apparel, are exhibiting the same tendency towards rapid replacement: the head of one of the biggest women's clothing shops remarked the other day that he could no longer sell coats that would be durable for decades. His coats are now tailored to last but two seasons.

While British consumers are beginning to mimic the American pattern of constant replenishment, large British firms have been undergoing their own radical transformations. In the past six months there has been an unprecedented number of "raids"—or "take-over bids," in the English phrase (an expression that was itself scarcely known by the British public two years ago). With the relaxation of credit, the stock-exchange boom, and the imminence of a general election followed by a possible Labour Government, high-powered tycoons have been elbowing each other to buy up the older, undervalued businesses, which have fallen easy prey.

The most controversial of these bids was the great "Aluminium War" of last January, when Reynolds Metals of America, acting through British Tube Investments, purchased the only English aluminium firm, after an unprecedented and bitter tussle, which ended in a consortium of British banks allying themselves unsuccessfully to stop the deal. The battle between the American company and the conservative forces of the City, generally regarded as the stronghold of "The Establishment" (the supposed aristocratic ruling class of Britain, centering round the Queen), showed in dramatic form the changing shape of Britain. The City bankers believed, as the wags put it, that they "were saving British Aluminium for civilization." The fact that The Establishment lost—even though the City was not united in the alliance—has not been forgotten.

Since the Aluminium War, there has been a succession of take-overs, not usually directly involving American businesses, but embracing American methods. Two of the most spectacular have occurred in recent weeks—both representing a dramatic clash between strong, new business techniques and the orthodox ideas of The Establishment.

The first has been the bid by a tough Scots shopkeeper, Hugh Fraser, for Harrods, the largest and grandest department store in Britain. Patronized by the Queen herself, Harrods has cherished a long and venerable tradition, ignoring many of the rules of costing and time-and-motion study. With its acres of grand pianos, its courteous shop assistants, and its patience in waiting for payment of accounts, it has epitomized the Victorian idea of "dignity in commerce." Fraser, bent on becoming Britain's master-shopkeeper, offered the astonishing figure of £37 million for Harrods and its associates—a sum that can only be explained by his desire to exploit its prestige. It is almost like buying part of Buckingham Palace.

The second instance has been the purchase by the Canadian press magnate, Roy Thomson, of the Kemsley group of newspapers, which includes the highly respected and successful *Sunday Times*, whose front page bears the royal coat-of-arms. Thomson, who has built his fortune with a chain of small-town Canadian newspapers, and latterly with television in Scotland, has evidently, like Fraser, determined to buy prestige: *The Sunday Times* is not so august as Harrods and not so grand as its daily namesake, *The Times;* but it has some of the mystique attached to a conservative and unchanging newspaper.

Thomson and Fraser bring to their properties all the harsh realism of single-minded business methods, together with the knowledge that prestige, like any other commodity, is marketable. While these two changes cannot be charged to America, there is a general impression that they reflect the American way of doing things.

The success of the new British tycoons—Charles Clore, Isaac Wolfson, or Cecil King of the *Daily Mirror*—presents a difficult dilemma to the young-

(*Continued on page* 63)

As Punch *Sees It*

"They won't get me going round showing my legs in Technicolor."

"Do you realize we haven't added a decibel to our cereal since 1950?"

—*Copyright,* Punch, *London.*

Punch sees "The Establishment" losing ground rapidly as these cartooned British show, cautiously or voluntarily, definite signs of "Americanization." On the other hand, author Anthony Sampson says, the "un-Americanized" will be heartened to know that "the U. S. has become more European."

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Please Mr., No More Mss.

By JESSE STUART, *author of "Thread That Runs So True" and numerous other books.*

I THINK I speak here for anyone who has ever written a book or edited a magazine or, in general, may have had some connection with a book-publishing house.

People in our category are constantly being called upon by would-be authors to read their manuscripts and make the initial approaches to publishers. It's a headache—and a real one. Over the years I have learned I can't win. If I say a manuscript is good when it isn't, my letter may accompany the manuscript to a magazine editor or to a publishing house. This has been done numerous times. If I say the manuscript is worthless, then I will inherit the author's wrath forever. Even worse is the possibility that I may be wrong about the book.

There's the case of a young woman, one with a profession other than writing, who thought she could compose publishable poetry. She had some ability—almost to the point where a reputable publisher might seriously consider her work. But she wanted to be published in a hurry. She heard about subsidized book publishing and asked my advice about paying to have her book issued. I advised her against it. Then she wrote me something like this: "You get your books published. So you don't care about others!" A publisher, so-called, took her money. Eventually he went to prison for fleecing gullible authors. I clipped a news item from our local paper about his conviction and prison sentence and sent it to the lady. I never heard from her.

Now when I receive a letter seeking advice on where to send a manuscript, or asking me if I will read one, I reply immediately. I send the address of a writer's magazine that publishes the addresses of publishing firms, magazine articles on how to be a successful writer, and advertisements by and about people who make revisions of manuscripts their profession. In these magazines the would-be authors can find everything they are looking for.

I had to come to another general conclusion on what to do with manuscripts that people would send me without warning. Ninety per cent came without return postage. Since Mss. go as first-class mail, it took from one to two dollars, or more, to return them. Once I spent six dollars returning a 1,400-page manuscript.

Now we come to the next request made of authors: namely, to write forewords for manuscripts. I often ask myself why a new manuscript needs a foreword. If it's a good manuscript, some editor is going to grab it. If it isn't, the foreword won't fool anybody. And if one does write a foreword, he *is supposed to say something* kind about the book. This isn't always easy. The offers for book forewords I have received have been from zero to $150. I have turned down six since January.

WHEN I receive a request for a foreword, I am reminded of the time I took an aspiring author's manuscript of verse to a publisher in New York. The only way he would publish it was if I did the foreword. I agreed and the book was published. Then it came to my attention that the author, possibly to establish his independence, went around saying harsh things about me. For years I never heard from him directly, but recently I received a flattering letter from him. I knew my literary son was wanting something again. This time I resolved not to be soft. My mother used to say that every washtub had to sit on its own bottom. Since I have grown older, I am more convinced of the wisdom in this remark.

Over the years I have received hundreds of short-story manuscripts I believed were of little value. I read all of them. Very few, regardless of all the constructive criticism I and others offered, would ever be published. But I tried to help these young and older authors. I revised a few of these manuscripts. One of those whom I had given much help sold two of the stories I'd helped him rewrite. Then, when one of my own stories appeared in a magazine in which he was trying to place a manuscript, he became so angry he wrote me a violent letter saying he would destroy me, take me apart piece by piece on the printed page. He even mentioned the magazine where he would do this. This man also sent me letters when I had a heart attack at Murray, Kentucky, which my wife intercepted and sent to my attorney. He wrote that he was sorry the attack was not fatal. Not until a year later, when I was walking again, did I know about these letters. Today I have a more sympathetic understanding of the problems of editors of reputable publishing firms.

Now we come to the people who have an idea for a book, want me to write it, and offer to share the profits. Why should I, or any writer who has any imagination at all, leave our own material for something like this? I dismiss these ideas with polite but brief letters, explaining that I am fully occupied with my own work. Any good writer has more ideas boiling inside him than he can ever get written. I have manuscripts of my own that have waited four years to be revised.

Often, after I send manuscripts back through the mails, the authors come in person to my home with briefcases, boxes, and small suitcases stuffed with unprintable material. I have had them come and want to stay a week with me, talking about writing. Writing is the last thing one who actually writes wants to talk about. One fellow, a young man, brought a story here for me to see that read well up to the last paragraph; but that last paragraph would make Kilroy blush if it were written on a privy wall. This man was a college graduate. I told him the last paragraph would have to be rewritten before he could get it published anywhere, for it wouldn't be allowed through the mails. He was offended and proceeded to tell me how to write. Eventually I had to get up and walk out of my own house.

Another young fellow drove up with a manuscript that was almost too heavy for him to lift from his car. He told me he had solved the world's problems, and that there would be eternal peace once his books had been published. I told him he had come to the wrong place with his book-to-be, that he should head toward Washington, D. C., and that if he had found the right answers he could expect to see his statue in all the capitals of the world. For myself, I didn't let him even unwrap his colossal manuscript.

I have adopted a policy of never offending anyone who sends or brings a manuscript if I can help it, whether he is young or old. No matter how sorry the poems sent me, I never tell the author that he can't write. If I did, he would hate me forever. Then, too, he might become the editor of a good magazine. And, too, I have been mindful of what teachers and editors have done for me. I have always had the feeling that I must pay this back by helping others. But now I hope my debt of gratitude has been paid with good measure. It does not disturb my conscience to return uninvited manuscripts to their creators in a hurry. I've learned at last that it's not a bad idea for all concerned to let each tub sit on its own bottom.

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Story of a Cultural Revolution

By GRANVILLE HICKS

IN THE introduction to **"The End of American Innocence"** (Knopf, $5.95) Henry F. May says: "Everybody knows that at some point in the twentieth century America went through a cultural revolution. One has only to glance at the family photograph album, or to pick up a book or magazine dated, say, 1907, to find oneself in a completely vanished world."

The speed with which worlds vanish is dizzying. Nineteen thirty-nine seems pretty remote, while the Twenties have become part of our legendary past. When did the revolution take place? Was it in 1946, when, against all predictions, an economy of full employment and scarcity became an economy of full employment and abundance? Was it in the Great Depression? Or was it, as Professor May says most people believe, at the end of World War I?

May's book, which is subtitled "The First Years of Our Own Time, 1912-1917," argues that the revolution was really accomplished in the five years before the United States declared war on Germany, although the revolutionary triumph was not fully apparent until after the Treaty of Versailles. He has therefore written a long book about a short period. It is long and learned and, on the whole, lively.

The book, which is thoughtfully put together, has four parts. In the first, May exhibits the cultural pattern that prevailed in 1912, with its belief in "the reality, certainty, and eternity of moral values," its faith in progress, and its insistence on the importance of culture. In the second he describes the forces of dissent, at home and abroad, that were attacking this pattern before 1912. In the third he concentrates on the crucial years. And finally he examines the impact of the war, describes the process of American involvement, and looks at the consequences.

May begins with an account of the dinner held in 1912 in honor of William Dean Howells's seventy-fifth birthday. There were 400 guests, including William Howard Taft, the President of the United States, and the speakers were full of enthusiasm for Howells and the state of American culture. Here, as May says, is a nice illustration of "the dominance of a single, old, traditional set of doctrines over American life, politics, and art." And yet, May records, Howells wrote Henry James a fortnight later: "It was all, all wrong and unfit; but nobody apparently knew it, not even I till that ghastly waking hour of the night when hell opens to us." Howells, it seems, at least in a ghastly hour, could not accept his own legend. There were divided souls even in 1912, and it is to May's credit that he takes that into consideration.

Indeed, he takes much into consideration. There was not one of the traditional doctrines that was not under attack long before that dinner to Howells. William James, Henry Adams, John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Charles Beard, Lincoln Steffens, Theodore Dreiser, and many others were questioning the sacred dogmas. European heresies had American exponents. But the orthodox, though sometimes irritated, were unshaken.

Then, about 1912, the tempo of revolt picked up. May writes:

> The Liberation, the movement of thought which reached America in the prewar years, is easy to taste and observe, but hard to define. . . . One understands it most easily through characteristic episodes . . . the explosion of popular poetry in new modes, the excitement of the Armory Show, the dramatic succession of intellectual fashions, the way Bergson and Wells and Freud became crazes like the Turkey Trot or the Tango.

Henry F. May—"Sound but not stodgy."

May describes the revolt mostly in terms of individuals: poets and writers of fiction such as Anderson, Dell, Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, Pound, and Amy Lowell; intellectuals such as Brooks, Lippmann, and Bourne; radicals such as Eastman and Reed. He talks about the new magazines—*Masses, New Republic, Seven Arts,* and so forth; about the new publishers; about the Ash Can School, the Provincetown Players, Mabel Dodge's salon; about the IWW, anarchism, and the new morality. They were rich and vigorous, those years before the war, and May's chronicle does them justice.

The revolt was so lively and for the most part so good-natured that the adherents of morality, progress, and culture could pretend not to take it seriously, but in fact their position was being steadily undermined. The outbreak of war in Europe shocked both the orthodox and the rebellious; few in either camp believed such a catastrophe possible. The believers in the old traditions recovered first, and made the Allied cause their own. They would have done so in any case, May suggests, but their zeal may have been sharpened by the realization that this was their chance to take the offensive.

For a time the traditionalists seemed to have won a massive victory, for the country as a whole was behind them and the rebels were in confusion. But once the war was over and the reaction set in, the old culture crumbled. The collapse lies outside the scope of May's study, and he takes only a brief glance at it. What happened in the Twenties, however, is well known; what is not so well understood is how the way was prepared for the collapse, and this is the story May has told.

He has told it uncommonly well. His research has been heroic, but he does not allow masses of detail to clutter up his narrative. He is scrupulously fair to everyone he discusses, but he does not try to repress his sympathies, which are, he admits, divided. If the virtues of the traditional culture are quite apparent to him, he also sees many minor defects and one fatal flaw —"its inveterate optimism." (This seems to be what he means when he speaks of innocence.) The rebels he finds on the whole attractive but often superficial. He realizes that the cultural revolution that got under way between 1912 and 1917 is still going on, and he hopes that his book will make it easier for the reader to live through it and perhaps even in some degree to influence it. Sound but not stodgy, responsible but not solemn, the book gives May a place with the best of our cultural historians.

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FICTION

The Czar Who Won Over Stalin

"Peter the First," by Alexey Tolstoy; *translated by Tatiana Shebunina (Macmillan. 768 pp. $5.95), is a post-revolutionary writer's panoramic novel of Czarist Russia. Ernest J. Simmons, who edited Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," is a professor of literature at Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

THE EXTRAORDINARY career of Peter the Great has long interested Russian authors. Pushkin made him the hero of several poems. Leo Tolstoy contemplated a vast historical novel on his life and times, but after considerable research he abandoned the project because he felt that the czar possessed no qualities of real greatness and was "simply a drunken fool." Chekhov described him as "a man of genius, great ideas, and great strength," and he had a statue erected in his native town. However, the most comprehensive effort to embody the total personality of Peter in fiction, as well as the cruel epoch in which he lived (1672-1725), is the huge historical novel of Alexey Tolstoy, one of the few classics to emerge from Soviet Russian literature.

The subject obviously fascinated Alexey Tolstoy. He had already written two tales on this theme before he fled to the West after the Bolsheviks came to power, and upon his return to the Soviet Union a few years later he wrote a play, "On the Rack" (1929), about the tragic struggle between Peter and his son. In the same year appeared the beginning of "Peter the First." The second part was published in 1933, and the third in 1944. And before his death in 1945 he wrote a dramatic version of the first two parts and a scenario for the film, which has had much success in Russia and abroad. The historical novel, however, remained unfinished. It stops at the siege of Narva in 1701. One must assume that the author intended to continue the narrative of Peter's activities at least to his conclusive triumph over Charles XII of Sweden at Poltava in 1709 if not to the end of Peter's life in 1725.

The frame of historical events is adhered to quite closely. Peter's traumatic experience as a child, when he witnessed the bloody climax of the

Alexey Tolstoy — His is one of the few Soviet classics.

struggle for power between the Miloslavskys and the Narishkins, the families of the two wives of the late czar, is graphically narrated. And with a wealth of dazzling and convincing detail the author describes Peter's boyhood and youth at his isolated stronghold of Preobrazhensky close to Moscow: his serious playing at soldier and building of fortifications, and the friendship and technical instruction he found among the workers and artisans of the nearby foreign quarter. Peter's thoughts had already turned toward the West, and the need of backward Russia to learn from it, by the time he overthrew the conspiring regent, his half-sister Sophia, and became czar at the age of seventeen.

In pursuing the further career of Peter, the author introduces a number of fictional characters, especially low-born people like the peasant Brovkin family, who achieve material success and high social status by exemplifying those qualities of loyalty, intelligence, and hard work which Peter found so conspicuously lacking among the fat, greedy, grasping Russian nobility. Other secondary characters are convincingly portrayed, such as Peter's foreign favorite Lefort, his mistress Anna Mons, and the amazing Menshikov, who rose from pie-selling in the Moscow streets to become the intimate companion and counselor of the czar and one of his most dashing military leaders.

Perhaps the major artistic achievement of the novel, however, is the wonderful richness and vividness with which Alexey Tolstoy recreates the background of the life and times of Peter. No illuminating detail of manners, customs, food, clothes, weapons, tools, architecture, superstitions, and native beliefs of the period is left unchronicled in this superb effort to provide effective verisimilitude.

In this simulated pattern of reality many of the great scenes, such as the horrifying mass torture and execution of the *streltsi*, the marriage of Peter to Eudoxia, the description of the taking of Azov, the self-burning of the fanatical Old Believers, and the failure of the first attack at Narva achieve a brilliantly convincing historical authenticity.

FICTION and history, however, do not always intimately fuse, as they ought to, in an historical novel. The process of life being lived, of the intimate development of human personality, is too often sacrificed to the trappings, to the dress and loose ornament of historical fiction. The gigantic Peter is more seen than comprehended. The psychological enigma of his complex nature is left unresolved, and it is unlikely that this fault would have been remedied if the novel had been completed. The author's attitude toward Peter fluctuated over the long period of his interest in him, and the fluctuations bear some relation to official Soviet changes in historical viewpoint. By the time Peter became the hero of Stalin in the late Thirties, the monstrously cruel, bestial, blasphemous, and tyrannic aspects of the czar were little stressed in Soviet accounts of his reign. Though Alexey Tolstoy does not markedly soften the ugly traits of his hero, in his portrait they become, almost in a Marxian sense, the unmoral means necessary to achieve a great end—the extirpation of old, backward, Asiatic Russia and the formation of a new, modern European state.

Thus the picture of Peter in the novel is of a monarch of incredible energy, talents, and intellectual curiosity who would stop at nothing in pursuing the interests of the state as he conceived them. His concern was not the good of the Russian people but the good of the state. Here one sees something of an analogy between Peter and the Russian state and Stalin and the Soviet state. And it is very likely that the analogy was intentional in Alexey Tolstoy's tremendously absorbing and brilliantly written historical novel.

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Love's Grim Remains

"Green Water, Green Sky," by Mavis Gallant *(Houghton Mifflin. 154 pp. $3), tells of Americans who wander through Europe and of a mother and daughter whose bonds are those of love and hate. Constance Pendergast is the author of the novel "Summer's Lease."*

By Constance Pendergast

IN THIS subtle, disturbing, beautifully-written novel, Mavis Gallant writes of the disaster that results from a relationship founded on the mutual need and antagonism of a woman and her daughter, where love turns inward and festers, bringing about inevitably the disintegration of both characters. Imagery of decay and corruption convey to the reader a vivid sense of the destructive power of this ruthless love, the hollowness of its victims, and the symbolic wasteland that Europe becomes for them.

The mother and daughter are two homeless Americans drifting without purpose about Europe, belonging only to each other, their roots down in nothing but the barren soil of an effete family tradition, and no more solid ground under their feet than the shifting sands of their own fantasies. Florence's dependence on her mother is compounded of "love and resentment so woven together that even Flor couldn't tell them apart." Her marriage is doomed from the start, not only because she uses it quite deliberately as a means of escape, but because of the narcissistic nature of her love for her husband. Bonnie, her mother, who has spent her life trying on an assortment of disguises, has, in the end, exhausted every role but that of a malicious eccentric. The deterioration is complete when both women are reduced to the level of hallucination in the ordinarily unimaginative mind of a solid young cousin.

Miss Gallant has an astonishing talent for evoking a time and a place by the use of a single sharp detail: the parasols "askew in the hot wind" at the beach on the Lido, the sandy floors of the white-walled, shuttered room in Cannes. She has with remarkable skill conveyed a sense of the passage of time as it appears to human beings—events that are separated by years seen in juxtaposition, the past often more substantial than the present. Thus, time past, the green water and sky of Venice, can be resurrected by a single glass bead, and the present—a moment of unity on a bridge, for instance—looked at from some future point of observation.

—*Alfredo de Molli.*

Mavis Gallant — Shrewdness of insight.

The grim, tragic story is related with great technical ability and in a prose style marked by an economy rare in novels of this kind. Shrewdness of insight, exactness of imagery, an illuminating wit make it a novel that will be of interest to readers of serious fiction. The author's effects are the more startling for having been created by implication, the devices of foreshortening and suggestion used in poetry.

TOUCH OF WIT: Peter Ustinov is a storyteller; there is no doubt of that, as the eight stories in **"Add a Dash of Pity"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) demonstrate. I am not so sure he is a short-story writer, in the sense of creating a reality and a special world through a difficult, special medium. He writes his tales out of an older tradition, and the subjects he picks seem designed to show his ability to be witty, playful, and satiric. He can be wildly comic as he tells of the mayor of a small Spanish town who attempts to put his town on the map by holding a *corrida*, aided by a duchess active in behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He can be satiric as he shows what happens when a British scientist succeeds in inventing a rocket that will place a man on the moon. He is playful as he peppers all his stories with wry, sophisticated remarks about Americans in Europe, British politicians, Hollywoodites, and a host of other types he has presumably encountered through a mixed heritage and a fantastically successful career as playwright, actor, and television personality.

Humor and fantasy enter into almost all the stories, which are designed first of all to entertain, and secondarily to sprinkle comment on the contemporary scene. For these reasons, perhaps, he chooses types—much as a playwright does—and develops them not as full-bodied characters, but as vehicles for the display of wit and satire. On this level he is often successful, now and then long-winded, and sometimes superficial. While his tale of a hack Soviet writer ("The Wingless Icarus") has bite, as it mocks literary conformity in Russia, he is writing not so much about people as events. When he tells of poor Mrs. Grobchek ("A Word in the World's Ear") he isn't concerned about a woman murdered by her husband, but about an idiotic television program and the ironies it causes. The title story, "Add a Dash of Pity," parodies the military mentality, but fails to add its promised dash of pity. Mr. Ustinov certainly demonstrates his cleverness through these stories, but few literary virtues beyond that. Presumably he is content merely to amuse. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

EYE FOR THE EXQUISITE: "The past and future lay asleep like beasts in cages," reflects a young mother in "Apple Seed and Apple Thorn." Such wise and vibrant images flash through all the sixteen short stories in Elizabeth Enright's **"The Riddle and the Fly"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). "Nothing important happens to you only once," the widowed heroine of "A Night Watch" notes, "it keeps on happening again and again in new and different ways . . ."

Critics of Miss Enright's earlier collections, "Borrowed Summer" and "The Moment Before the Rain," have appreciated her ability to evoke atmosphere. In this new book, too, along with her wry, sad, comic sense of life, she gives constant delight by sharing her exquisite awareness of water, flowers, clouds, trees, sunlight, mountains, deserts, beaches, and even heat itself.

"To the Victor," one of three stories told from a youthful, lonely mother's point of view, recounts the meeting in a seaside town of a resentful "native" seamstress with the husband of one of the summer women who has snubbed her. But Miss Enright presents persuasively a variety of protagonists, from the young boy who lives a secret life of rebellion in "The House by the River," to an elderly woman tourist in "The Olive Grove," who accepts aloneness: "One must be a parent to oneself in old age . . . no one else will be."

In meeting the volume's demand for range of interest, Miss Enright offers "A Little Short of the Record" and "Another Tune for Hecate," which seem to come not quite genuinely from her own fresh perception. She also includes such minor tales as "Fair Exchange" and "Hour of Loss." These are far below the level of "Signature," for instance, a haunting Kafka-esque fantasy.

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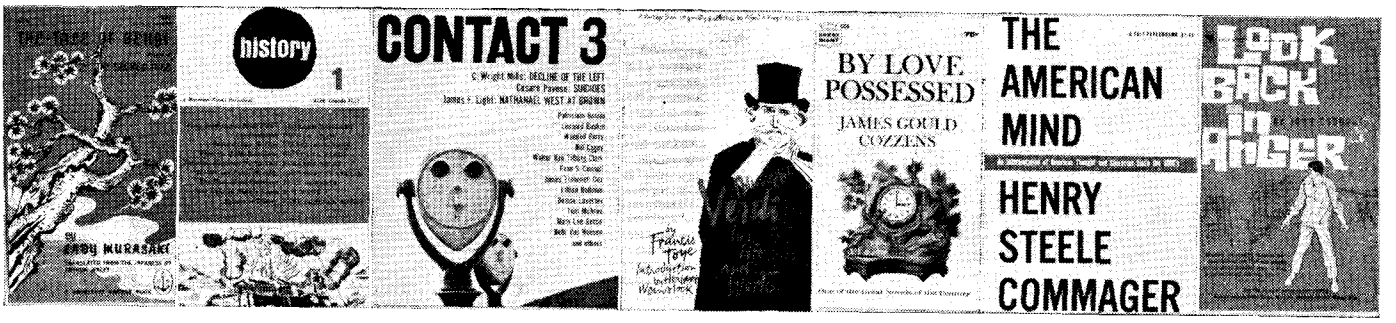

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

LADIES OF CRIME: The newest idea in mystery anthologies is Dell's "The Lethal Sex," a collection of fourteen short "scarers," each written by a leading lady mystery-writer. John D. MacDonald, who edited the anthology and is himself an old hand at crime-and-detection tales, says of his contributors, "Their brilliance, their shrewdness, their capacity for horror may surprise those of you still foolish enough to think of women as the weaker sex." It's no surprise to find Jean Potts, Margaret Millar, and Christianna Brand among those included, but what about D. Jenkins Smith and that masterly "Englishman" Anthony Gilbert? After some sleuthing ourselves we discovered that Anthony Gilbert was none other than a Miss Lucille Mallison!

BERGEN EVANS, educator, lexicographer, author, moderator of television's "The Last Word" program, has now added another task to his already prodigious work load. Beginning in January, Dr. Evans will edit Premier World Classics, a series of quality books in 50¢ paperback editions. Along with such famed fiction as Henry James's "The Ambassadors" and Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Dr. Evans has selected Stendhal's first novel, "Armance," and an interesting little book of recollections about life on the veldt, Olive Schreiner's "The Story of an African Farm." Miss Schreiner, daughter of a missionary, wrote her book when she was only eighteen, but it wasn't until ten years later, in 1883, that she could find a publisher. And even then, because of her feminist views and anti-religious attitudes, Miss Schreiner was forced to hide her identity behind the stalwart pseudonym of "Ralph Iron."

JUNGLE DOCTOR: Thomas A. Dooley is a thirty-one-year-old St. Louis-born doctor, who has spent most of the past five years in jungle outposts in the Far East. After the fall of Dien Bien Phu he set up refugee camps along the Communist border of Vietnam, from where he guided refugees toward freedom at Saigon; for this work he was awarded Vietnam's highest decoration. Now Berkley is publishing Dr. Dooley's account of his life in Vietnam, "Deliver Us From Evil," as well as his later book (1958), "The Edge of Tomorrow," which tells of his more recent work with MEDICO in Laos. Here, only five miles from Red China's borders, he organized two of the country's hospitals. Not long ago, Dooley underwent an operation for cancer of the chest. While supposedly resting in Hawaii, Dooley, still ill, lectured around the islands to raise money for MEDICO. This month he will begin a whirlwind speaking tour of this country, appearing in forty-two cities in fifty days to raise more funds. And if that isn't good enough work for any man, his two books have been selected by the United States Information Agency for worldwide distribution.

NOT ALL'S BEAT IN FRISCO, says William Ryan who, with Calvin Kentfield, edits *Contact*, a "little" magazine published in San Francisco, designed for "the Uncommon Man." It wasn't until *Contact* was well in the works that someone thought to remind the editors that William Carlos Williams and Nathanael West had published a magazine by the same name in the early Thirties. Dr. Williams, when approached for permission to use the title, proved more than obliging. He has, in fact, offered paternal guidance and such helpful if dour advice as, "Sooner or later you'll have to come up against the big money boys." So far, however, *Contact* is holding its own. Its contributors—Lillian Hellman, Saroyan, C. Wright Mills, to name a few—have received, instead of cash, payment in the form of stock. Certainly *Contact* can claim one of the most illustrious list of shareholders of any corporation.—R. W. S.

FICTION

The world of fiction grows increasingly smaller for readers of paperbacks, who now have for their perusal novels ranging in time and distance from Japan of the tenth century to present-day Poland. Lady Shikibu Murasaki's multi-sectioned novel, "The Tale of Genji," tells a complex story of life in an imperial Japanese family. "**The Sacred Tree**" (Anchor, 95¢), the second part of the lengthy work, continues the adventures of Prince Genji, which are based on Lady Murasaki's own life in the medieval court of Empress Akiko.

While Heine and Schiller were romanticizing in verse, Hoffmann, Gottfried Heller, and Eduard Mörike forwarded the Romantic movement in prose. "**Nineteenth Century German Tales**" (Anchor, $1.25), edited by Angel Flores, is a collection of stories by writers, little known today, whose poetic sentiments were swept pre-emptorily aside by the rush of literary realism. Roger Vailland's novel "**The Law**" (Bantam, 50¢) tells of a modern Helen in a small Italian town. Gina Lollobrigida, appropriately, plays the role of the siren in the forthcoming movie. Despite the setting, the novel, winner of the Prix Goncourt, is all very French. "**The Eighth Day of the Week**" (Signet, 35¢), by the Polish bad boy Marek Hlasko, is a simple story whose plot consists of a quest by a pair of lovers for a place of their own. The weather is rainy, the atmosphere is gloom-filled, but Hlasko convinces you that Warsaw is like that these days.

After more than a year in the top ranks of the best-seller lists, Leon Uris's "**Exodus**" (Bantam, 75¢) is now in paperback. In case you don't know, it's about modern Israel. Another best-seller of not so long ago is James Gould Cozzens's "**By Love Possessed**" (Crest, 75¢), which, if not "one of the great novels of our century," as stated on the jacket, is certainly one of the most handsomely complex novels of recent years. Lawyer Arthur Winner, his loves, his work, and

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most of all, his cherished integrity, comprise the story.

J. P. Donleavy is an American who lived for a time in Ireland. His first novel, **"The Ginger Man"** (Berkley, 50¢), is a rollicking tale of Sebastian Dangerfield, a brilliantly conceived rogue who rushes his egoistic and engaging way through modern Dublin. The style is poetic, Joycean, and yet highly original.

HISTORY

For a solid, no-frills explanation of the workings of democracy, U.S. style, Ernest S. Griffith's **"The American System of Government"** (Praeger, $1.45) is good, basic, and readable. Griffith, who was a visiting professor at Oxford, has used his lectures as the basis for these essays, and in his contrasts between English and American democracy, you will also learn a good deal about the British system. A quick summary of our past from early colonial days to the chilly Cold War climate is presented in Marshall Smelser's **"American History at a Glance"** (Barnes & Noble, $1.50). Handy for reference. Maps.

Henry Steele Commager's **"The American Mind"** (Yale, $1.45) fulfills the demands of its subtitle, "An Interpretation of American Thought and Character of the 1800s." Beginning where Vernon L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought" concluded, Commager tells how America changed in the 1890s, and how these forces are still at work molding American intellectual and social life.

A new periodical, *History*, will be published three times a year by Meridian ($1 per issue; $2.50 year subscription). In the first issue articles range from Sir Leonard Woolley's piece on architecture, "From Reed Hut to Brick Palace," to D. C. Watt on the early years of Hitler. *History 1* is an attempt to bridge the gap between the academic journals and total popularization of history; sidelights of historic events will play a leading role in future issues.

THEATRE

John Osborne and Paddy Chayevsky in **"Look Back in Anger"** (Bantam, 35¢) and **"Middle of the Night"** (Bantam, 35¢) bring to the stage a fierce realism that invests the commonplace with a particular poignance. Osborne's hero, Jimmy Porter, is one of modern theatre's most explosive and original creations. Until recently, both dramas were playing successfully to Broadway audiences.

The deft comedies of George Farquhar are the bright jewels of Restoration England. **"Four Plays"** (Dramabooks, $1.75), has William Archer's extensive critical introduction to the dramatist's brief life (Farquhar died before he reached thirty) and plays. Those included in this collection are "The Recruiting Officer," "The Beaux' Strategem," "The Constant Couple," and "The Twin-Rivals." **"The Misanthrope"** (Penguin, 95¢) is also available in a new translation by John Wood. Other Molière gayeties in the group are "Tartuffe," "A Doctor in Spite of Himself," "The Sicilian," and "The Imaginary Invalid."

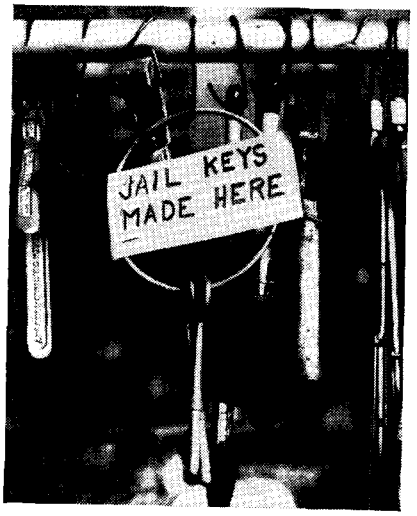
Sophocles is represented in two new paperbacks: **"The Oedipus Cycle"** (Harvest, $1.15) and **"Oedipus the King"** (Washington Square, 35¢). The latter, translated by Bernard Knox, attempts directness and achieves it, at the expense of the play's eloquence. "The Oedipus Cycle," in translation by poets Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald, follows the king's horrendous travail in "Oedipus Rex," "Oedipus at Colonus," and "Antigone."

MUSIC

Reading about music can be almost as pleasurable as listening to it, especially if the books are by such authoritative and literate men as B. H. Haggin, Donald Tovey, and Francis Toye. Haggin's **"The Listener's Musical Companion"** (Anchor, $1.25) states that properly "the critic uses his powers to animate those of his readers," and this volume will certainly stimulate his readers' interest. His discussions of leading composers are filled with personal opinions; in Brahms he came to hear "not real creative activity but the pretense," yet his enthusiasm for Schubert and Berlioz will lure readers to listen to these composers with a keener ear. Donald Tovey's eighteen essays in **"The Main Stream of Music"** (Meridian, $1.45) range from Haydn to Hindemith, and if you are a read-aloud person the understated eloquence and quiet humor of his title piece will specially please you.

For engrossing musical biography you will have to search far to find a more authoritative, readable work than Francis Toye's **"Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Works"** (Vintage, $1.45). Nineteenth-century Italy provides a colorful background for Verdi's long life, which was filled with strong attachments—to Cavour, to Manzoni, to his wife Giuseppina, to many others. From "Oberto, Conte di Bonifacio" (1839) to the finale of "Falstaff" (1893), Toye traces Verdi's development, interweaving his personal and political devotions into the story of the composer's musical career.

"Opera as Drama" (Vintage, $1.25) is music criticism, written in beautiful and lucid prose by Joseph Kerman, a man who loves opera and communicates his own joy to his readers. His thesis that music, like poetry, must mold dramatic form is illustrated by discussion of composers Mozart, Verdi, Berg, and Monteverdi, among others.



IT ALL BEGAN when photographer Lee Boltin saw some keys hanging in a shop window along San Francisco's skid row. He photographed them and this was the start of his weird collection of signs, which has now been compiled into an off-beat offering in paperback called, appropriately, **"Jail Keys Made Here"** (Meridian, $1.50). Boltin's unpeopled photographs are sometimes funny, more often than not eerie, but as his West Coast admirers insist, they all are "far out."

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WORLD WAR II

The Supreme Command Is History

"Command Decisions," by Office of the Chief of Military History, *Department of the Army; Kent Roberts Greenfield, editor (Harcourt, Brace. 481 pp. $5.95), passes judgment on certain grand episodes of the most recent global conflict. Pulitzer Prizewinner Mark S. Watson of* The *[Baltimore]* Sun's *Washington Bureau wrote "The Chief of Staff: Prewar Plans and Preparations."*

By Mark S. Watson

TWENTY command decisions which for the most part were of prime influence on American ground forces' activities have been chosen for critical examination in a new collection of scholarly essays edited by Kent Roberts Greenfield, the principal architect of the monumental official history of the U. S. Army in World War II. The respective authors have long since made their main contributions to that eighty-volume library, all under the energetic counsel and encouragement of Dr. Greenfield. As the "Command Decisions" title indicates, their present essays, while based upon their exhaustive research for their own volumes in the series, are not mere extracts from those highly objective major works but, rather, matured critical judgments on certain grand episodes which were the results of specific decisions by the responsible commanders.

These essays were in fact originally prepared by the Army's Office of the Chief of Military History, with full citation of supporting official documents, for use by the Army's Command and General Staff School, whose professional studies called for just that sort of thing. Once completed, the series was seen to have high potential interest to a nonprofessional reader and accordingly—alone in the Army's massive histories, so far—it now has been given commercial publication. An incisive introduction by Hanson W. Baldwin cites the frequent sharpness of the several historians' critical judgments as evidence that in a free society a government-sponsored history can truly present facts (and judgments) without fear or favor.

The command decisions dealt with by Dr. Greenfield's troupe are of several categories and areas, in the Pacific, European, and Mediterranean theatres, sometimes those made by the enemy. A number were ill-fated. Yet several which once aroused fierce criticism now are judged to have been sound, and perhaps wiser than their makers realized at the time. Others are still moot and likely to be debated as long as the pro and con of Waterloo or Gettysburg.

Surely that is true (while Montgomery lives, anyway) of the Eisenhower decision for a "broad-front" strategy in late 1944, rather than for a concentration of strength on Monty's narrow front, or on Patton's. Roland G. Ruppemthal's cold examination of the staggering logistical requirements in that season discloses the extent of the shortage of supplies needed to support a deep pencil-like thrust across the

Rhine, and the little-understood reason for it: the Western Allies had succeeded too rapidly.

Still more debated is the decision to halt the Western Allies' advance at the Elbe, instead of crashing through to Berlin and Prague. Forrest C. Pogue points out that long before the announced decision of April 1, 1945, there had been a European Advisory Commission agreement (in January, 1944) upon the zones which the victorious Allies would ultimately occupy; that in American eyes accordingly there was small merit in a bloody conquest merely for territory which would be occupied anyway by Russia; that United States policy still was firmly (and tragically) set on military victory with total unawareness of the more important political sequels; that Montgomery was nearly 200 miles from Berlin when Zhukov's more massive forces were but forty miles away. General Omar N. Bradley's own comment at the time was that a Western breakthrough would cost 100,000 men, "a stiff price for a prestige objective . . . especially when we've got to fall back and let the other fellow take over." Certainly civilian authority in Washington at that time framed no Russia-restraining policy for the military's guidance.

In this day of dreadful afterthought over sequels of Hiroshima; one turns with close attention to Louis Morton's recording of the decision to use the bomb, and of the inexorably moving influences toward that decision as they developed—not as we now wish they could have been. Even Robert Oppenheimer as late as 1954 remarked that "we always assumed if they [atomic bombs] were needed, they would be used." Morton recalls the many deliberations, not by the military, but by the civilian advisers on this momentous issue: such as those of the Special Interim Committee (H. L. Stimson, George L. Harrison, James F. Byrnes, Ralph A. Bard, William L. Clayton, Vannevar Bush, Karl T. Compton, James B. Conant), winding up with recommendations to use the bomb on Japan "as soon as possible," against "a military target surrounded by other buildings," and "without prior warning," for reasons recited at some length in the narration. Numerous scientists urged varying alternatives (including no drop at all) but first-ranking nuclear physicists of the special scientific panel (Compton, Fermi, Lawrence, Oppenheimer) sadly found "no acceptable alternative to direct military use." Later it was judged that Russia's belated entrance itself sufficed to force Japan's surrender, but the Japanese warlords' blind refusal to act in time was the telling factor in the fateful decision to drop the bomb. While those warlords were standing obdurate, the clock was relentlessly ticking on toward their unlamented destruction—and toward God knows what else yet to come.

The scholarly judgments on the seventeen other selected decisions—on Anzio, on Argentan, on the Ardennes, among those of major controversial character, and on such hazily known affairs as the Persian corridor planning, or Mark Clark's decision to drive straight for Rome, or Hitler's to defend Italy—merit like attention. Dr. Greenfield must have had to make some command decisions of his own to hold the list to twenty.

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Monstrous Military Surprises

"The Battle of France 1940," by Colonel A. Goutard *(Ives Washburn. 220 pp. $4), and* ***"Battle: The Story of the Bulge," by John Toland*** *(Random House. 401 pp. $4.75), attempt to unravel the mystery of the two Ardennes operations. Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall was chief historian of the European Theatre.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

WHEN on March 7, 1934, the late Marshall Pétain was asked by the Army Commission of the French Senate to discuss the general problem of fortifying the frontier, he staked his professional credit on these words: "Starting from Montmedy is the Ardennes Forest. It is impenetrable if we make some few special dispositions. Hence this sector is not dangerous."

Because the supposed barrier was easily penetrable, not only by marching infantry but by massed armor, the two greatest battles on the Western Front were developed on this ground. Both were decisive, the first one in 1940 accomplishing the defeat of France, while the second battle in the 1944-45 winter broke the back of the German Army.

Both were monstrous military surprises planned at the bidding of Adolf Hitler. They succeeded as surprises because of the mistaken assumption that the Germans could not or would not come that way. On the second try they were caught in their own trap. Ever since, the mystery of the two Ardennes operations has more intrigued the public imagination than the story of how either battle subsequently developed. Why four and one-half years apart were French and U. S. armies caught asleep? What made the French collapse certain and the American recovery all but inevitable?

Colonel A. Goutard, French patriot, General Staff-trained historian, takes as his thesis that his army was doomed from the beginning, not by the Ardennes march or the Sedan breach, but by an earlier stifling of its spirit and crushing of its soul at the hands of wooden-headed generals, a point that Jean Dutourd, an angry man, said better in "The Taxis of the Marne."

What Goutard writes lacks not only anger but seemingly deep emotional conviction. Except for a too brief passage on French Army development in the prewar years, his book is almost wholly a tactical study of how the Battle of France developed. In tone and content, it is not unlike skilled operational report writing, and reflects such source material, though the style is more sprightly. Goutard also leans heavily on memoir literature, which makes the work in whole something less than inspired revelation.

But when he deals with French generals in action, he is almost as gentle as if he were still serving. If they blundered unforgivably either before or during battle, their transgressions are almost never heavily marked. The story is unrolled almost as if French armies were hoodooed from May 13 onward and the deadfalls were set by an unkind fate.

John Toland, a young American, writes lustily and lengthily, with a beautiful eye for feature details, about the U. S. ordeal in the Bulge. Where Toland's book is strong, Doutard's is weak, and vice versa. The Frenchman, being a military historian, accents troop movement and method, to the slighting of human detail. The American is fairly wonderful at drawing pictures of what happens to people under fire, but he cannot develop a coherent tactical picture, showing how units formed and fought, and what movements by bodies of men and weapons made for the winning or loss of decisive ground.

Full-fleshed battle coverage is a synthesis of the acts of higher command, including communications and supply, troop maneuver, and the acute stress at the personal level. That kind of balance is attainable, as such recent books as "Gallipoli," "The Battle of Cassino," and "In Flanders Fields" well attest.

Toland's book is strong enough, if somewhat inaccurate, in its reporting of top level, brimming over with stuff about people at the lower level, and vague as Ardennes fog in the middle. All who love brisk feature writing should relish it. They would still have to read Robert E. Merriam's "Dark December" to know how the battle developed.

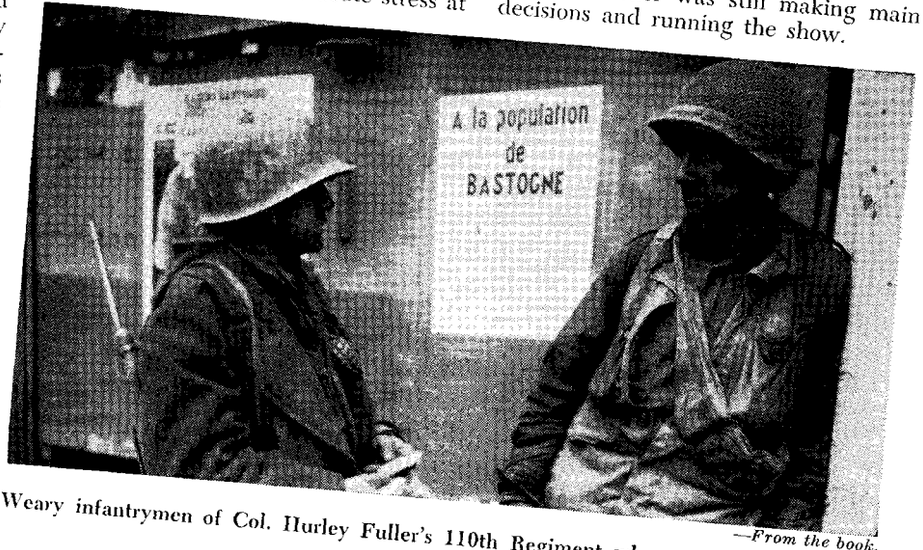
The Ardennes is one defensive which was nigh perfectly covered by combat historians when the battle was on. Words which they gathered as they were spoken and acts which they eyewitnessed and recorded would be found discrepant with many of Mr. Toland's quotations and observations.

They saw, they heard, they took note. But Mr. Toland was dependent on human memories thirteen to fifteen years later. Yet it is known through field testing that within one week after battle, the memory is already unreliable.

Toward the end, the author concludes that Americans were taken unaware in the Ardennes because the high command relied on an intelligence system worthy of the horse-and-buggy period. Again, as an over-all judgment, that is highly incorrect. The high command knew about the German buildup opposite the U. S. VIII Corps front. G-2 had pegged every enemy division as it arrived in line, and warned that the panzers could be concentrated somewhere close beyond the fog bag.

But operations brushed off the G-2 warning. From knowledge of the German General Staff mind, it argued to the Supreme Commander that the enemy would never be rash enough to attack under such prohibitive conditions.

And it was right, up to a point. Where it erred was in not understanding that Hitler was still making main decisions and running the show.



Weary infantrymen of Col. Hurley Fuller's 110th Regiment who escaped to Bastogne. —*From the book.*

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Moonlight in the Sun King's Court

"Louis XIV: An Informal Portrait," by W. H. Lewis *(Harcourt, Brace. 224 pp. $4), and* ***"La Petite: The Life of Louise de la Vallière," by Joan Sanders*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 280 pp. $4), reincarnate, in print at least, a pair of history's paramours. According to* SR*'s veteran critic Ben Ray Redman, Louise fares better than Louis in the books.*

By Ben Ray Redman

W. H. LEWIS, whose distinguished brother is most widely known as the author of "The Screwtape Letters," tells us that for thirty years he has found reading about seventeenth-century France "the best escapist holiday resort in the world." This prolonged indulgence has resulted in two books, an account of the rise of the house of Grammont and the present volume, which is just what its author says it is —an informal portrait. It is not a biography, and it contains only as much history as is required to illumine Louis's character at successive stages of his long life and in a variety of circumstances. Consequently, even though the author has found it necessary to refer to many historical events, readers should be warned that if they come to this book without considerable knowledge of the European history through which Louis lived, and largely made, they will often find themselves lost in a dark maze.

From the letters, journals, and memoirs that have made the age and court of Louis XIV so well known to us, Mr. Lewis has composed a portrait with many paradoxical features. It is the portrait of a man handsome in youth and impressive in age; a man of tireless energy, a lover of outdoor sport and indoor pleasures who could tie himself for long hours to desk and council chamber. The proudest of monarchs, he was exquisitely polite to his inferiors, including the least of his servants. Capable of laying waste the Palatinate, he gave his heart to every child.

Badly educated, he sought in his mature years to educate himself, but could not open a book without distaste. Avid of military glory, he thought of himself as a master strategist, but was hardly a mediocre tactician. Unable to delegate authority, he spent hours over the most trifling administrative and domestic details. Unable to live without illicit love, he could never quiet his conscience.

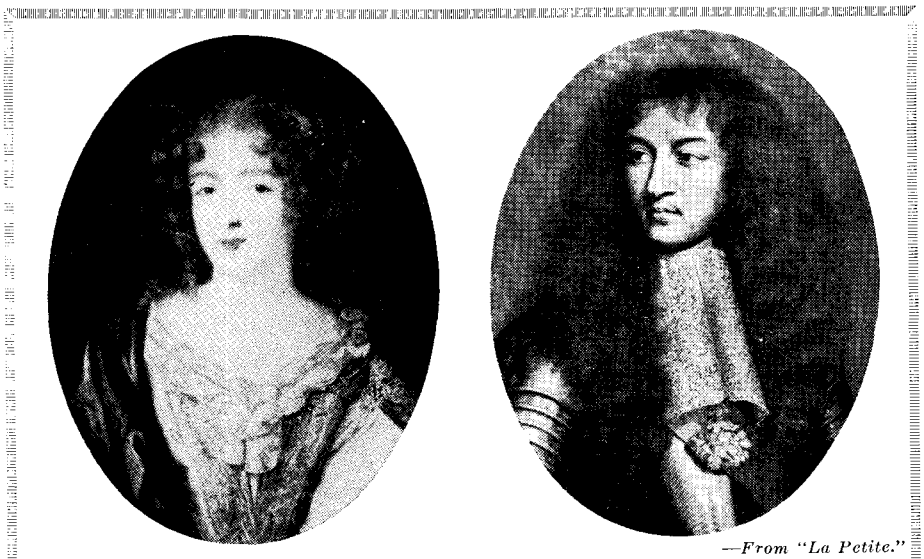
He was a gross eater, but drank little and always weakened his wine with water. He was highly emotional, but he held his temper in an iron grip. A bold or impertinent speech never angered him. He could not forgive anyone who duped him, but his discernment and powers of penetration made him hard to deceive. He hated Jansenism and feared mysticism. An immense fund of common sense saved him from ruin by adulation. "Without being brilliant, profound, or particularly enlightened, he had in him the stuff which made a great king."

Mr. Lewis stresses the lasting effects of the Fronde on Louis, and his precautions against a recurrence of civil war. Contrary to most historians, he does not believe that Henrietta of England was Louis's mistress. He is generous in his judgments, accepting the treatment of Fouquet as reasonable (he does not mention Fouquet's attempt to buy La Vallière, and he attempts to place the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in an historical context favorable to the king. His final judgment — that "Louis, warped but not broken by upbringing, absolutism, and flattery, need not fear comparison with any other man whose life has been so minutely preserved for us"—is just.

This is a good and useful book, but it is a shame that it lacks a bibliography and that the author has indulged in the unfortunate habit of quoting without naming sources.

Mrs. Sanders's biography of Louise de la Vallière, the most unselfish, most charming, and best beloved of all royal mistresses, is a far livelier affair than Mr. Lewis's portrait of Louise's lover. Mrs. Sanders gives us color; Mr. Lewis is largely content with facts and exposition. Shortly after she has introduced her heroine, by describing Louise's first glimpse of Louis at Blois, when the girl was fourteen, she gives us a hilarious account of the strategems and force by which Louis XIII was compelled to perform the to him distasteful act that was required to bring the future Sun King into the world. It is an anecdote that plunges us into the heart of seventeenth-century France.

Miss Sanders knows how to paint pictures. She makes us see the marriage of Louis and Maria Theresa, so dryly mentioned by Mr. Lewis. With Louise, from a window in the Hotel de Beauvais, we watch the return from the Spanish border of the king and his bride, a magnificent day-long procession headed significantly by the gilded carriages of Mazarin's household. We hear the roar of the crowds as they catch sight of Louis, mounted on his "magnificent Spanish bay, its housings glittering with silver thread and its harness crusted with gems." We look down curiously at "Maria Theresa herself in an open chariot drawn by six Danish grays caparisoned with gold and entirely covered with gold embroidery," and we see that her face is "placid amid the clamor of her new subjects" and the flashing of her diamonds. A little earlier we have watched the servants of the king's brother celebrating their master's death by pillaging his palace of "every-



—*From "La Petite."*

Louise de la Valliere and Louis XIV — She was his best-beloved mistress.

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thing movable including the prince's dirty clothes and bedding."

We live in the household of Madame, Gaston's widow; a paragraph brings to life the bloody death of a stag; we are with the king at Vaux when he decides to arrest Fouquet. We hear the shouts of booksellers in the Palais-Royal and see chambermaids and musketeers kissing behind the pillars. We come to know Fontainbleau and Versailles, are present at ballets and balls, and attend the great party that followed the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Mrs. Sanders tells the story of Louis and Louise as it unfolded—the glorious years when a girl's true love overcame her conscience, and a king found happinss in being truly loved, the first rift, and the flight to a convent, from which she returned to the man without whom she thought she could not live; the years of secret meetings, and the subsequent years as an acknowledged mistress whose children were legitimized and ennobled; the plots of Louise's enemies and the rise of Montespan; the transformation of Mlle. de la Vallière into the Duchesse de Vaujours—an honor that told the world that the mistress who never asked for anything had been discarded. And, finally—after years during which the Duchesse served as a screen for the new mistress of the man she still adored—the permission to retire from court, at the age of twenty-nine, and to enter a Carmelite convent, where for thirty-five years Soeur Louise de la Misericorde was to be a model nun.

Long after Louise became a Carmelite, Louis was led to virtue by Maintenon. If there are moralists who think the pair should have obeyed the voice of conscience earlier, let them remember that St. Augustine himself prayed, "Dear God, make me good—but not too soon."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 852

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 852 will be found in the next issue.

BUT NCRDTLZT FBGCHHTR

BUTDG ZNBNGGUF.

—OXXPPZXBB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 851

The worst tempered people I've ever met were people who knew they were wrong.

—Wilson Mizner.

To Isolation, But Never Oblivion

"The Last Years of Napoleon," by Ralph Korngold *(Harcourt, Brace, 429 pp., $6.75) details the petty tragedies of the Corsican conqueror during his captivity at St. Helena. Boyd C. Shafer, executive secretary of the American Historical Association and managing editor of the* American Historical Review, *wrote "Nationalism, Myth and Reality" and other historical studies, especially on modern France.*

By Boyd C. Shafer

NAPOLEON first abdicated at Fontainbleau in April, 1814. In May he was governing his new small domain of Elba. Ten months later he escaped to land near Cannes on March 1, 1815. After the Hundred Days (actually 114) and Waterloo (June 18, 1815) the "play was over," and he once more abdicated (June 22). This time he was deported to St. Helena, that tiny, barren, damp island far in the South Atlantic, 4,400 miles from France and 1,750 miles from Capetown. From October, 1815, to May, 1821, Napoleon tried desperately to maintain the appearance of the great Emperor as he dragged out the dreary days of his captivity. He was never to return alive to Europe. His legends as well as his earlier deeds were to shape the future of Europe as those of no other man.

This new narrative of Napoleon's last years is fun to read. Korngold has an eye for the picturesque detail and the human incident that illuminate. He proves it again as he recounts from standard sources an almost day-by-day description of the petty tragedies of St. Helena.

No superman or monster in modern history has received so much attention as Napoleon. The literature (or better say the writing) about the Corsican conqueror would many times fill the hold of the frigate *Northumberland*, which took him in seventy-two days to isolation but not oblivion. Korngold's short bibliography reveals once more how Napoleon's bitter enemies and ardent admirers—how zealous scholars (no one is ever mild on the subject)—have been intrigued by the five last years.

The author apparently has not read all the sources or scholarly studies on Napoleon. Still what he has read is enough to document a fascinating narrative, devoted chiefly to the gossip and the quarrels of the household of devoted or ambitious attendants and servants and, to a lesser extent, concerned with the vain hopes of the general who had once dictated to Europe and still dreamed of world empire, if not for himself, for his son.

At Longwood on the island, Napoleon—partly out of fact, partly out of fancy—created the legends that surround his name as he dictated or talked to his officers—Las Cases, Bertrand Montholon, Gourgaud—his valet Marchand, his surgeon O'Meara, his English captors, and almost anyone who could get to see him. His personal magnetism caught men of lesser metal; in all history only Alexander rivals him in the appeal of his personality, the attractiveness of his dreams, and the brutality of his conquests. Was he a creative ruler who, like Alexander, might have—had the fates favored—brought unity, peace, and justice to the world? Was he just the last of the Enlightened Despots who, brought to the surface by the eighteenth-century revolutions, happened also to be a military genius greater than Frederick the Great? Or was he, like Hitler, a madman, who brought ruin, destruction, and death to all the lands he conquered and peoples he crushed? There is no doubt that he thought of himself as the first; probably he was all three. In any case, Napoleon, the great opportunist, missed his finest hour, the chance to be what he himself (in captivity) thought he was. We, like the thirteen-year-old Betsy at St. Helena and many of his contemporaries, continue to regard him with "feelings of dread, mingled with admiration."

Korngold makes much of his "discovery" that Sir Hudson Lowe (British governor, hence Napoleon's jailer) was a small-minded neurotic. Lowe's mania, which went so far as to make him approve of white (Bourbon) beans and disapprove of green (Napoleonic) beans, reminds one of certain current fears in our own South. Lowe was indeed a small man, famed only as Napoleon's unfit jailer. Bonaparte had the facility of elevating any little man whose life touched his to undeserved celebrity, if not to greatness. Korngold's book demonstrates this.

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Our Turn to Speak

SEVERAL days after Premier Khrushchev made his disarmament proposals at the United Nations, a news commentator on television made this observation:

"How should the United States respond to the Russian disarmament proposals? We should of course make it appear that we are taking the proposals seriously, in order not to suffer any propaganda loss. But our actual policy should be to disregard them. Secretary Herter has said publicly that the Russian disarmament offer should be very carefully considered. But everyone knows that, privately, Secretary Herter has absolutely no interest in these proposals. He is completely correct. His public posture should be to pursue the Russian offer seriously but he should do this only for the purpose of making a good impression on the world."

First of all, we don't know and we know quite a few people who don't know that Secretary Herter is wearing two faces—on this issue or any other. Indeed, we find it difficult to believe that the Secretary of State should think that the cause of the United States is best served by shabby cynicism. Yet he is praised by a commentator of standing precisely because he is supposed to advance a position before the world community which the United States secretly opposes. Whom do we think we are fooling? Why should we suppose that other people are stupid? That they can be manipulated by double-talk and phony high-mindedness? And what about the problem of arms control itself at a time when a small accident or miscalculation could put a nuclear match to the planet?

The commentator, who made it clear that virtually all correspondents at the United Nations shared his position, no doubt likes to think of himself as an exponent of *realpolitik*. In this game, cynicism is accepted as standard operating procedure, deception as sophistication, and hypocrisy as the sly necessity of diplomacy.

THE trouble with this game in today's world is that there are only losers. We are not now contending with an intruder from dusty outer space. We are involved in a fiendish situation where every fire we build burns our own homes and not merely those of the Russians. The same is true of the Russians. Nuclear weapons can no longer be regarded as the instruments of protection or conquest. They are the engines of suicide. They are full of reciprocating parts. They are like double torpedoes, one of which seeks out the enemy target, the other of which stays at home and blows it to hell. But this is not all. Nations that engage in the atomic exchange will convert the lands of the other nations into condemned radioactive pits in which there is neither reprieve nor retreat.

The main question before the world since 1945 has not been, who would win the international sweepstakes in double-think, but whether some way can be found to deal both with world-wide tensions and world-destroying explosives—before the tensions and the explosives make decisions by themselves. On the day-to-day level, the corollary question has been whether the Soviet Union would agree to comprehensive arms control. Not just control over a few categories of weapons, but control over all the things that go into stock-piling of the modern arsenals. In particular, the U. S. had asked, and properly so, whether the Soviet Union would be willing to accept the inspection and enforcement that alone can make arms control work.

It was against this background that Premier Khrushchev made his speech before the United Nations, saying that the Soviet Union is willing to accept comprehensive disarmament with enforcement and inspection.

What should our response be to those proposals? We should welcome them, praise them, discuss them—and, most of all, put them to the test. We are now on the spot before the entire human commonwealth and indeed before history. We cannot afford and should not tolerate any policy compounded of cheap cynicism and malignant sophistication. The United States was not made great by tricksters or fast talkers. The great men in our history were not afraid to exercise the moral imagination or to commit the United States to a position of principle, one which we honestly sought, one in which others could honestly believe.

Mr. Khrushchev says he is willing to disarm. It is now our turn to speak. The world is listening. We should say that we, too, are willing to disarm. We should say we have specific ideas on enforcement, inspection, and control and that we wish to proceed immediately to a consideration of these measures. We should define what we consider to be the workable machinery of arms control and ask the Russians to comment on them. We should make it clear that effective disarmament also presupposes the creation of an adequate system of security, without which the war-making tensions will continue.

Most of all, we should *top* the Soviet proposals. We should say we propose that half the dollars or rubles or pounds or francs saved through disarmament should go into a plan for developing the world's resources for the good of all its peoples; for strengthening the United Nations; for creating and maintaining a U.N. Police Force; for the U.N.'s Children's Fund, and for its Special Agencies; for an attack on the so-far incurable diseases. We should call for a mobilization in the cause of sanity. We should speak not only about a basis for safety on earth but about a great design for a better world. The time has come to renew ourselves in a magnificent concept. We can earn the respect of those who look to us, not for hypocrisy and cunning but for a moral imperative.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRESIDENT'S CASE

HAVING SERVED AS Chief Clerk of the Senate Armed Services Committee and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs during the period 1953-1958, I know something of the problems of the Administration and feel strongly on the subject of what President Eisenhower is trying to do. Your editorial "The President and the Russians" [SR, Sept. 19] sets forth succinctly the President's case, and I am sure will give him comfort.

PHILIP K. ALLEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

CIARDI CHALLENGED

ALLOW US TO disagree violently with John Ciardi. We wish to change his statement in "The Environment of Poetry" [SR, Sept. 19] to:

"To make sense can NOT be too shallow a thing to engage his (or her) best possibilities—in anything—even poetry."

CHARLOTTE E. KELM and OTTO L. KELM.

San Francisco, Calif.

A BASIC DILEMMA

WHEN FADIMAN ran his mind-tickling radio program, "Information Please," he had all the answers. They were given to him. Now that he is an authority on education [SR, Sept. 12], they are still given to him, this time by the so-called Council for Basic Education.

Unfortunately, his own basic education, which he eulogizes in a magnificent display of the *post hoc* fallacy, did not teach him to consult more than one source, for if it had, he might have learned that education is more than the "transmission of tradition," that much of what he argues for is S.O.P., and that there are intellectual, social, and emotional differences in "man." He might, too have learned to avoid false dichotomies ("generating and self-terminating"), loose concepts ("rational soul"), and fuzzy generalizations ("The average high school graduate . . . is lost.").

W. C. TROW.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A BASIC SOLUTION

IT'S POSSIBLE THAT Clifton Fadiman might have been able to learn to listen and to read in a driver-training course, but the most important thing seems to be that he has found a meaning in life. This meaning, he feels, is fundamental in his ability to create and act like a man. He seems to feel strongly that the youth of today is not finding a valid meaning which would create the desire and momentum for action. Even more important than Mr. Fadiman's plug for basic education seems to be his outline of education's objective. The world needs persons who are able to live with the uncertainty of the future and meet it in constructive ways. Without some belief in the worth of it all to act as a motivating force, it isn't going to make much difference what courses are taken. Mr. Fadiman's soul-searching for the roots of education and some understanding of its influence in his life is the way workable and valid answers will come.

H. DAVID JENKINS.

Lexington, Ky.

"Then he says to me, 'The trouble with you is you don't travel enough.' Can you imagine!"

ACCENTUATING THE POSITIVE

I AM WITH Charles W. Ferguson heart and soul in his disapproval of the negative approach to an idea by the use of compounds of *de, dis, non,* etc. [SR, Sept. 26]. However, his quotation from David McCord is only partially convincing. As light verse it is amusing (as Mr. McCord intended it to be); as argument it is faulty. The use of *ept* is unfair, since the proper positive is *apt*; *vert* isn't quite fair either.

The use of *trudes* and *sist* is irrelevant, as neither *intrudes* nor *insist* is a negative word. The Latin prefix *in* (as I'm sure both Mr. Ferguson and Mr. McCord know) has two separate meanings—one to give a negative meaning (as *active-inactive* and one to denote *in* or *into*). Both *intrude* and *insist* are of the latter class. So is *indigent*; therefore *digent* is merely arresting, not convincing.

In fact, the whole last line, "My digent self is sertive, choate, loof," is just a bit of gay nonsense. Is *sertive* supposed to be the opposite of *assertive*?—like *typical* and *atypical* (the alpha privative of Greek). Oh, no! And *loof* is no more the opposite of *aloof* than *lone* is of *alone*.

Another thing, Mr. Ferguson says that *ruth* means kind, considerate. Isn't it a noun, meaning kindness, consideration?

KATHERINE M. MORGAN.

Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to Webster,* ruth *as a noun means—among other things—"compassion for misery of another; pity, mercy . . ." As an adjective it means "compassionate; pitiful."*

CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES'S review of "The Idea of a College," by Elton Trueblood [SR, Sept. 12] shows us that he understands nothing of the Christian's perspective; he has no sympathy for all that he *misunderstands,* and that he, Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, and atheists have difficulty accepting Christian positions.

I suggest that Mr. Jones's review would have been more honest and valuable had he dealt more with the book and less with apology to atheists and non-Christians.

JACK MCCORMACK.

Sardinia, Ohio

MRS. K's COUTURIER

LET ME ADD to Cleveland Amory's words of rebuke to those women correspondents [SR, Oct. 3] whose comments about Mrs. K's dress and person were in such poor taste. I am dismayed that these writers would so misuse their column-writing privilege as to hit below the belt a First Lady who deserved better treatment; who, we believe, would be unwilling to stoop to the low levels the said correspondents bent to. If the writing fraternity wishes to be respected, it must earn that respect.

L. H. UNGLESBY.

Kansas City, Kan.

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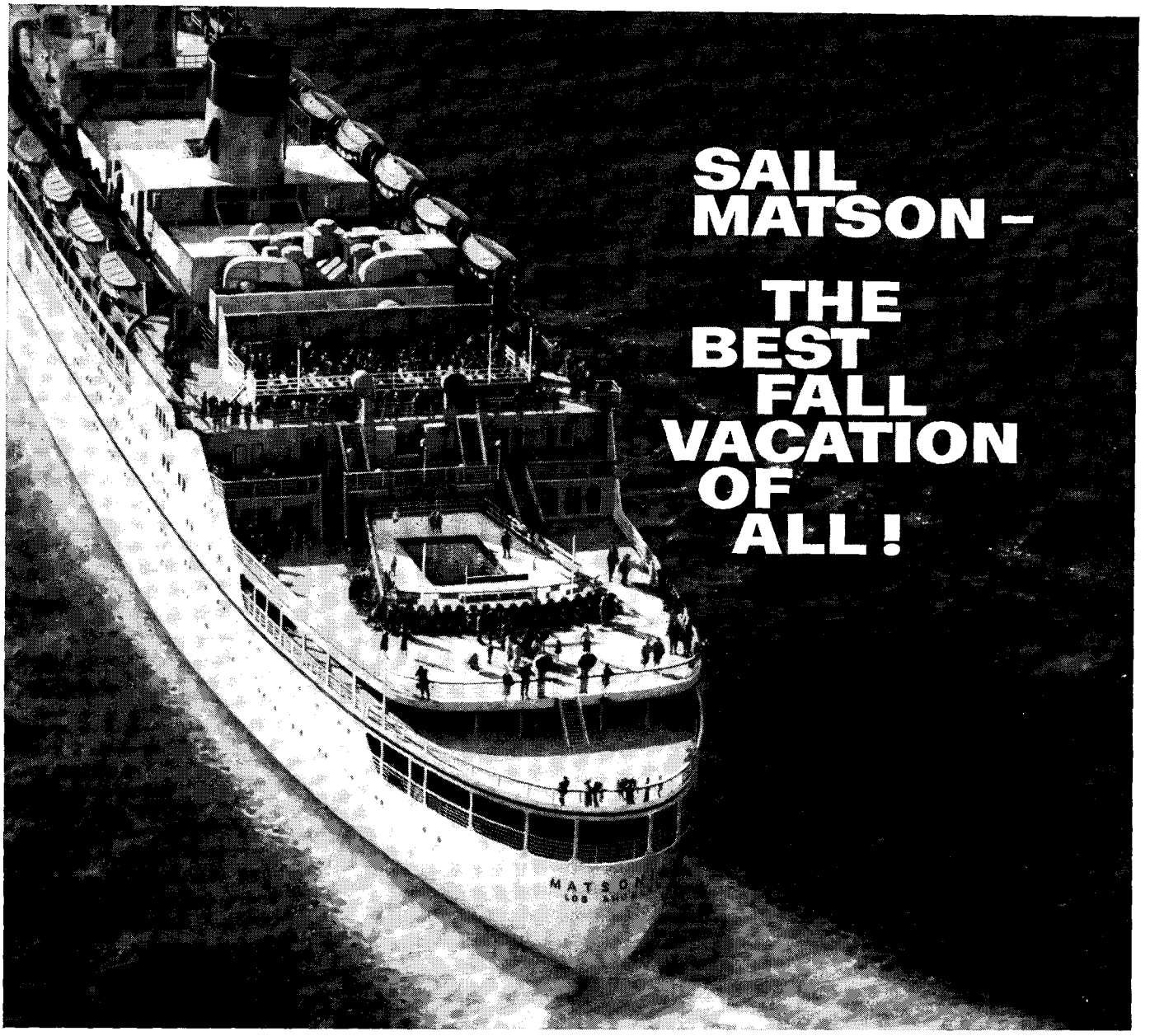

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REPORT FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

In name the seas were always seven, and if you had to recite in geography class, you got an A if you said they were the Arctic and the Antarctic, the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic, the North Pacific, the South Pacific and the Indian. But for all except explorers, there was only one sea that anybody crossed and it was the Atlantic. The path across it led to the Grand Tour, an excursion that was in fact the mink coat of yesteryear. It was society's chevron, a station arrived at, awarded to the wealthy and those with beneficent uncles. A few wayfarers, it is true, dawdled around the Caribbean, and some poked an adventurous toe as far as Honolulu. Anybody who ventured farther than that came home a local celebrity.

But within the lifetime of all those who can read—I except you precocious toddlers who are three and devour the Iliad—the horizon has expanded until the view over all seas are limitless. You can see Spain from San Francisco. Bangkok, heaven help us, is clearly visible from the Bronx. No settlement with suitable airport is farther than 24 hours from any other similarly endowed. Two distinguished writers whose works appear on ensuing pages, have, quite independently of one another, noted that there are no more beaten paths to get off of. The world has in fact, become so available it has been abandoned to the traveler. The explorers are off to pioneer the roads to space.

The seas have become the traveler's pathway, to skim over or to zoom over. We number them, as tradition from the days of Brahmanic mythology insists, as seven. But these seven are the seas of the traveler, the ones he crosses, swims in, suns by, sojourns alongside, rides boards on. Among those who report on them are the Pulitzer prize-winning playwright and current thespian, Marc Connelly; the European-based arbiter of good life and good wines, Joseph Wechsberg; the spear-sharp columnist for United Features, Inez Robb; the Pulitzer-prize-winning author James Michener whose new book, "Hawaii" is out in November; W. J. Lederer, co-author of "The Ugly American"; and Faubion Bowers whose travels with his wife Santha Rama Rau, have taken him frequently across the Indian Ocean. These, together with the comments by the custodian of this corner on The Caribbean, that warm foot-bath located, conveniently enough, at the foot of this Continent, comprise the chronicles of the seven seas of the traveler, and they commence, as the British are fond of saying, overleaf.

Horace Sutton

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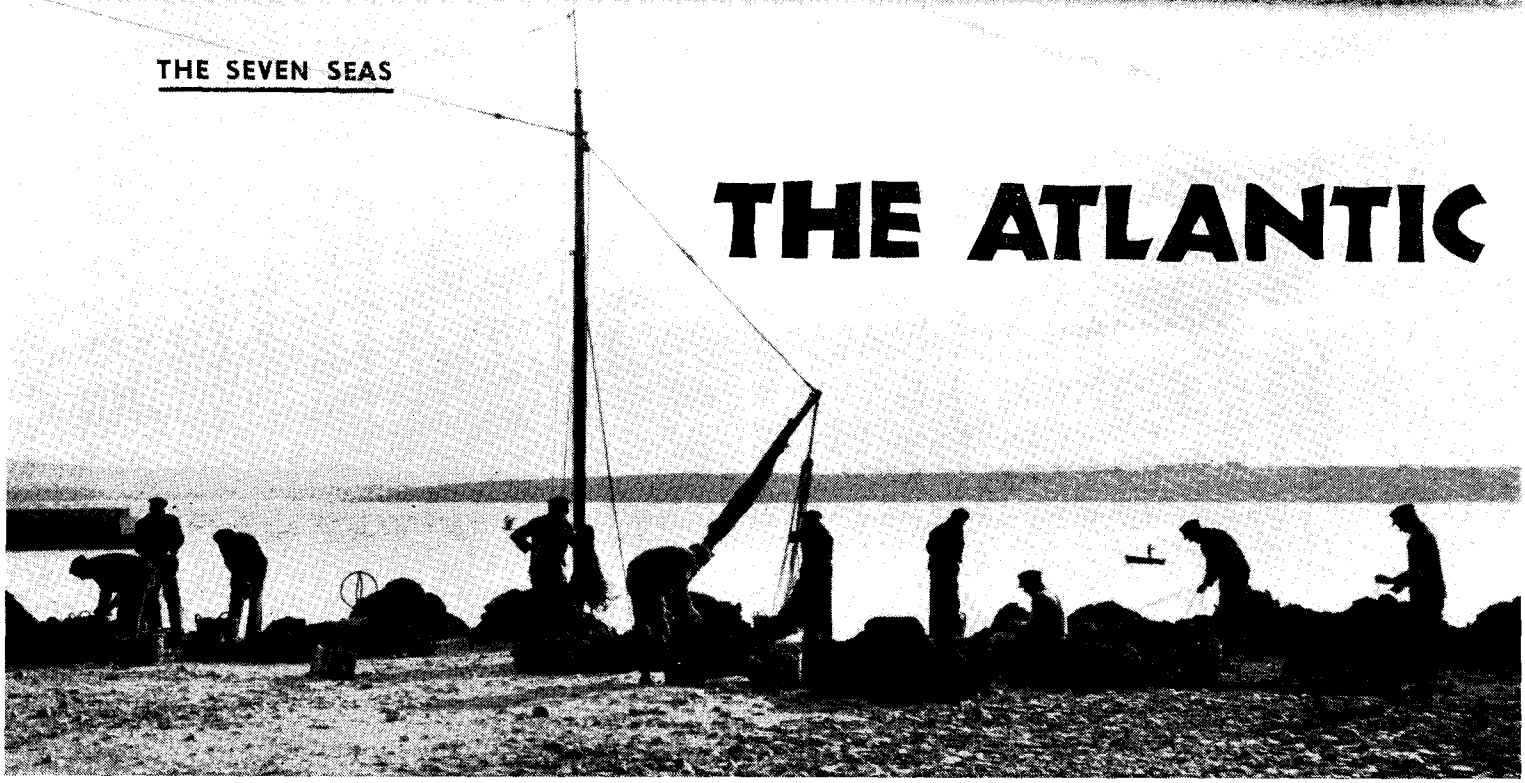
THE ATLANTIC



—Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)

By MARC CONNELLY

CONSIDERABLE changes have occurred on, above and about the Atlantic Ocean since it first came to my attention during summertime visits to Atlantic City more than half a century ago. While I saw then that it stretched quite a way seaward I first thought its coastline ended on the north at Heinz's Pier and on the south at Ventnor, where the rolling chairs turned around at the end of the boardwalk. That I had been over-conservative in my judgment became obvious the day I joined several hundred others watching cans of food being lowered from the pier into an eighteen-foot dory, whose occupant, a bearded, brave-looking man, was preparing to sail to Florida and thence to Portugal.

My own voyages on the Atlantic began in the early Twenties, a period marked by travel characteristics no longer common. Midnight sailings from New York were very fashionable and usually hilarious. Gayety pervaded the staterooms and decks of the great liners, stimulated by bon voyage toasts in scofflaw liquor, which the departing travelers knew the ship's bars would reinforce legally once they were three miles from shore. Another thing missing in transatlantic ships these days is the collection taken up for the baby born at sea. On the de luxe boats at least every other crossing would be highlighted by news in the First Class smoking room of the arrival of a little stranger in the steerage. The news usually came a few minutes before the noon announcement of the winning numbers in the daily auction and hat pools. A wave of generosity started by the pool winners would spread until everyone in First Class had helped make the baby the wealthiest minor afloat. It was a happy era, chatty stewards and thoughtful couples who were aware that every ship's doctor had to have a knowledge of obstetrics.

AIRPLANE travel has erased many singularities in formerly remote spots about the Atlantic. In Iceland in the Thirties, you could buy beer and, what was more noteworthy to visitors, ice cream sodas in a bakery-restaurant in Postoffice Street, in Reykjavik. But only in the handsome Hotel Borg could you get hard liquor. Johannes Josefsson, its proprietor, had been given an exclusive license to sell spirits as a reward for his services to Iceland abroad. For many years Mr. Josefsson had performed all over the United States with the Barnum and Bailey Circus, demonstrating Iceland's national sport, glima wrestling. I haven't been in Reykjavik lately but I suppose these days you'll find frozen food for sale in the shop between the sukiyaki restaurant and the trattoria.

An institution that had thrived although its form has changed is the Grand Tour, which helps keep the Atlantic a much traveled ocean despite the expansion of the world horizon. Since the days of the packet boats, when salted beef was as welcome a bon voyage gift as a fruit basket, the Grand Tour has always meant Europe. This year's number of American transatlantic travelers is about 675,000, by far the largest in memory. For the first time planes are carrying more people than ships. Jets such as the British Comets, the American 707s, and the DC-8s, which will soon be serving several lines, are making the time factor negligible. Today, the vacationist from the Pacific coast can show homefolks the photographs he took in all the European capitals within a fortnight of his saying goodbye.

The vast majority of American tourists making their first trips want to see as much as possible in the time at their disposal. Travel agencies naturally try to provide eye-filling bargains to the shopping public. Certainly the low-budget, all-inclusive European tours are good investments. But you must be reconciled to short stops and content to peek at foreign countrysides through the windows of trains, buses, or planes.

MANY times on my own homecomings I have heard enthusiastic but travel-weary fellow Americans proclaim the number of places they had seen and enjoyed with not one memorable association with a specific place.

To me the Atlantic is an inexhaustible treasure chest of places to see and things to do and over the years I have formed the habit of trying both to find new areas for exploration and revisit familiar ones for renewed enjoyment. Being primarily interested in the theatre I find myself going to lands where the

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theatre thrives. While theatrical entertainment is of course popular everywhere in Europe and the national culture of every country gives its theatre individuality, of late years the festivals in a dozen cities are annually growing as tourist attractions. Ireland, because of the restraining influence of censors, has been the only laggard in the general theatrical activity. The English theatre generally is pretty much like our own, as is the "boulevard theatre" of Paris. But at the international festivals in Edinburgh, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Amsterdam, and other continental cities, you'll find unexpected enjoyment. I particularly like to be in Venice in September when foreign companies appear at the Fenice Theatre, an eighteenth-century jewel box that is a delight to see whether anything's playing in it or not. Another old theatre I visit whenever I can is the Drottningholm, ten minutes by taxi from Stockholm. It was lost to view for more than a hundred years after the death of its great patron, King Gustave the Third. His assassination at a masked ball in 1792 caused it to be closed tighter than a drum until about 1920, when a young student doing research for a university degree was permitted to open what everyone believed was a storehouse filled with rubbish from adjacent palace buildings. Inside he found perfectly preserved scenery, costumes, and stage properties for a score of plays and operas designed by the foremost artists of Europe. A treasure trove of set models and other priceless theatrical objects are once again to be seen, either in the theatre's museum or the completely authentic performances of eighteenth-century works that highlight Stockholm's appeal to summer visitors. In Sweden I also like to visit the unique province of Dalecarlia, where ancient folkways and costumes give a curious individuality to a dreaming land of lakes and wooded hills.

YOU will also be enthralled by Sweden's island of Gotland in the Baltic. Here in the old Hanseatic town of Visby you will find houses completely blanketed with roses, like those in Siasconset across the Atlantic on Nantucket.

If you're in Denmark you must allow yourself time enough to go to some of the summertime revues that add to the fun of being in Copenhagen. You don't need to speak Danish to enjoy them. Everybody had said something about the famous Tivoli amusement park. Nevertheless I must join the chorus by pointing out that you won't get much better food in Europe than in half a dozen of the great Tivoli restaurants. The Tivoli is also a place of enchantment for children, the Danes being remarkably concerned with seeing that kids have en-

—*B.T.A.*

Gothic spires pierce the London night, otherwise invaded by the lapping of the Thames and the stentorian gongs of Big Ben.

Tivoli lights up the Copenhagen sky and beckons the ever-young to its permanent mid-city carnival.

—*Air France*

Paris neon tantalizes the traveler in the city known for its light, its lightheartedness, its look, its taste.

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European Ladies

—B.T.A.

They tend bars in the pubs of Britain while the darts thud into a nearby wall and a pint of Stout and bitter is a mother-in-law.

—Pan American.

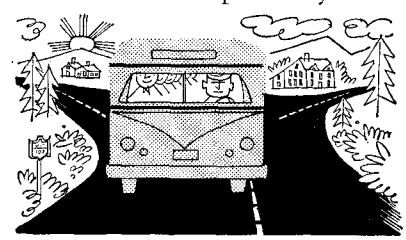
They sell snails in Brussels, shaking each one from its shell, dipping it into hot broth, and offering it for two cents. Other ladies eat them.

—Kryn Tragonis (Magnum)

They clean wooden shoes (and everything else) along the canals of Holland where pleasure yachts and working barges share the waterway and the view.

tertainment which is both enjoyable and instructive. Last year I realized a long nurtured wish to see rural Denmark. I started from Frederikshavn on the northern tip of Jutland and drove through a land of gardens interrupted by towns and villages, each charmingly individual and so appealing to the traveler that a few hours was never sufficient time to enjoy them. There are new hotels everywhere and the prices are wonderfully low.

I've seen many circuses in Europe, including the imposing one the Russians sent to the Brussels Fair, but none has ever given me such complete and simple joy as the one-ring Bemelweis circus which wanders the length and breadth of Denmark and is treasured everywhere as a summertime delight. I saw it last year in the Jutland town of Vejle. My hotel also housed a group of fellow Americans. They were on one of those popular but time-conscious "Fairytale Tours," so called because of their inclusion of a visit to the quaint city of Odense, the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen. As I was covering less ground I had time to watch the group assemble on the sidewalk where their bus waited. A pleasantly cheerful



tour conductor went through the routine ritual. "Did you all leave your room keys? Did you post your cards? We have five minutes to look for anything that's missing." Everyone seemed happy and eager for the day's program, but I knew they wouldn't see the Bemelweis circus I was going to attend that night.

How can one even begin to list the happy experiences to be found by crossing the Atlantic. Its waters have carried me up and down Holland in a canal cruiser on which five can travel and sleep at a modest cost, but which my own companions and I left each nightfall to explore new towns and to sleep in comfortable waterside hotels. Take Delft, for instance. You need time and leisure to appreciate Delft, at least a summer day to ramble in its old streets, investigate its shops, and linger in picturesque courtyard cafes. And you need an evening there to see the canals turned into ribbons of light by twinkling candle lamps and to sit in a medieval churchyard to see one of the annual performances of Everyman by a company of inspired actors from the National Theatre in Amsterdam.

I'm all for the Atlantic. It's going places.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN

—*European*

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE Mediterranean was not the world's most idyllic region last summer but it was definitely The Place for international status seekers. Unless you weren't seen there you won't count next winter. It was on the warm, blue waters of the Mediterranean that Mme. Callas refused to sing for Sir Winston and gave the most dramatic performance of her career. In Italy the Callas-Onassis meetings were bigger news than the Khrushchev-Eisenhower meetings, almost created a newsprint shortage and made the front page of the respected *Corriere della Sera.*

The French Riviera chalked up a first-rate ($215,000) jewel theft from the villa of a British textile millionaire at Cap d'Antibes, several kings and exkings, the Aga Khan, major movie producers and minor starlets, and at least half a million campers covering every available square meter from Marseille to Menton. The toilet facilities were limited but the fun was unlimited. French beatniks easily beat American beatniks. If you didn't look out you might get hit on the head by a beer bottle or get lost in a tent where you could make first hand research on a book called "Vice Versa." In short, the season was a *succès fou,* but most people tell me they will never go back there.

Expensive campers went to the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo or the Carlton in Cannes. No statistics are available on the import of Beluga barrels but everybody agrees it was the best season in history on the Riviera, which I still remember as a place to spend the winter away from the fog and cold of the northern cities. Perhaps it is still possible to find quiet on the Côte-d'Azur if you live in a secluded villa on Cap Ferrat as Maugham does, but peace has become the greatest luxury on the Riviera. The first figures are in now and I hear that 25 per cent more people were there than last year, more Italians, Americans, and Belgians, less Central Europeans and South Americans.

Everybody complains that France is getting too expensive and everybody continues to go there. During the first half of 1959 the hotels of Paris had 40 per cent more guests than during the first half of 1958. In April 1959, 31,018 Americans came to Paris, compared to 18,718 in April the year before. Why do people go to France? The Ministry of Public Works which made a poll has its answers ready. It's not, as you would assume, to eat the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses* at the Pyramide in Vienne or to visit Château Prieuré-Lichine in Margaux and taste the wines. Of the Americans who rush to France, the Ministry claims, 31 per cent go to see the sites, 20 per cent to study the way of life, 18 per cent to see the monuments (including perhaps the statuesque nudes at the Folies-Bergère), and only 15 per cent to enjoy the gastronomy. I must have the wrong friends.

Italy was probably the runner up in sold-out hotels, noisy camping sites, cursing automobilists (Italians are now fined and jailed for drunken driving), and Music to Run Away From. On the Italian Riviera there were many mosquitoes and many Lolitas, the food was worse and the service better than on the French Riviera, the water was fine but only children and *scampi* were in it. Before you got into your hotel room you had to swear a solemn oath that you wouldn't try to overstay your allotted time. I couldn't find a room in Santa Margherita Ligure when I wanted to go there late in July to join my wife and daughter.

Off-the-beaten-track travel, once as popular a pastime as bargain hunting on the flea markets, is finished and for the same reason. There are few bar-

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gains left on the flea markets and almost no off-trail places. My esteemed colleagues have done so much discovering in the past years that it is now as difficult to find an unspoiled side-road inn as a chef who doesn't cheat on his ingredients. We made some minor discoveries in the lovely Valley of Aosta this summer, where there are some charming places at the foot of the Mont Blanc, but they've started to build a tunnel through it, and when it will be ready, the place will become a madhouse.

A FEW years ago it was possible to find some calm and smiling faces before or after the season, but now the season starts early and ends late. Rome was sold out even in May, and is sold out for October. Smart people have already made hotel arrangements for next summer when the Olympic Games will be held in the Eternal City. Italy has opened about seventy new hotels this year, in Milan and along the Liguric Coast, but it's still hard to get in. Every region between Spoleto, Verona, and Aix-en-Provence has its artistic attractions and all of them were sell-outs this summer though not necessarily artistic successes. (This was a bad year for summer festivals; even Salzburg was a flop.) But people will buy anything these days to have a reason to get away from their nice, quiet homes. Watching the cars in Italy, on the Côte-d'Azur and on the crowded Routes Nationales 7 and 6 in France, piled up high on top with luggage, boxes, bicycles, children's carriages, I was reminded of the *chanson* of Helmut Qualtinger, a funny Viennese cabaretist, about a juvenile motorcycle delinquent who says, "I don't know where I'm going so fast but at least I'm getting there faster than the others." Lots of people on the Mediterranean this summer seemed to get nowhere faster than the others.

Spain, less expensive than its Latin cousins, has been rediscovered and is doing its best to catch up with the higher prices east of Irun. It is overrun by the idle *nouveaux-riches* from Germany.

—*H.S.*

Net-mending on the Italian Riviera

Nothing has changed since *Simplicissimus* half a century ago lampooned the German Baedeker addicts. The new crop carries the Varta Fuehrer and "Rast auf Reisen," the men wear the shirts outside their pants, most of the travelers don't enjoy themselves but "cover" places, and spend more time looking through the range finder of their cameras than at something. (Not only Germans. Americans just carry more expensive cameras.) Everywhere you see the chartered buses carrying hordes of *Sozialtouristen* who go there for less. Large German travel outfits called Touropa and Transeuropa bring the customers in chartered Convairs to practically all resorts along the Mediterranean Coast. In Spain the stretch of coast that runs from Algeciras to Malaga enjoys great popularity, and so do the islands of Minorca, Ibiza, and Majorca. The climate is wonderful, there are yacht clubs in all the islands, underwater fishing enthusiasts are busy in the transparent water, and the mood is peaceful from three to seven a.m.

The Costa Brava was sold out this summer. Tangier had a great season, since the Germans stop over there on their way to Morocco, which has become very popular. The Canary Islands are the last among the new discoveries. Easily accessible from Spain by sea or air, on the direct route to South Africa and South America, with fine luxury hotels, they are extremely popular with the new discoverers.

ONLY the brave ones go to North Africa where the war and occasional shooting in the "pacified" areas keep the tourists away. Local tourist organizations (though not the authorities) guarantee safety and peace (of mind) at the Tunisian resorts of Hammamet, Korbous, Kairouan, and Monastir but most cruise ships have changed their itineraries and don't stop over in North Africa. Experts think the region will come back as soon as the political situation in the area is stabilized. Israel had a great season this spring and is again sold out this fall. (Some of the new popularity is chalked up to the best-seller "Exodus," but most people go there because they have strong emotional reasons to see the country that has done so well for itself in so short a time.) Greece and the islands of Rhodes and Corfu are also becoming popular. Some Greek millionaires plan to build a super-hotel on the beach of Athens, perhaps under Swiss management, so they will have a place to go to when they get tired of the wonderful Beau-Rivage-Palace in Ouchy, the Gstaad Palace, or the Palace in St. Moritz.

Those who prefer local color to luxurious comfort love the Dalmatian

(*Continued on page* 59)

When Daniel

the phantom deer arise and all loss adds America is burning in their eyes.[1]

BUT not all is lost. Much of wild, beautiful America remains; some 222 million acres of it, an area larger even than France and Italy combined . . . set aside in dedicated trust, managed for you — and generations to come — by the National Park Service, U. S. Forest, and Fish & Wildlife Services.

As Boone did, you can *move* through the forest primeval, under a tree canopy more varied than any in all Europe. As millions before you have done, you can *stand humbly* at the world's largest canyon; *gaze* unbelieving at the world's largest thing alive, a sequoia; *wonder* at the world's most beautiful lake; *listen* with your mind's ear as age-old stones speak sermons of the creation.

The glories of mountain and canyon, subtropical wilderness and glistering glacier, rain forest and moon-lit desert beauty, island and plain and rockbound coast — they are still here, and they summon you.

That is the greatest wonder of all — they are still here. And in the words of James Fisher, English naturalist, Sinclair salutes you, the American people, for your guardianship:

"And this is what I have tried to do — to tell of wild America, and say that never have I seen such wonders or met landlords so worthy of their land. They have had, and still have, the power to ravage it; and instead have made it a garden."[2]

Sinclair

A Great Name in Oil

1. From "Daniel Boone" by Stephen Vincent Benét, Rinehart & Co., In
2. From "Wild America" by Roger Tory Peterson and James Fisher, Houghton Mifflin Co. Publishers.

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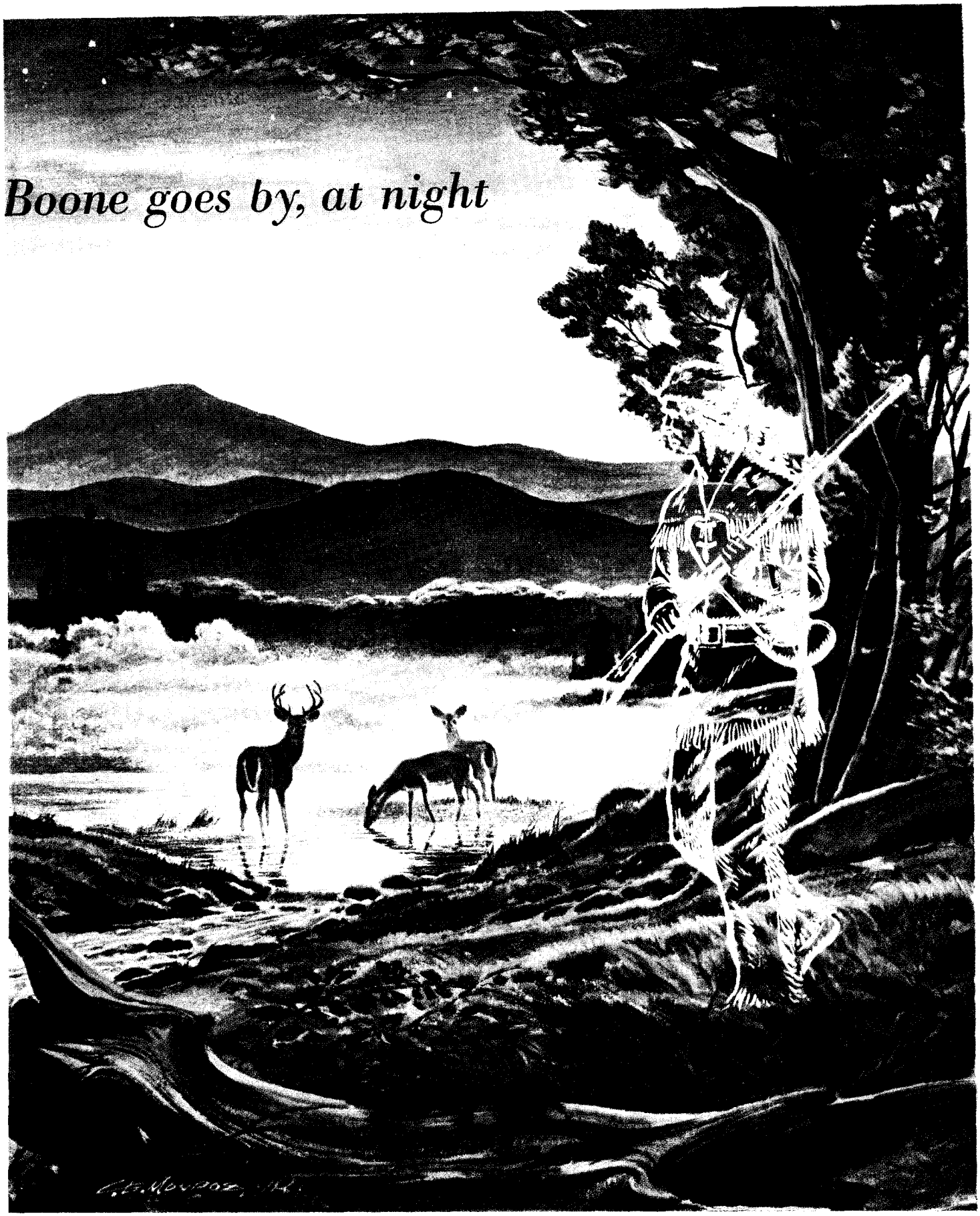

MOTORISTS! Awaiting your visit are 601 national parks, forests and game refuges, historic sites and monuments, each kept beautiful through *wise conservation*. Let us help plan your tour of the natural and historic wonders that are held in trust for you. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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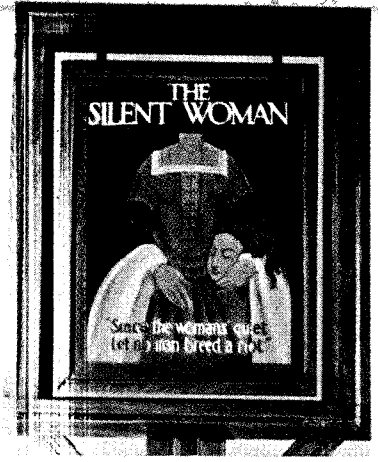
Look for these signs of Good Cheer in Britain

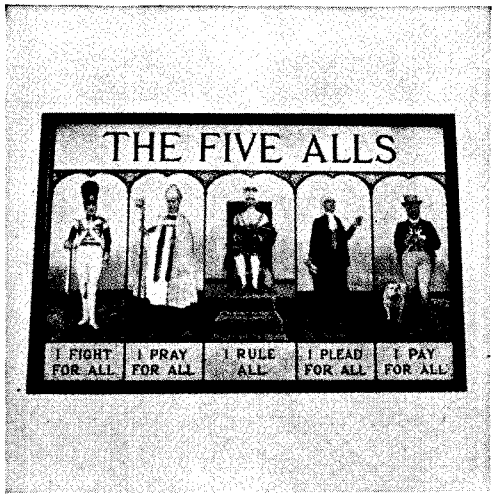
(a traveler's guide to inn signs)



THE SILENT WOMAN. You'll see this sign at Wareham, in Dorset. Nearby, you can visit Corfe Castle. Over 400 stately homes and castles are now open to visitors. The average admission is only 35¢.

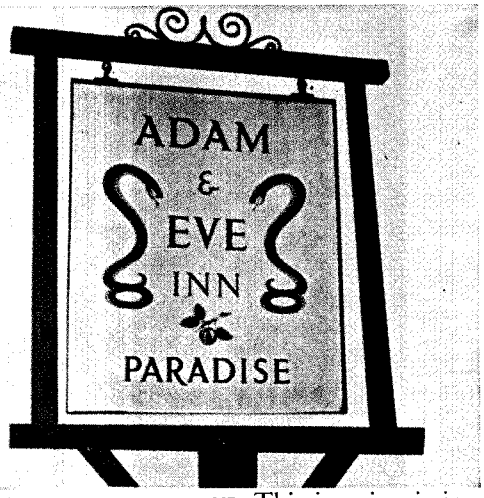
THE WHITE HOUSE. America's roots grow deep in Britain. See sign above. Did you know that William Penn went to Oxford—and that Pocahontas once lived at a house in Gravesend?

THE ROSE REVIVED. Some people say this beer-drinking rose commemorates the Restoration. But it might be a hint from a thirsty sign-painter. Hogarth painted inn signs for drinks on the house.

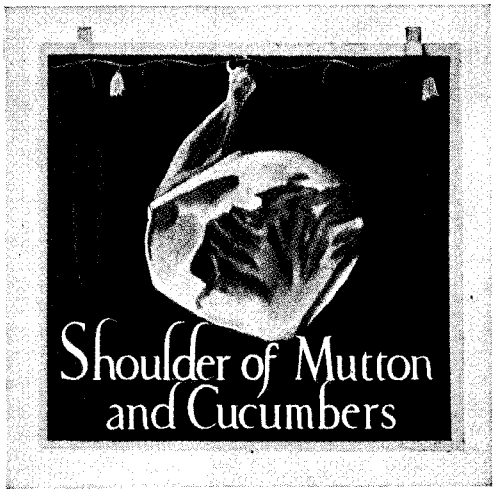


THE FIVE ALLS. Many signs are satirical. Note the man who "pays for all." His name is John Bull. Talking of money, you can stay at most inns for about $3.50, hearty British breakfast included.

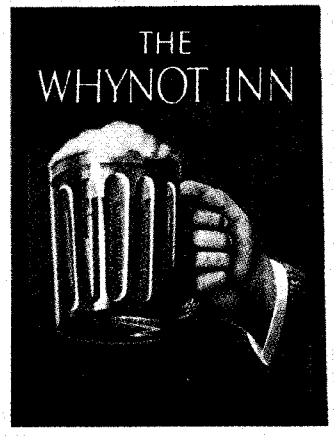
THE CAT AND CUSTARD POT. This curious name often crops up as a nickname for the *Red Lion*. Nobody quite knows why. Wherever you go, be sure to sample the interesting local beers.



THE ADAM AND EVE. This inn sign is in Paradise, Gloucestershire. Yet another *Adam and Eve* is in Norwich. It once had a landlord named Cain Abel. Talk to the locals. They are human guidebooks.



THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON AND CUCUMBERS. Many signs feature Britain's famous regional dishes. Taste the local pies—Melton Mowbray, Kentish Chicken, Cornish Pasties, and the mysterious Haggis.



THE WHY NOT? This sign seems mighty like an invitation. And it is. Why not visit all these friendly inns this Fall? You can get to Britain *and back*, by sea or air, for less than $463! Call your travel agent.

For free illustrated booklet, "Gourmet's Guide to Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 142, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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THE CARIBBEAN

—George Rodger (Magnum)

By HORACE SUTTON

THE EXPLORERS were the first foreigners to find the Caribbean, but they never got the message. It was in fact not until the Thirsty Thirties that the descendants of the first settlers began to realize that dawdling away a winter's week steaming from one Caribbean port to another was considerably more enjoyable than a winter's week in a snowdrift in New England. The ship was the hotel and the last stop was always Havana, a city awash in wheels, girls, and daiquiris. No fools, the steamship companies liked to leave 'em laughing.

When the war was done, ships were in short supply, but airplanes were not, and in short order they began bouncing around the Caribbean Islands. As early as 1947 Pan American was selling open-jaw flights that commenced in New York, flew all through the bumpy night to San Juan, then skipped westward across the island chain by way of the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Camaguey in eastern Cuba. The trouble was, there were few hotels, except perhaps for Ciudad Trujillo, which had a new and shiny one. But in that bristling country they stuck a thermometer in your face the minute you landed at the airport, and guards forbade you with rifles to take pictures of the phoney fighter airplanes they had lined up on the grass. Politicos in the hills wore pistols and bandoleers of copper ammunition, and pictures of The Man were everywhere. Perhaps it is still the same. Except for one involuntary stop at the airport I have never been back.

Jamaica was known to the British and to some Canadians, and the best hotel in San Juan was a sort of cement replica of the steamship *Normandie*. Sailors are said to have delighted in jumping off the balconies of its interior court and landing in the swimming pool located, conveniently enough, in the lobby. A visit to Haiti then was as good for parlor conversation as a trip to Zanzibar today, and as for St. Thomas, there was old Bluebeard's Castle, not to mention a waterside pension called Villa Olga, in some disrepair, containing a handful of expatriates who had come to squat where the living was easy, or at least warm.

Then, early in the Fifties, islands began to spring out the sea. The building of the Tower Isle Hotel, opened the North Shore of Jamaica. You might as well have opened the north shore of the Amazon. The opening of the Caribe Hilton, a dazzling modern shaft overlooking the sea, air-conditioned, every room with a balcony, had an immense effect on the future shape of hotels. But more than that, it actually set off the renaissance in the rum belt, gave power to Operation Bootstrap, brought more hotels, shops, restaurants, race tracks, and eventually factories to Puerto Rico. Last season Laurence Rockefeller brought to the island his elegant Dorado Beach and Golf Club with 136 rooms by the sea and a grapefruit laden, palm-shaded, $1,800,000 golf course. A week later San Juan opened the 300-room, $8 million La Concha Hotel. There is still more in the offing.

THE giant Virgin Isle Hotel, early in the Fifties, caused a revolution in St. Thomas, which forthwith erupted with duty-free shops carrying goods imported from far-off Hong Kong and island fashions made right on the premises. Bars and bistros grew in the narrow alleys still called *gade* after the Danes who sold the islands to the U.S. in 1917. Those seeking a quiet time by the sea fled to St. Croix. Rockefeller opened a refuge for the well-heeled weary on St. John (it was no less remote than St. Helena in the early days of West Indies travel) eventually bought a giant chunk of the island, and turned it over to the government for a national park.

A dapper dynamo named John Pringle, born in Jamaica, left his haberdashery shop in Manhattan, returned to his homeland to open an elegant watering place called Round Hill, filled its cottages with share-holding celebrities, landed his handsome wife on the cover of *Life* and *Holiday*. Mill Reef Club blossomed on the equally British isle of Antigua, drew upon the Registers

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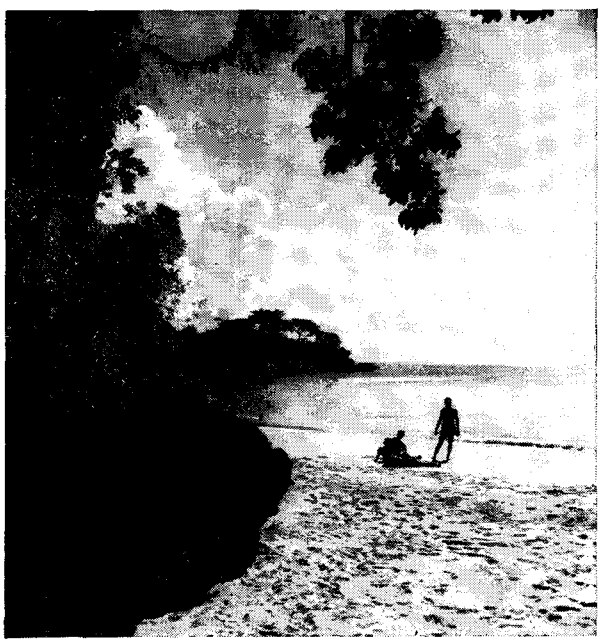
—*Bahamas News Bureau Photo*

Nassau natives are paid for a dip in soft Bahamian waters.

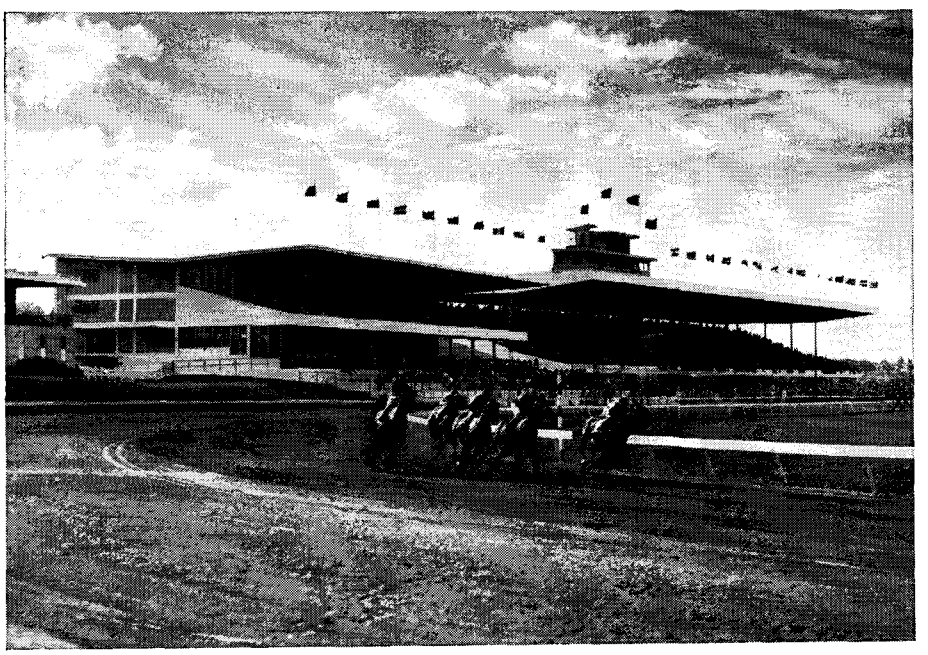


—*H. S.*

Tobago's Store Bay became the hideaway everyone knew.

Renaissance in the rum belt brought Puerto Rico hotels, shops and El Comandante race track.

—*Puerto Rico News Service*



of two continents for its members. The Caribbean became socially acceptable and the newly enlightened masses followed. The young haberdasher—he is still only 33—has become The Honorable John Pringle, and Abe Issa, who built the pioneering Tower Isle, has become the chairman of the Jamaica Tourist Board, which makes him Honorable as well. Sheraton is going into Kingston with a giant hotel that may prove to be Kingston's Caribe, lifting the city from a rather listless cruise port into a *placque tournant* between North and South America. There is more building afoot in Montego Bay and more along the developing North Shore, much of it sparked by Honorable John and Honorable Abe.

Far to the south along the stepping stones that are scattered all the way to the South American coast lay the little-known isles where iconoclasts find their hideaways. Early in the Fifties, because of its handsome hotels, Blue Haven and Arnos Vale, its gorgeous South Sea beaches, its palm groves and its seclusion, Tobago became the hideaway that everyone had discovered. It outshone its mother island of Trinidad, itself an island of polyglot races and miserable hotels that was never more than the home of the calypso and a stopover for the cruise boats. Coming in two years will be the Trinidad Hilton, an upside-down hotel, built against a mountain with the lobby on the roof. Only the other day Hilton signed to move into Bogotá, stretching the chain of hostels into the northern coast of South America.

Barbados, once way off trail, alone in the sea, east of everyone else and looking more like a warmed-over England than a tropical land, is burgeoning with a handful of small new hotels. The opening of the Aruba Caribbean this summer on an island once known as an oil refinery surrounded by water, marks yet another step in the awakening of the Dutch West Indies. Aruba has six miles of gorgeous sand beaches, among the best in the Caribbean, and it hastens to point out, in the atmosphere of separatism that pervades the island, that it can offer the same shopping pleasures as neighboring Curaçao which has long been a stop for bargain-hunting cruise passengers. Its laws are as generous, but Aruba still does not have the handsome stores of its sister island, on whom it frequently looks with less than sisterly love. Curaçao, the old bargain basement at the bottom of the Caribbean, a hit-and-run shopper's port at best, is making its own bid for the traveler who might like to come and stay awhile. Its Curacao Intercontinental Hotel, built within

(*continued on page* 60)

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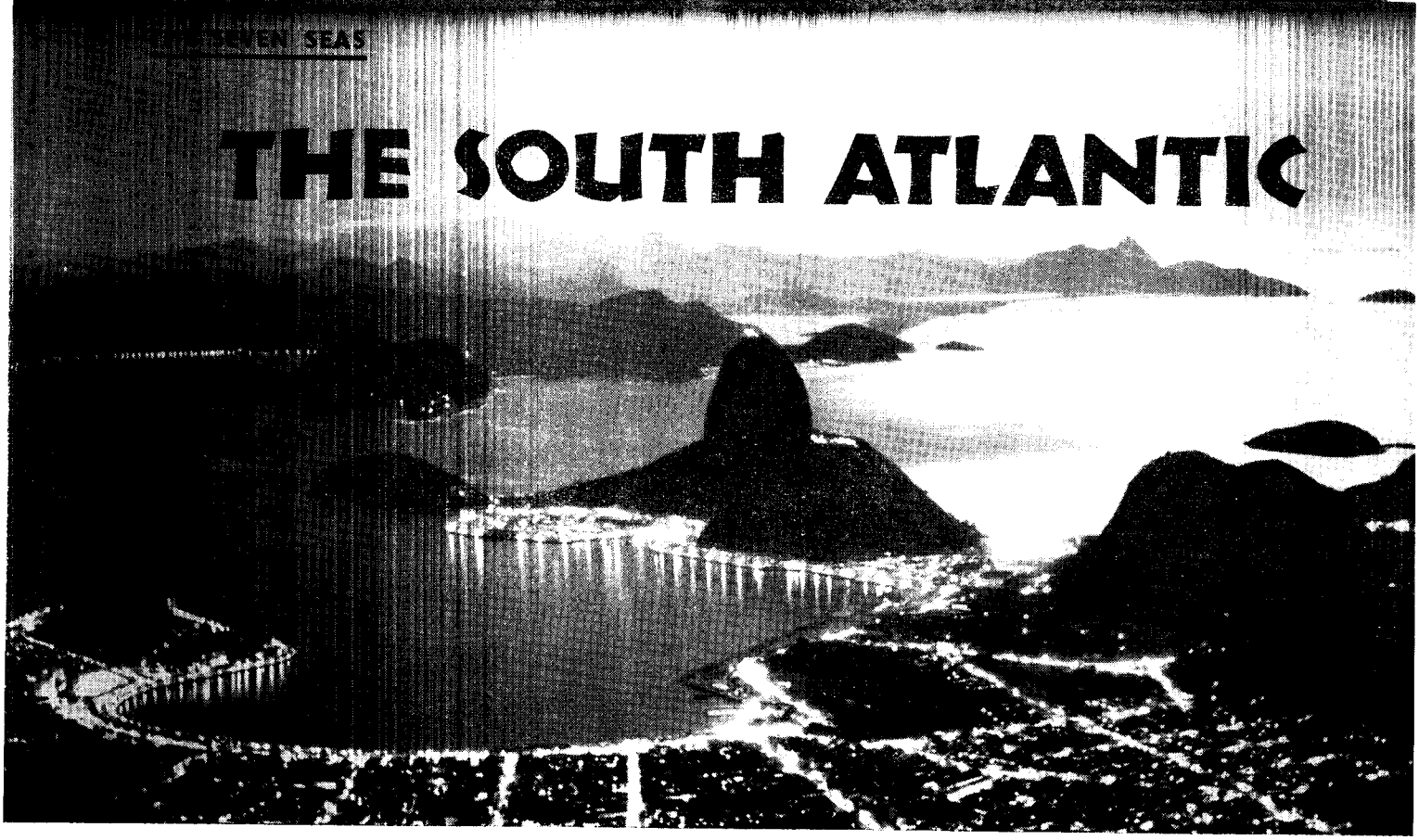
THE SOUTH ATLANTIC



—*Ewing Galloway.*

By INEZ ROBB

IN THE travel trade there exists a kind of depressed feeling that a venturesome tourist can't hardly find any beaten track to get off of no more. Look whom you meet in Russia —Nixon, Dixon, and Blixen. It's Old Home Week.

But for the traveler with the wit and the will to observe other phenomena of nature than Elsa Maxwell at Cannes, the increasing plentitude of jet planes should open up a vast and fascinating continent hitherto cruelly neglected.

Oh, sure, tourists have gone to South America in the past. But compared to the swarms of American visitors who annually swamp Europe, the number who head downstream for Caracas or Rio, Buenos Aires or Santiago is mighty meager.

Now that the vapor trails are beginning to streak north and south as well as east and west, the intelligent traveler can no longer excuse his neglect of our magnificent sister continent on the grounds of time and distance. Where it once was eighteen days by steamer to Rio de Janeiro, it will be thirteen hours by Varig's Caravelle jet, or seven hours less flying time than it was by the fastest Pan Am or Varig service when I flew there exactly one year ago.

It is *fantastico* to learn that the Pan-American jet 707s will flash the 6,000 miles between New York and Buenos Aires in fourteen and a half hours when my first flight there in 1946 spanned thirty-six hours. The jets will put on our doorstep a continent full of elegant cathedrals, opera houses, and universities for the culture conscious, magnificent scenery for the camera devotee, stunning beaches and ski slopes for the athlete, and flamboyant night clubs for the Good-Time Charlies. It is a continent full of good food, strange facts, proud, friendly people, and quite reliable plumbing.

In addition, in almost every land except Venezuela, there is a welcome stretch in the American dollar, which hasn't had any give at home in years.

Before we plunge into South America, a word to the wise: chuck the Miltowns, pack the benzedrine. South Americans are a sturdy night-blooming people, full of Latin charm and hospitality and completely unable to understand any yokel who wants to dine before 11 p.m. or go to bed before 6 a.m. Allow three hours for luncheon and don't turn up at any cocktail party before 9 p.m. on peril of being labeled a Yanqui square. And don't think the South American businessman won't be at his office the following 9 a.m., bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and ready for a go at your eyeteeth! It's a puzzlement.

The traveler flying down to Rio by jet will doubtless have to be on the alert for a quick glimpse of the Amazon, across whose mighty mouth it once took an hour to fly. And the matted jungle of Brazil, that once seemed endless and more impenetrable and awesome than any other in the world, will pass in a green wink.

LET us hope that the jet pilot, as his prop counterpart, will circle Rio de Janeiro and its wondrous harbor as a public service to his passengers before he sets the great ship down at Galeão Airport. Rio is a prodigal union of emerald tropic mountains and sapphire sea, a city whose 3.3 million inhabitants cling lovingly to slope and shore.

From the depths of Rio's vast harbor rise in sheer granite the lofty, spectacular, cone-shaped peaks of this Coleridge land and seascape. This is a city whose physical setting dwarfs whatever man has put into it, no matter how beautiful. And he has put much beauty there. It also is a city whose cable car, swaying hundreds of feet above the water on the way to Sugar Loaf Mountain, in the midst of the harbor, will scare the living daylights out of any tourist.

However, every travel agent will point the tourist toward Rio and São Paulo, the undeniable Detroit of Brazil. They are the two "musts" and

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too often the only Brazilian high spots on a South American itinerary. (São Paulo is the unforgettable city where orchids retail at three for a quarter and fifty cents will buy more gardenias than you can ferry back to the hotel in a taxi.)

Once the tourist has Rio and São Paulo out of his system and has raided the markets for Brazil's beautiful semi-precious stones (topazes, aquamarines, amethysts, and tourmalines) set in Brazil's plentiful gold—and all for a song—I would head him for two of the most extraordinary sights in this or any other hemisphere.

I would first send him to Brasilia, the nation's new capital, and a truly remarkable work of man. And then I would take him to Foz do Iguassú, the falls of the mighty Iguassú River, a truly stupendous work of nature.

Most world capitals are the slow architectural accumulation of the ages. But Brazil's new capital, approximately 600 miles north and west of Rio, is growing from scratch on a beautiful, rolling upland with continuous cloud effects by Michelangelo. Three years ago the site of Brasilia was a lonely, uninhabited wilderness. Today a capital grandiosely designed for an eventual population of 500,000 is rising there at the command of a Brazilian Kublai Khan, President Juscelino Kubitschek. Every one of Brasilia's many principal buildings is the design of Oscar Niemeyer, Brazil's most noted architect.

As a sheer *tour de force*, Brasilia is one of the most exhilarating developments any tourist will ever see. Senhor Niemeyer, a Buck Rogers of the drawing board, is—just to give you an idea—housing the Brazilian Senate in a building that resembles a vast kettledrum face down on its skin, and the Brazilian lower house in a vast kettledrum in reverse, that is, lightly balanced on its round bottom.

There isn't a horse opera on teevee today that can compare with the Wild West look and shanty towns of this capital building in the wilderness. The little terminal at the airport is so jammed with diverse '59ers that there is scarcely room to put down another dried head or poisoned arrow. At Chez Willy, the class restaurant in a shack, with red and white checked tablecloths just like "21," Willy, in levis and a sport shirt with tail out, will whip up crêpes suzette to confound Soule.

Brasilia is one of the great dreams and daring projects of the twentieth century. The tourist who doesn't take a look at it is shortchanging himself.

As for the Falls of Iguassú, they are one of nature's stunning spectaculars. I am of the firm opinion that any tourist who touches Brazil and ignores the Falls deserves to have his credit cards canceled. The Falls form part of the border between Brazil and Argentina. They can easily be reached from São Paulo by plane.

Besides Iguassú, our own Niagara Falls is puny. Larger even than Africa's Victoria Falls, the 275 distinct cascades of Iguassú hurl themselves out of the dense green jungle in a fury of white water over two and a half miles of precipice. The Devil's Throat, forty feet higher than Niagara, is the most spectacular cascade of all. Both on the way in and out of Iguassú, the pilot obligingly hovers the plane for long moments over its tempest for the benefit of photographers.

There is a brand-new and excellent hotel, called Cataratas, its acreage carved out of the jungle, on the Brazilian side of the Falls. A mere twenty miles of washboard cum corduroy jungle road lies between it and the landing field. So don't complain! You can grow a new back!

URUGUAY is a still, small democracy across the River Plate from the Argentine, where Argentinians go to fight their duels and get their divorces, both forbidden in Argentina, to seek political asylum and their place in the sun at Uruguay's fine resort, Carrasco, a South American Southampton. Uruguay and her people are delightful, tolerant, and bedeviled by inflation, even as you and I.

If too many travelers see only Rio and São Paulo in Brazil, Buenos Aires is the sole community they are apt to visit in the large, proud, and complicated country of Argentina. It is still a glittering city even after the blighting years of Peronism.

Rio is a city bristling with splendid modern architecture. Buenos Aires, *au contraire*, is Paris as that French capital would have looked if it had been built in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century with money and fine taste no objects. It is a ravishing city. Her opera house, the Teatro Colón, will knock the spots off any other for sheer grandeur, with the single exception of the Paris Opera. Before World War I, the rich did not build homes in Buenos Aires—they built palaces.

But even the most casual tourist will discover within hours that Argentina is a land still haunted by two vengeful Banquos who will not be exorcised—Evita and Juan Perón. Buenos Aires is so overlaid with their legend that one cannot go for a stroll with an Argentinian without the native son subconsciously pointing out innumerable landmarks connected with the Peróns, though he hates their tripes.

Perón, a pincher de luxe, is even responsible for the forlorn fact that a woman can now walk abroad in Argentina without fear of a friendly pinch on the posterior!

This radical hands-off policy came to

(*Continued on page* 58)

—*Ewing Krainin*

SOUTH ATLANTIC SUNTAN—After Rio and the Copacabana Beach, Brasilia, one of the daring projects of the 20th Century, and Iguassu Falls, stupendous work of nature.

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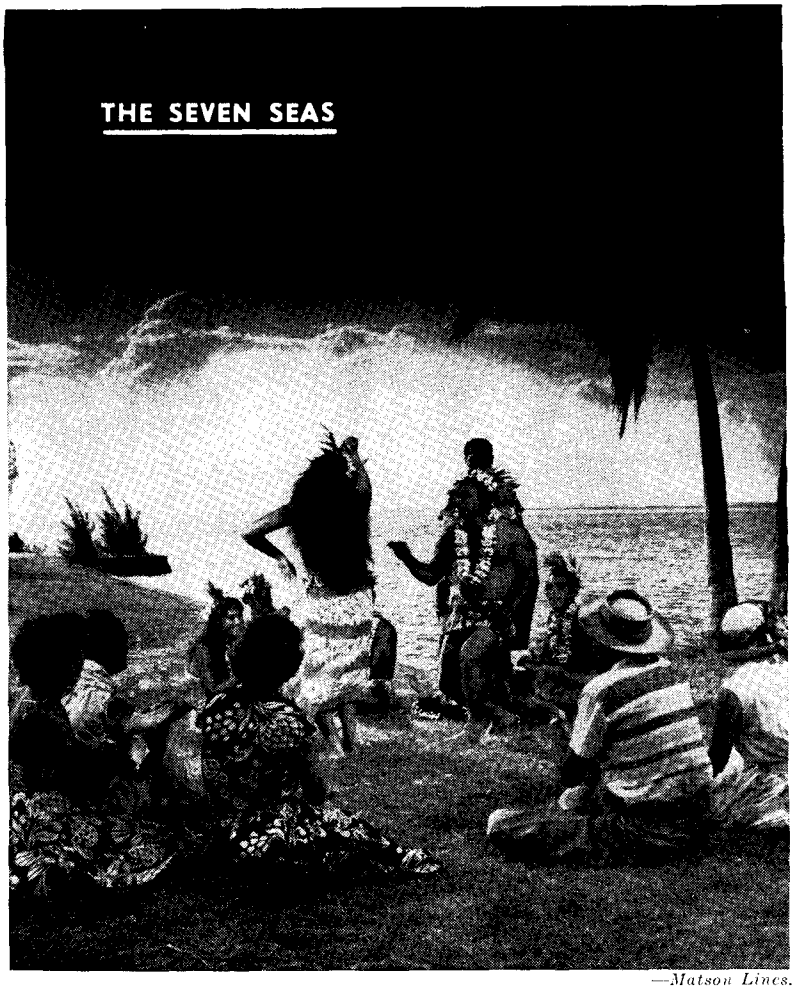

—Matson Lines.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By JAMES A. MICHENER

THE BIG news in the South Pacific these days is that after many years of discussion, Pan American is actually flying a once-a-week schedule from Honolulu to Pago Pago, in American Samoa, from where ferry service will be available to British Samoa, from where the hardy traveler can transfer to TEAL Airline planes that will carry him to Fiji, or to Rarotonga, or to Tahiti.

Thus one of the principal empty routes in the world, the north-south route across the Pacific, has been filled. Cynics point out that Pan American is flying this once-a-week schedule merely to fulfill a commitment it made some years ago, and that it is doing so only for the few months prior to the meeting of the C.A.B., which intends in November to look into all the Pacific routes. These critics contend that if Pan American had not activated one of the routes they have been entitled to for many years, the C.A.B. might have looked askance at their new requests.

Such cynics feel that as soon as the new allocations have been made, the long-awaited Honolulu-Pago Pago route will be discontinued, but I do not believe this. The route is such a logical fulfilment, bridging a most glaring gap, that I feel certain that Pan American will keep it active, because it is both economically and politically judicious to do so. And should Pan American, for any reason, fail to keep the route active, other carriers are ready to take over.

What is now required is some airline that will fly from Honolulu to Bora Bora, the airport for Tahiti, and thence to Samoa and Fiji. This will plug all the holes and will make travel back and forth across the Pacific a reality. Work has already started on an airport in Tahiti itself, large enough to accommodate jets, so that within three years one should be able to fly into that exciting vacation land direct. Always before, Tahiti has fought off airplanes with the honest explanation that "we have no possible flat land upon which an airdrome can be built." The government has solved this problem by filling in a shallow coral lagoon, so that before long large planes will be able to land on what was once the ocean.

When this has been accomplished, travel to the South Pacific will be enhanced many-fold, and we will have caught up, in 1960, to where we were in 1860. A century ago it was much easier to get back and forth across many areas of the Pacific than it is today, for in the old days schooners plied to almost all ports. The ocean was criss-crossed in all directions and a man like Stevenson, a few years later, could legitimately expect to sail from almost any important Pacific port to any other, if he waited a few weeks. But with the advent of the airplane many of the smaller ports were left without schooners, and cross-wise traffic athwart the main air routes became very difficult indeed. Now we are catching up with the last century.

When the Honolulu-Bora Bora leg is

(*Continued on page* 51)

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—*Werner Bischof-Magnum.*

THE WESTERN PACIFIC

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER

LAST YEAR America spewed several million coin-jingling, gourmet-conscious, happy-go-sightseeing tourists throughout the world. Of this horde of wanderlusting people, only 2 per cent visited Asia and the western Pacific; and it is interesting to note that the Americans who traipsed to these ancient and tumultuous lands generally were rich and elderly.

What these happy few experienced in Asia they treasured. They returned home pulsing with wonderful tales and with trunks bulging with quality merchandise purchased at beggars' prices. Their trips to Europe, as a rule, were soon forgotten; for now they were pioneers, real adventurers who had explored the beauties and mysteries of the Far East.

Even though only 2 per cent of America's tourists made up the Asian contingent, I have found that many of the remaining 98 per cent have the urge to see the Orient. However, there are a couple of things which stop them. First, there is the rumor that the western Pacific is a Never Never Land; that going there is equivalent in complexity and expense to a trip to the moon. Such a journey, the prospective travelers believe, embraces a round-the-world trip by steamer; and only those with wealth and endless leisure can even dream of such a vacation.

But today the situation is changing with speed of the fast, reasonably priced airplane. On a two-week vacation a person now can see Manila, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Tokyo, and Hawaii—and still visit the most interesting of these areas for two or three days each. With three weeks for travel, the tourist can also get a pleasant look at, say, Burma, Indonesia, Malaya, Singapore. True, the traveler will *not* qualify as a social anthropologist on those nations, but he will acquire the flavor, pick up some fascinating trinkets, and obtain sufficient impressions to help him understand the news currently seething from those vital and turbulent areas—countries which are daily becoming politically and economically more important.

To make a quick sightseeing trip to Asia I suggest you plan the itinerary so that Hawaii is your last stop. The speed of travel and the fantastic sights of Asia will tense you, and Hawaii is a great place to swim and rest.

If you go to the Far East in the spring or summer, your wardrobe problem is simple. It will be warmish over the entire western Pacific area. Two wash-and-wear dresses (or suits) and a couple of wash-and-wear shirts and underclothes—plus a pair of slacks—will suffice as your basic outfit. True, there are laundry facilities everywhere, but on a quick trip I suggest washing your own. It will end all worry and argument about getting things back on time.

IF YOU are in doubt about wardrobe, then go light. You can have lovely clothes made in Hong Kong and Japan at half the U. S. price. *But don't buy wash-and-wear clothes in Asia.* America still makes the best in the world. But on woolens, linens, silks, and cottons you can get magnificent buys.

For money, I suggest travelers' checks. Yes, you will find that there are Diners' Club and American Express privileges in Asia. But the number of places, as yet, are not too numerous; and the Oriental merchants are not quite accustomed to this system. They usually add 10 per cent to the prices if charged. Furthermore, if you depend on your charge accounts the way you do

(*Continued on page* 55)

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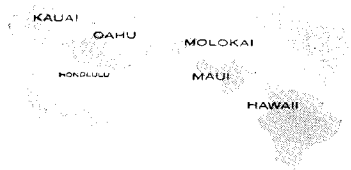

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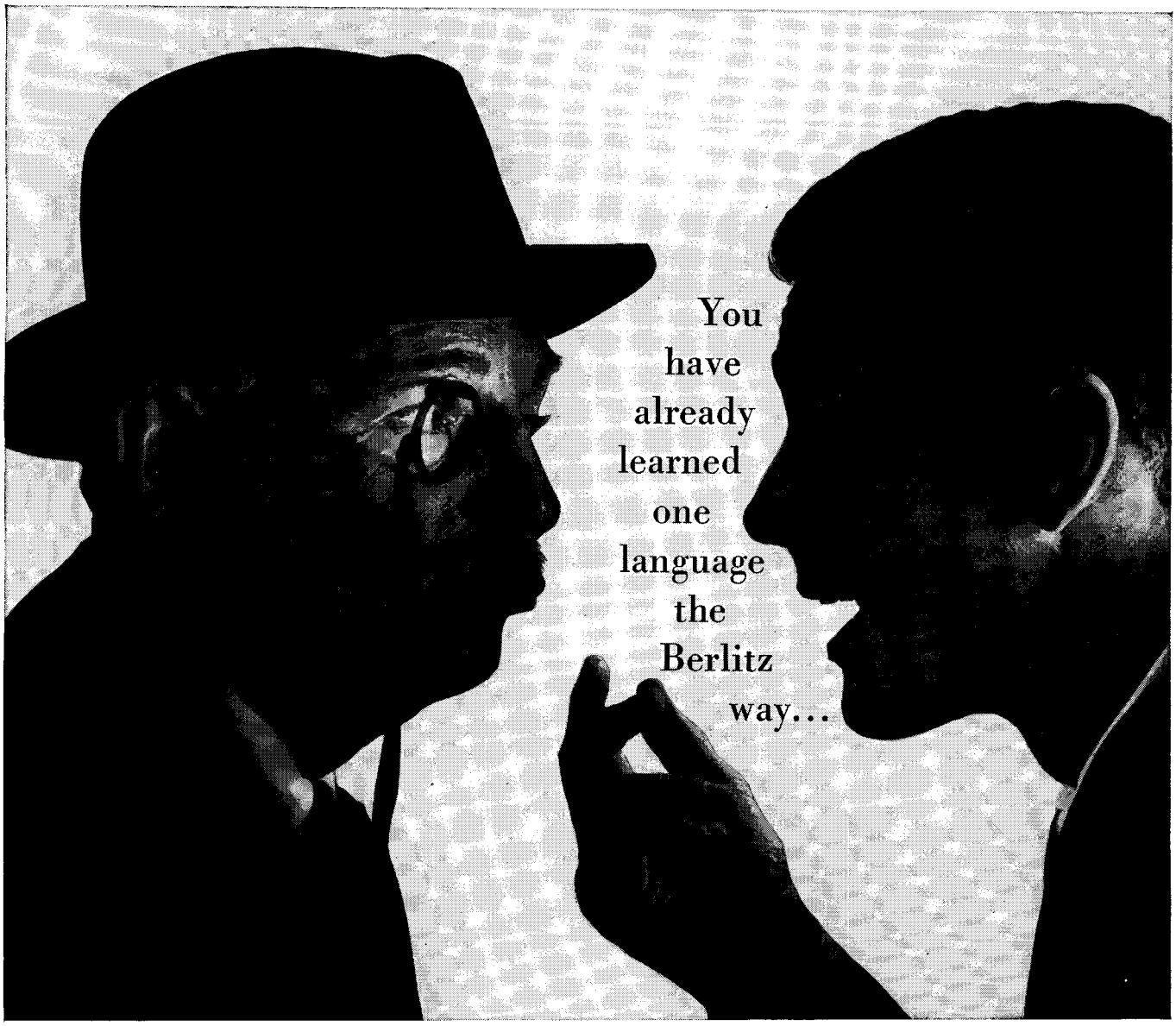

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THE SEVEN SEAS

THE INDIAN OCEAN

Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)

By FAUBION BOWERS

SINCE I was born and grew up in a place easily a thousand miles in any direction from any ocean, I must confess a special, perhaps peculiar affinity with all salt water. (I do draw the line at making it myself in a glass or collecting it in bottles—like urns of earth from battlefields.) No matter how detracting attractions-through-early-deprivations may sound, my love of the ocean stands as a fact.

The relationship between the sea and me has, however, always been tempered with discrimination. (This was another quality lacking in my birthplace; it was never very selective.) My particular preference has been, from the beginning, for the Indian Ocean. I am content only to be on or in it, and I know tourists normally regard water as a means to a continent, something to be crossed or gone over. The romantic sound of the name, with connotations established as early as I can remember, first started me and has, over the years, repeatedly drawn me back again and again. By the time I was thirty, I had touched most of the world's large bodies of water, with the exception of the Arctic and those around Antarctica. My feeling for the Indian Ocean remains astonishingly steadfast to this day.

Oddly enough, the Indian Ocean is rather empty of islands. There is Christmas Island, now famous as a site for atomic bomb tests, the Cocos, with a white king, the Maldives, beautiful but full of unrest with the British, and Madagascar off the coast of Africa, the largest island in the Indian Ocean, and others. But the bareness of the Indian Ocean was never so strongly brought home to me as once when I was in Ceylon, the "Pearl of the Indian Ocean," as the saying goes. I was on the beach in Galle, the island's southernmost tip, standing there and looking south down the vast expanse of water for as far as the eye could see. A faint drizzle of rain had just stopped and the clouds were clearing as rapidly as they had materialized. (Heavy monsoon rains weekly bypass southern Ceylon.) Out of nowhere, a Singhalese acquaintance came running up. All he said was, "Do you know that right now, where you are standing, there is nothing between you and Antarctica?" I was struck not so much by the importance he gave the information (it was worth running for, although I could have learned it from any atlas), but by the fact itself. Suddenly I felt I was on the edge of the world, that I could fall from paradise.

ALL this illustrates that the Indian Ocean is not cluttered with spots and dots of land. But if I was told tomorrow to go to some of them, like the Seychelles, Réunion, or Mauritius, although I know these consist of little more than maladjusted, imported natives and idle-minded administrators, I would gladly pack my bags. That, however, is another compulsion of mine, and really has nothing to do with my fascination for the Indian Ocean. Anyway, no one can go drifting around indefinitely in a more or less islandless area of water. Like any bird of passage, or airplane,

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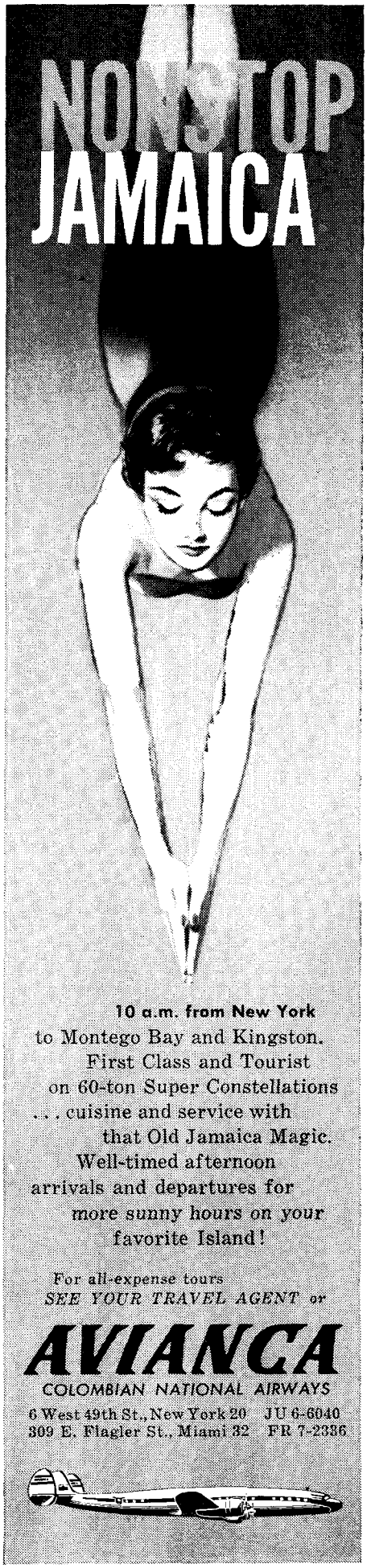
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I have had to land, to get down and rest on dry land.

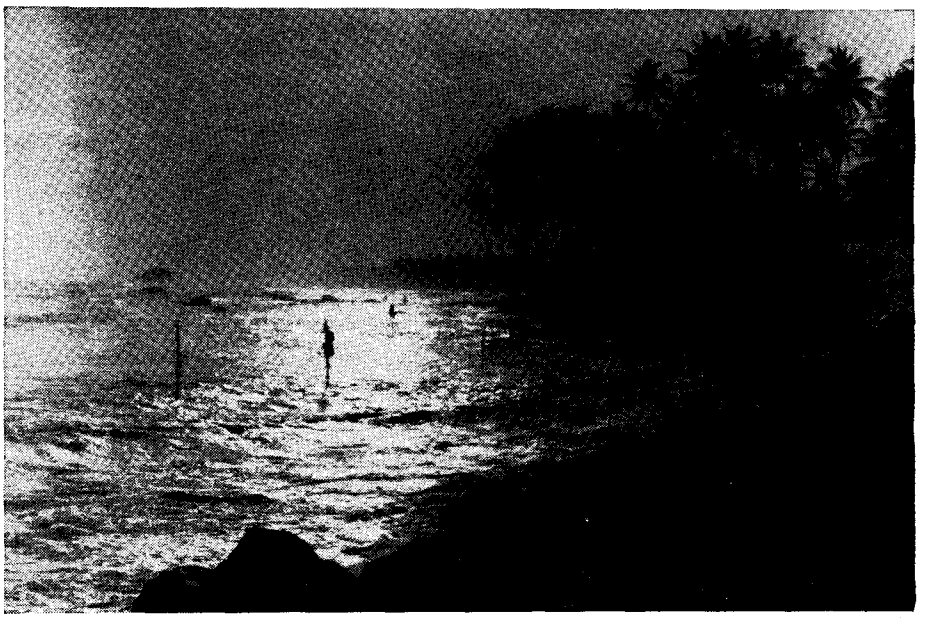
What really matters about the Indian Ocean—aside from the water itself—are the strips of coastal land of India and Africa which slither down the sides of the map and contain, loosely and only for part of the way, the Indian Ocean. (Where exactly the Arabian Sea ends and the Indian Ocean begins, perhaps an oceanographer can tell me.) As soon as I start traveling down one coast or the other—from Bombay south to Ceylon, from Ethiopia to South Africa—I know what *I* mean and it is all part—the defining edges—of the Indian Ocean.

Over the years I have had many occasions to make these trips. Sometimes, in some places, it has been depressing or frustrating. On the African side, for instance, a Portuguese minor official once said to me, "There's no theft in Lorenço Marques; the penalty is death." And a day in South Africa's Port Elizabeth is quite like a day in the deep South here at home—except the South seems a happier place. On the Indian side, struggling down by car, irregular ship, ox-cart, and inland waterway boat, there is Calicut, where calico first came from, Mangalore, bridging the gap between Goa and Malabar (I married a girl from Mangalore), Malabar, with its magnificent Kathakali dance-dramas and its Menons (a caste name which dominates the government phone book in Delhi), and, finally, the tip of India, Cape Comorin, one of the four most sacred points to Hindus and where the Bay of Bengal meets the Indian Ocean, and then on across to Ceylon.

All down the line there are paradises. Here I have to admit that along with my yearnings for the sea, there are certain terrestrial longings inextricably linked with them. Perhaps my landbound origins elicit, after all, some loyalty; but it must be a paradise, and before I go any further I had better define what I mean.

Paradise has to be conventional in that the sunshine ranges from warm to hot, the salty air from zephyrous to hurricanic, the sea luminous and normally calm, the sands incessantly swept clean. Paradise exudes an air of opulence and voluptuousness: it is a symbol of the easy life. The natives will be friendly, nakedly erotic, and given to outbursts of expert dancing. Time must stand still; idleness becomes a virtue, and haste and efficiency are nuisances. Above all, the coconut palm must dominate the landscape. There is truly the tree of life. You drink its water (it is the most vitamin-packed, thirst-quenching drink in the world, but it stains clothes if you spill it). You eat its nourishing meat. You wash yourself in its oil which cleans better than soap and cosmetically makes your skin smooth and lustrous. You burn its husks and oil for cooking or for light at night. You make shelters—hats, raincoats, or houses—by intertwining its branches and leaves. You weave baskets and ropes from its brine-soaked shell fibers. You make boats from its hollowed-out trunks to ride the surf for play or to brave the deeper water for fish. In short, I have reached the point where now, if I see a coconut tree, I know that I can live—physically and emotionally.

In paradise, too, there must be a flaw, a serpent or forbidden apple. The mere



—*Ewing Krainin*

Stilt fisherman on the Galle Coast of Ceylon — "Do you know that right now where you are standing, there is nothing between you and Antarctica."

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fact of being in paradise at all inspires enough guilt for me, but there have to be flaws enough for everyone. Paradise has to be hard to get to, if not inaccessible. Effort, time, and money have to be spent to arrive, and the journey makes you feel rather like a holy man practising austerities before attaining enlightenment. Once you are there, you must be able to find the natives too dark or too light, the food too hot or too Major Gray, the life a little unintellectual, and that you are a little bit looney. But after all you are—and remember this—in paradise.

WHERE, out of the welter of paradises the Indian Ocean affords, would I choose to live? Three places—each different, each the same—spring instantly to mind: Goa, Galle, and Zanzibar. All are visual delights, each is romantic and esthetically rewarding.

Goa, a notch on the coastal land of India, is the only pocket of European imperialism left there and the only Christian country (aside from the Philippines) in Asia. I was last there seven years ago (too long ago to be out of touch with any paradise), and I went there especially to see the last exposition of the Venerable and Incorruptible body of St. Francis Xavier. Xavier was the friend of Loyola, who, in the fifteenth century, started at Goa to convert Asia. He died in China, but his body, even after centuries, never rotted. While I can not say that it's as fragrant as it was, at least it is still there intact.

Goa's landscape must have been the same for Xavier as it has always been since I first knew it—lush, verdant, placid. The buildings are different. After Xavier, more Portuguese-style stone gateways, little castles, houses, and inns appeared. (It came as no architectural surprise to me when Portugal made Goa an integral part of metropolitan Lisbon.) A dozen magnificent mission churches were built not long after Xavier's proselytizing. They are still standing, their open bell towers nestling tropical birds, the whitewashed walls gleaming in the sweltering sun, and the dark, dark devout wander in and out with a religious zeal that would gladden the heart of any saint.

Galle is a paradise of people, and my chief reaction is to them and what they do. Ceylon as a whole is, of course, one of the most perfect islands in the world; it is rich, clement, productive, and healthy. But to me, more than anything, Ceylon means spectacular dances. It is in Galle that you can see devil-dancing, those strange pre-Buddhist rites where pyrotechnical displays of leaps and whirls are combined with almost circus tricks of spurting flames sprayed over the performers' naked

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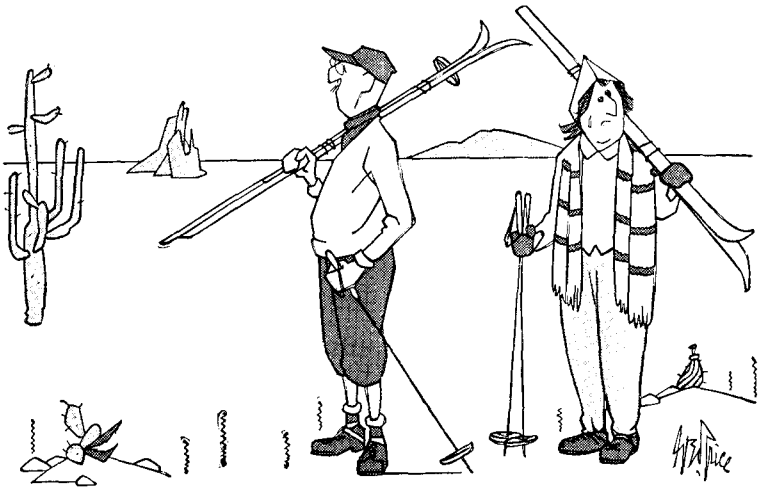

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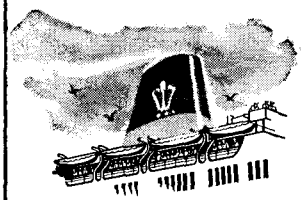

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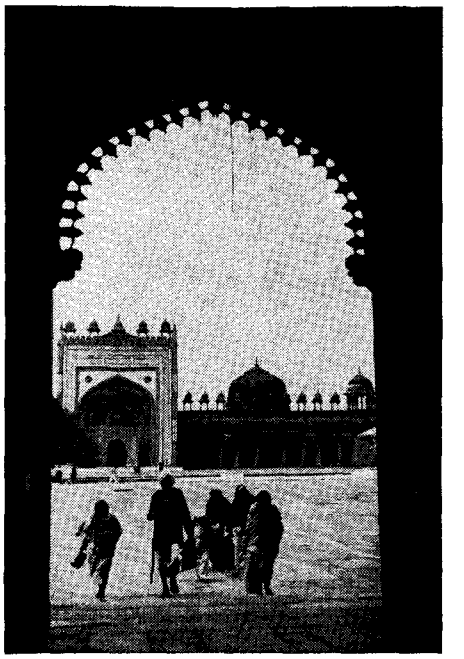
bodies. In between, playlets acted with realistic verisimilitude and studded with humor cast sidelights on the people—husbands and wives, spouses and lovers. The all-night performances conclude with a horrifying parade of grotesque demons, all for the purpose of exorcising evil from this world.

ZANZIBAR is only minutes away from Mombasa, the only port town of Kenya, but it is a world apart. I like it especially because it disproves year after year the old caution not to put all your eggs in one basket. All of Zanzibar is dedicated to the growing of cloves—for spices, cigarettes, or relief from toothaches. When the clove trees are in flower you can smell the island before you see it, and despite weevils, market drops, bad crops, and labor shortages, the island continues. The waves lap at its beaches, the Arabs sit in the open-air cafes until late at night, drinking endless cups of coffee, and talking, always talking. About what? Cloves, the government, the Sultan, what the Sultana will wear when she goes to England to see the Queen—never the weather—and occasionally, very occasionally, about a problem of one sort or the other which flutters past the island or disappears into the timeless quiet of Zanzibar's happy life. On some nights, the black African, sharing the Arab's religion, dances his drunken, but never wild, dances.

All these places pass muster as paradises, and they must have flaws. But at the moment I can not remember any. The waters of the Indian Ocean have washed them away from my memory.



—*H.S.*

The abandoned royal city at Fatehpur Sikri.

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South Pacific

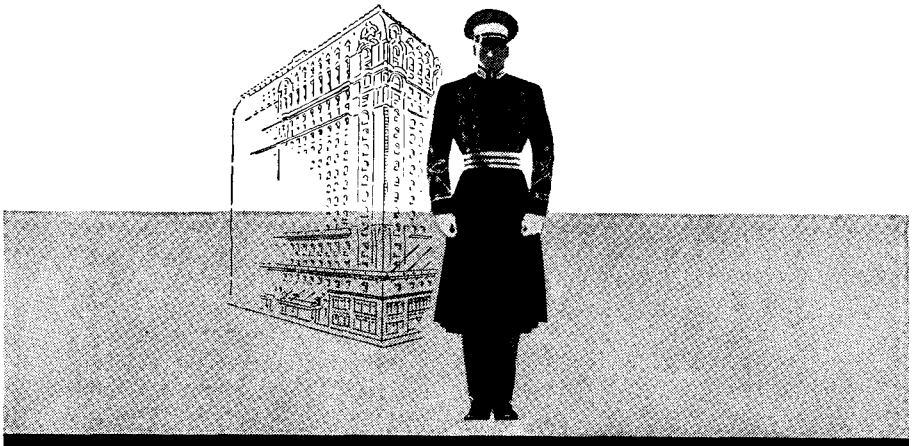
Continued from page 41

completed, the traveler from America will have before him one of the most delightful of all routes. He will be able to leave New York by jet, arrive ten hours later in Hawaii, and then proceed southward over the best of the Pacific to Bora Bora, which is surely one of the world's loveliest islands. From there a brief hydroplane hop carries one to Tahiti, from which the traveler can shoot across to Samoa and Fiji, where the main arteries of the Pacific converge, and from where he can proceed either to New Zealand, or to Australia, or by return flight directly to Hawaii. Not many comparable routes will offer the traveler so much visual joy.

OBSERVE that prior to the Honolulu-Pago Pago flight, if one wanted to go from California to Tahiti—and apparently thousands did—one had to fly most of the way to Australia, then double all the way back to Fiji. Thousands of extra miles and many hundreds of unnecessary dollars were wasted.

But even with the new flights, there still remains unattended one of the world's last major aviation routes, the great empty space between Tahiti and the coastline of South America. I doubt if anywhere else there exists a vacancy of such magnitude and importance. For years aviation experts have tried to figure out some way of bridging this enormous gap. It was too long for piston planes to negotiate. There were no islands like Canton or Wake or Midway that could be developed into landing strips. And yet the logic of traveling from Asia and Australia to Tahiti and on to South America has always fascinated the experts. Some talked of building barge-based make-believe air fields at the halfway mark, anchoring them to the deep bottom of the sea. Others suggested man-made lagoons, again cut off by barges, onto which seaplanes could land for refueling. But the great Tahiti-South America emptiness repelled all such plans, and planes from Australia had to go all the way to Hawaii and Los Angeles, dropping southward through Mexico and Panama, a gigantic detour of thousands of miles.

Now jets can carry enough fuel, or will soon be able to, for flights direct from Los Angeles to Tahiti, and when the reef-built landing strip is substantial enough to accept such heavy planes, the travel patterns of the Pacific will again be modified. But more important is the prospect that with jets it will become practical to fly from Tahiti to Easter Island (if an airstrip becomes practical there) and on to South Ameri-



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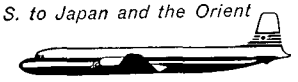


ca direct. But that appears to be far in the future. Yet because of the inescapable practicality of such a route as the direct link between Southern Asia and South America, it has got to come. Then indeed will the globe be girdled, and I expect it to be accomplished by 1975, if indeed not sooner.

In the meantime, the traveler can have great fun in this area as it already exists. The hotels are not first class, but they are clean and exciting. Accommodations in general are what they were in the rest of the world about fifty years ago, and this evaluation includes all but the best hostelries in New Zealand and Australia. On the other hand, the food is apt to be very good indeed, entertainment is rough but pleasant, and the best modern drugs and health services are always at hand. In the past ten years I have never been more than one day's distance from refrigerated penicillin and the sulfa drugs, so I can see no reason at all why one should hesitate to travel the South Pacific because of possible health problems.

The most delightful single island to see is still Bora Bora, a place of majestic beauty, but it has no hotel and the visitor must sleep in improvised grass shacks. For an all-round hilarious vacation, Tahiti simply cannot be beat. For a more sedate, British-type stay, Fiji is first-class; British Samoa and Rarotonga are not far behind. (I have never seen much excuse for visiting American Samoa unless one happened to be Somerset Maugham.)

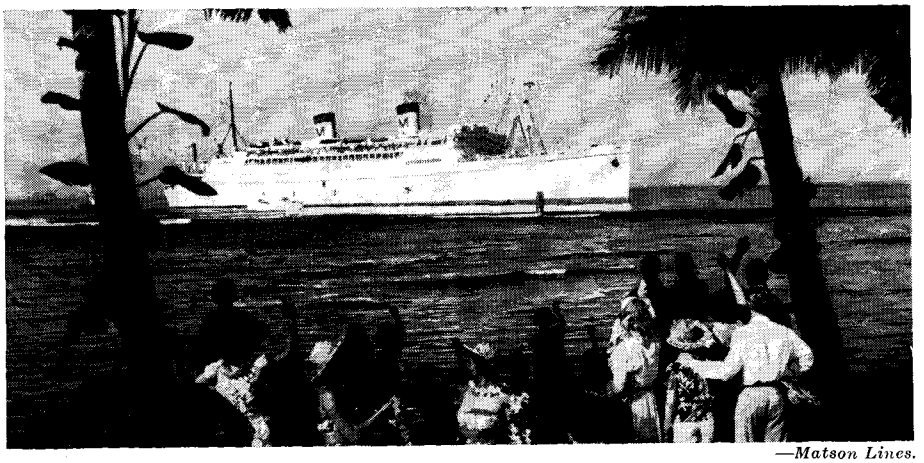
For an off-the-trail vacation crowded with joyous memories, I would recommend Tonga, one of the most inherently interesting of all the Pacific island groups; and for the brooding savagery which still marks much of the area I would go to either Espíritu Santo or Guadalcanal, which have meager tourist accommodations but a plethora of honest jungle and primitive life.

I suppose that the most exciting vacation one could have would be to combine New Guinea, which is a huge reservoir of brilliant experience, and Rabaul, which nestles beside the area's greatest active volcanoes. From time to time through the centuries, Rabaul has been practically blown apart, but it has always been resettled, and if I were forced to elect one town which most reminds me of the South Pacific, I think I would choose Rabaul with its volcanoes, its somnolent colonial traditions, and its thrifty Chinese, who move against the background of some extremely primitive native groups. It is possible to fly into Rabaul from Australia and the trip is worth the effort.

BUT for the intellectual stimulus I think that one should try New Zealand, still the nation with the world's highest percentage of literacy and the greatest concentration of bookstalls per thousand population, or Australia, which is such a marvelous challenge in all directions. To get the cobwebs brushed out of one's mind on many points, a good trip through Australia is a fine prescription.

With the splendid new jets that Australia's Qantas Airlines is now flying on regular schedule from California to Sydney, Australia is within a day's travel from America. In the outback the living is tough. (The worst hotel I have ever stayed at in my life was along the northern coast of Australia; also the second worst and the third worst.) But in the cities living is very good indeed, and Perth remains one of my happiest traveling memories.

What I am saying is that with the new air routes opening up hitherto inaccessible travel patterns, and with more to come, the South Pacific enters its own as an ideal vacation land for those who are willing to travel in about the same degree of comfort as did their grandparents on the grand tour of Europe about fifty years ago. And that was the golden age of travel!



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Continued from page 42

in America, you will find yourself frustrated. Often you will find a small store which has exactly what you want —only to learn it is not a member of a charge-it-and-pay-later organization.

Now let's get on with the trip, a fast one.

In the Philippines, the least interesting place to me is Manila. I suggest spending a few days in Baguio. This is in the cool mountains of northern Luzon. The climate and vistas are delightful; and there you can see the home-industry products of the mountain tribes. You can fly to Baguio from Manila in less than an hour. The trip by bus or train takes the better part of a day, but it will give the opportunity of seeing the Luzon countryside.

A FLIGHT to Zamboanga (where the monkeys have no tails) will be worth your while. It is almost a thousand miles to the south, at the other end of the Philippines archipelago. Here, on the Island of Mindanao is where the Moros live. They are Moslems and a far different people than the Filipinos up north.

In the Philippines you can purchase lovely cloth made from pineapple fiber, carved woods, mother-of-pearl products, and black coral jewelry.

But if you are low on cash, then skip the Philippines. It is an expensive place for the tourist. When you exchange your dollars for local money at the banks, you will receive two pesos for the dollar—the legal (and artificial) rate. The world rate is about four to one, and that is the basis on which the prices are set. Hence, you are paying exactly twice as much as the product is worth. Restaurants are outrageously expensive, that is, the better ones. The more moderate meals are greasy, with heavy, starchy food.

From Manila, Hong Kong is about two and a half hours away by propeller-driven plane. This is a glittering city of almost endless attractions. The shopping is exciting, and many fine restaurants offer gourmet meals and princely service at less than it would cost to eat in a drugstore at home.

The Tourist Bureau is sympathetically and efficiently run by Major Harry Stanley. Go in and ask questions as to the current best buys, what to see, and how to tip.

Incidentally, when traveling around Asia the best sources of information in most places are the offices of the American carriers – the airplane and steamship lines. I have found that the Pan American offices are particularly

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sensitive to Americans' needs and tastes —as well as being aware of what is happening locally. Their book, "New Horizons," is also very helpful (for travel any place in the world). But note, before stopping into ticket offices look up the plane and steamer schedules. Plan your ask-for-help sessions for about an hour after a plane or steamer has left.

The period just before departure is usually bedlam.

THERE are several standard tours in Hong Kong, and I recommend you take them. See a Chinese play, the Refugee Center, and make the journey into the New Territories up to the Communist China border. Take the steamer to Macao. The sail to this Portuguese settlement is delightful, and the travel bureau can easily arrange your visa.

Your inclination in Hong Kong will be to eat all your meals in the hotel and spend most of your time in tailor and jewelry stores. But make yourself get out and sightsee. Also, try to eat in a different restaurant for each meal.

From Hong Kong, Bangkok is four hours away by air. If you have time, there are frequent steamers from Hong Kong to Bangkok and Saigon. On them you will get the feel of the Orient, plus a restful five-day trip.

Bangkok is the place to get silver jewelry for the many friends you like to remember. There is an endless assortment of earrings, brooches, necktie pins, and so forth in the dollar to a dollar-and-a-half price range. Also here is the home of the famous Thai silk. This is the one thing you should be sure to buy. The silk, the small silver trinkets (and also bronze dinnerware) are the only products you can get cheaper in Bangkok than in Hong Kong. In fact (and please remember this), with a few exceptions, whatever you buy in the vast stretch of Asia, you can purchase less expensively in Hong Kong than in the place of origin. Even Japanese silks and cameras are priced less in Hong Kong than in Tokyo. Also, the experienced Hong Kong merchants make the problem of shipping the merchandise home easier than do the merchants of other countries.

But the sightseeing in Thailand is unique and very worthwhile. The tours up the canals, and the ones through the temples are especially rewarding.

About an hour's flight from Bangkok is Angkor Wat. Here is one of the wonders of the world which should not be missed. It is the ruins of a powerful and sophisticated Khmer society which dominated Southeast Asia only several centuries ago. Today it is empty palaces and temples—square miles of them; they are beautiful, mysterious, and awesome. When you leave there you will be reminded how frail a powerful nation really is. The great civilization you have seen in shell is no more. The jungle has gulped it up. And no one today knows for sure what happened to the millions of inhabitants who once lived in and around Angkor Wat, or where they went.

A short plane ride from Bangkok is Saigon, the capital of Vietnam. It was built up by the French, and France is reflected in the wide tree-lined streets and sidewalk cafes. At present the city is restless from military and political pressures, but it is pleasant to walk around and spend a leisurely afternoon in the cafes. Tourism is not well established in Vietnam, but the curious person can find much of interest. A few miles out of the city is a government factory which makes (and sells) lovely eggshell lacquerware and glazed pottery which is unique to the area. There are some first-class French restaurants with very good cheese and wines.

SAIGON, if you are a real pioneer, is the jumping-off for some of the most exciting hunting in the world. Beyond the hill station at Dalat you can bag tiger and gaur. If you are interested in a real shikar (safari) look up the hunting department of the Government Tourist Agency. They can supply you

—Werner Bischof (Magnum)

Vietnam — "Beyond the hill station at Dalat you can bag tiger and gaur. The official Tourist Agency can supply you with everything . . . even a taxidermist"

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with everything, guns, guides . . . and even a taxidermist.

Once you are as far as Saigon, you should really go on to Singapore and from there fan out to Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia. But those four places cannot be squeezed into a two-week (plus weekends) journey from America, and so I shall not describe them here now. I will be revisiting them in a month, and perhaps I can report on them when I return.

From Saigon or Bangkok you should go to Japan. This can be done by straight flight, but I suggest you double back through Hong Kong. This breaks up a long flight and also provides an evening of rest.

In Japan you will have no problem being a fascinated tourist. Japan is organized up to the eyebrows for tourism. There is one thing you must remember: *get out of Tokyo*. Also (if your taste is like mine), stay out of the big Western-style hotels. Instead, go to a Japanese inn. The Japan Tourist Bureau has a list of them and will help you get located.

IN THESE inns you will find an elegance and service such as no other hotels in the world provide. But everything is Japanese, including the food, the schedules, the rooms, and the language. Don't be afraid of the language barrier. Buy a phrase book, and from it tell the maids what you want. Be sure and get a phrase book which has the expressions in Japanese as well as English. At first your pronunciations may be a bit awkward. No one will laugh at you. Quite the contrary, the Japanese will love you for trying.

You need know nothing more about Japan. The well-organized tourist bureaus will see that your days are full—but be sure to get out of Tokyo, for this is not the true Japan. To me it is a noisy Oriental version of the Bronx.

From Tokyo, return to America via Honolulu. Spend at least two days in Hawaii, mostly resting and lapping up the sun. Here also you will have a chance to rearrange your many packages and have your color pictures developed. One caution: spend at least one afternoon away from crowded Waikiki. Rent a car and drive around the island of Oahu. Take your bathing suit and swim when you feel like it. Don't worry about packing a lunch. You will never be far from a grocery store or restaurant.

Can you see Hawaii in two days? Heavens no. You should spend at least two weeks in Hawaii. But once you spend two days there, you will come back. You won't be able to help yourself. I know. I visited there nine years ago. Now it is my permanent residence.

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South Atlantic

(*Continued from page 40*)

flower when Peron imposed a fine, still valid, of fifty pesos for the privilege. *Sic Semper Tyrannis.*

A year ago, sirloin steaks, large as bathmats and meltingly tender, still were available in any number of good Buenos Aires restaurants for seventy five cents American.

It is dandy for the jets to whisk the traveler to Rio and Buenos Aires. But for the cross-continental trip from Buenos Aires to Santiago I want the more leisurely prop plane. To fly so high and fast above the horizonless pampas as not to see this lush green sea or glimpse the grandeur of the Andes would be a crime against nature in both instances.

There ought to be time en route, too, for a day in Cordoba, a rootin', tootin' cow town in which any citizen of Fort Worth would be instantly at home. But far from regarding herself as the cattle capital of the Argentine, Cordoba, the home of the national university, sees herself as the intellectual center of the nation. Such is Cordoba's reputation for scholarship that her citizens, when visiting elsewhere in the Argentine, are automatically addressed as "Doctor." But don't be fooled. It's still Fort Worth with a mortarboard and old Spanish customs.

The introduction to Chile via air over the Andes is—well—epochal. There can be no more entrancing flight than the sixty minutes across the startling beauty and immensity of the Andean range. Period.

At the base of the Chilean Andes Santiago spreads her many charms, not the least of which is her extraordinary skyline: the Andes themselves. Buenos Aires is a glittering city guaranteed to knock the eyes out; Santiago is a glowing city warranted to catch the heart.

One of Santiago's charms is as fine a monument to bureaucracy as exists any place outside of Mexico City. The Moneda, Santiago's most famous building, is a handsome, block-square structure erected here by mistake almost three centuries ago.

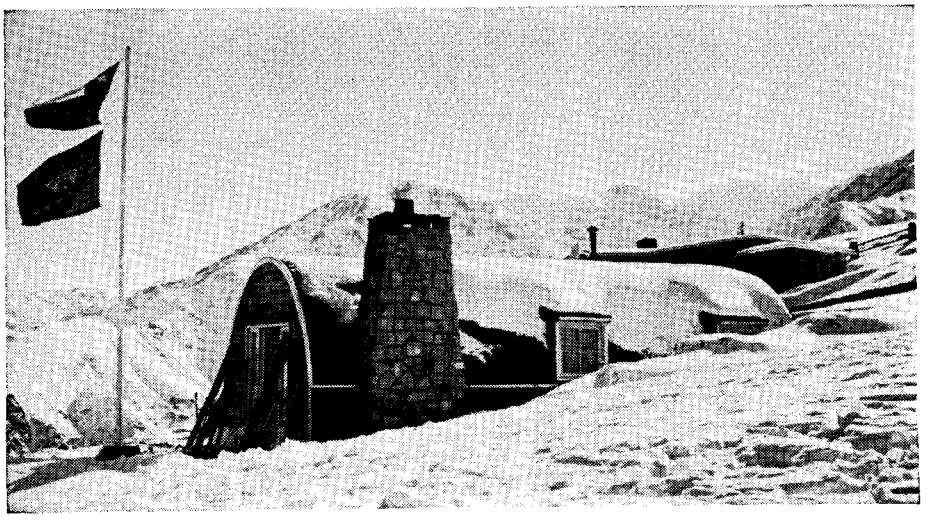
In a day when Spain controlled much of the New World, the powers that be in Madrid ordered the best architects to draw plans for a new mint in Mexico City and a new residency or palace for Santiago. In the immemorial manner of bureaucracy, the plans for the mint wound up in Santiago and for the residency in Mexico City. Each capital was delighted with its new structure. Both were well worn before the mistake was discovered.

The Moneda is the second sight to which the visitor is directed. First is the heroic statue of Bernardo O'Higgins, the first president and national hero of Chile, in Plaza Bulnes. Be prepared to hear much of Bernardo and to hear it patiently.

Chile produces the best wine, the finest sea food, and the most earthquakes in South America. Of the latter, Chile has an average of 600 annually. But unless the chandeliers fall, it is considered bad form to notice them.

Everything about Santiago delighted me, but the flower market most of all. It is ravishing! And there I once made the most foolish purchase of my life. I bought a funeral wreath, an irresistible work of art made of ten dozen exquisite white roses, and all for $2.40! But after I had wedged it into my taxi I was too chicken to carry it across the lobby of the Carrera Hotel and up to my room.

So I took it down to Plaza Bulnes and left it with Bernardo, who was part Irish, too.



Chilean Ski hut—"There can be no more entrancing flight than the sixty minutes across the startling beauty and immensity of the Andean Range. Period."

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Mediterranean

Continued from page 34

Coast of Yugoslavia where Central Europeans have gone for decades. One drawback: there is little to shop in Yugoslavia. Some German tourists have turned the tables by selling their Leicas and fountain pens to the Yugoslavs and financing their holidays. The hotels are not excellent but the people are very friendly.

Take plenty of color film with you. The shades and hues are magnificent.

STILL a little off the beaten track are Corsica, Elba, and Sardinia. I was in Corsica years ago when vendettas were routine there and we were told not to travel from Ajaccio to Bastia after dark.

But now the only risks are a flat tire or too much Corsican wine which is heavy and rough. Sardinia offers red porphyry, enchanting colors of the sea, medieval sights in Alghero, first-rate beaches, coral fishing, old ruins, and a couple of new hotels.

You don't have to have a yacht to enjoy the Mediterranean and judging by this summer's reports you will be happier without one. There are innumerable cruises and innumerable attractions in addition to the ones I mentioned (the wonders of Venice, including its wondrous shops; the lovely harbor of Trieste; archeology, olive groves, and snow-capped mountains on Crete; the Italian Adriatic; Capri, Ischia, Amalfi, and Sorrento farther south; Taormina with its luxury hotels; and many, many more.)

The Mediterranean is one of the most accessible regions on earth. The Train Bleu goes here and the fast Mistral, and there are the new Trans European Express trains which have proved that you can cross European borders quickly if there is a little good will. Fast roads, comfortable buses. A dozen shipping lines which make the trip from New York to Naples or Genoa in eight or nine days. And Pan American 707 jet flights, eleven hours from New York to Rome; the time will be cut later this year when longer-range models of the 707 go into service. Jet travel, including BOAC's Comet and Air France's Caravelle, will have an enormous effect on the entire area.

All over the Mediterranean there is talk of bigger and better hotels, artificial islands off the Riviera, new casinos and new clubs, larger camping sites and helicopter tours, dimmer night clubs and brighter beaches. The world's oldest playground is going to be one gigantic nude show, the promoters say, just watch.

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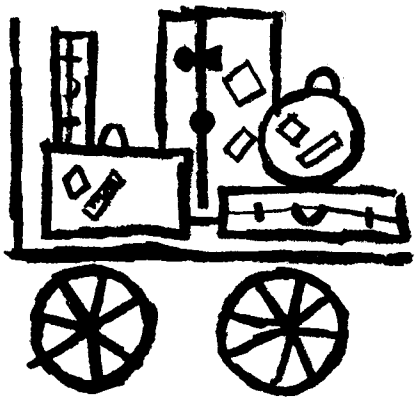

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Caribbean

Continued from page 38

the ramparts of an old fort, is one of the most unusual and delightful city hotels in the Caribbean Sea. Ships startle the hotel guests by slipping past the windows seemingly inches away. Within the walls, built to hold off the British and the buccaneers, guests splash in the pool. And they would be buying in the shops that were built into the old powder magazines if the merchants hadn't been fearful that travelers would be dissuaded by their nearness from bothering to shop downtown. Whatever the merchants of Aruba and Curaçao leave in the wayfarer's jeans the croupiers who tend the gaming tables in both new hotels wait to take away. To avoid these sophisticated ways one can still get next to the sea at little Bonaire, a few minutes' flight from either island. Here the accommodations are Spartan, wild donkeys bray in the night, and the calabash and divi-divi trees seem to grow in fright by the side of the road. The huts, no bigger than doghouses, still stand by the side of the sea as they did in the days when slaves slept in them while working the salt pans 100 years ago. Pink flamingoes by the thousands live among the mud flats and bonito and wahoo wait beneath the waves.

THE rest of the Dutch adventure in the Caribbean which dates back 300 years, is half of the island of St. Martin, far to the north, a scant hour from San Juan. St. Martin was lonely and forgotten, living a schizoid life, half-French, half-Dutch. But a few years ago the Dutch built a hotel on their side and the island seemed as Caribbean islands do, to rise out of the sea. Then an American developer arrived, bought up most of the beach land and divided it for resale. To accommodate prospective buyers he opened a little guest house called the Pasanggrahan, which has become the darling of the cognoscenti, who sit under its sea grape trees, at the edge of the beach, and contemplate the specter of the strange Dutch island of Saba, which rises out of the water the way Moorea rises in front of Tahiti and Lanai looms in front of the lonely beach of Kaanapali in the far-off Hawaiian isle of Maui.

What next will rise from the Caribbean Sea? What gorgeous hideaway as yet unreachable and almost unknown? Long overdue are the French islands but their day seems at last at hand. A pair of 250-room hotels are supposedly destined for Guadaloupe and Martinique, although one has heard this rumor before. And land on St. Bartholomew, which is near St. Martin, is supposed to have been purchased by the French branch of the Rothschilds for a Rockefeller-type development. Anthony Nutting is said to be heading a group invading the British Virgins. There is, parenthetically, still hope that the new entrepreneurs who come to the West Indies will build long and low instead of high and skinny, for that is in the tradition of all tropical isles, which were never meant for skyscrapers.

This winter no fewer than twenty airlines from Avianca to Varig will be flying into the West Indies. But the airlines build the areas for other carriers, too, and between now and the end of April at least 220 cruises will be rooting among the Caribbean ports. No matter which way the refugees from the frozen north arrive, those who come to sleep over on shore will find 18,270 rooms where only 8,500 existed in 1954. Where will they go when all these beds fill up? Why, to another island, of course. For islands spring out of the sea at the travelers' call. Still on the roster are places with names scarcely known. Bequia, for instance. Anguilla, Monserrat, and Union. If the trails get too beaten, there are other unbeaten trails to beat. And fortunately there are enough undiscovered islands in this warm-water warehouse to last for our time.

—*H. S.*

Caribbean Faces; Barbados policeman above still wears Nelsonian uniform. Martiniquaise, below, wears world-weary half-smile on a handsome almost classic face.

—*H. S.*

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Autumn In Brittany

EVERY YEAR, on September 13, the painted pig from the deserted booth and the gilded horse from the silent roundabout watch the same scene at Carnac. The main street is alive with groups of white-coiffed Breton women and girls, while, in the marketplace, vendors are laying out their stalls with rosaries, charms against boils, and strings of colored baubles. On a trestle-table by the church, stands a tiny figure in a glass dome with a pastoral crozier, waiting for pilgrim or holidaymaker to agitate the snowflakes over his head; at the base, in thin curly writing, is the name St. Cornély. He is the town's pope-patron from the third century, the protector of horned cattle and domestic pets. His feast is the reason for the annual fair.

Loudspeakers attached to the spire amplify the choir:

Du haut du ciel, St. Cornély,
Jetez un regard sur notre misère.

The words are catchy and carefree; the verses that follow are an invocation for solace, help, and fertility. Then other voices take up the hymn, as the procession moves from the north door into the narrow winding streets. First come the server boys dressed in red cassocks and white filet lace, leading a clergy heavy with purple and the silver chains of office; last comes the bust of the saint, carried shoulder-high—a great open place in the heart lined with crimson where "the relic" rests.

The moments of pause that follow slowly turn into minutes of indecision. The guidebooks have promised a Blessing of the Beasts, the most curious of the *Pardons* in Brittany—yet nobody knows when it will be: after the twelve o'clock angelus, in the afternoon or on the next Sunday. The proprietor at Yannek's *crêperie* assures us that there is time for a *crêpe*, a hot pancake spread with cream cheese or *foie gras;* but he proves to be wrong. For suddenly we hear an announcement that the blessing is just about to begin; that the beasts have been drawn up in a half circle at the ancient fountain about quarter of a mile away. M. Yannek tells us to take our places opposite the west entrance to the church; he promises to make new *crêpes* on our return.

The houses are built straight onto the road, and there is a slight stampede as a strawberry roan rears up, driving us back against the white-washed walls; but after that, all goes smoothly. The other cart horses with their gaily plaited manes have about them the shyness of village children dressed for a Sunday, as do the brindled cows or the three

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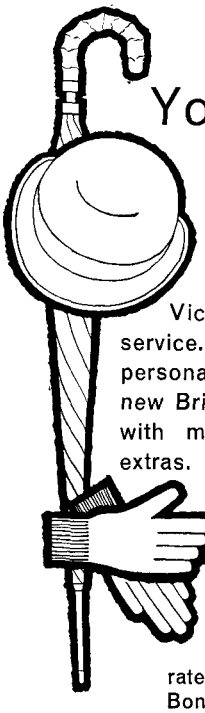

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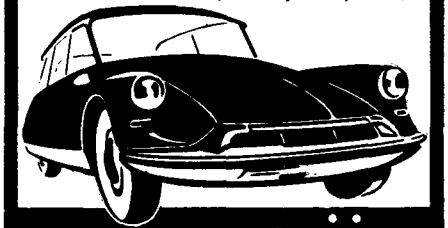

CITROËN

Don't Miss
SR's October 24 issue
"Creative Canada"

goats with which the procession ends. The animals tread delicately as if for the occasion, as two by two they are led in turn by their owners past the west door where the Bishop, surrounded by his clergy, sprinkles each pair with holy water; in return, some of the farmers place a tuft from the tails of their cattle at his feet. After the blessing, they circle the church and return to the fields.

We lunch at the Hotel de Voyageurs—a homely inn with rooms running from 500 francs a day and offering a five-course meal for 500 francs. *Fruits de mer* are included and served daily—oysters, fresh from the beds in the bay opposite the *Plage* two kilometres away, or spider-crabs cooked in Muscadet. This is one of the least known and yet pleasant of dry wines and, prior to the control laws, was openly blended with Chablis. An alternative inn, equally renowned for its *cuisine* prepared under the direction of M. Maurice Jacq le Rouzic and his wife, is the Hotel du Tumulus. Situated on the edge of the town, it is famous for its view of uninterrupted sea and heathland marked by dolmen and megalith. As feast and fair go together with holidaymaking and pilgrimage, so too can archeology and gastronomy. Food for the body and food for the mind; Carnac is a place to explore both.

At the north entrance to the church, the local inhabitants will point to a huge baldaquin over the porch in the form of a crown. They say that legend has it that it was made of menhirs brought by angels. Again, the legend sung to all travelers by small boys (in exchange for a few sweets) is that the eleven rows of stones known as the Menec alignment (over 1,099 slabs) were soldiers punished for pursuing St. Cornély. Stories like these, however pictorial or fanciful, are never quite without foundation. Nature-worship before a row of poplars is not so far removed from temple-worship before a row of pillars. There is always a mystery about numbers; and the ritual worship carried out between these massive stones by Paleolithic man may only have answered a need such as Christian man finds in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Once the churches and cathedrals of medieval France were white; they dazzled in the sun as do the megaliths when the sun sinks behind the Menec alignment. These ten- to twelve-foot boulders might be a battalion of white warriors newly risen from the dead, or a field sown with prehistoric dragons' teeth. For this is the moment or half-light when the archeologist prepares to take his leave, when the traveler searches for a small chipping to take home, when the farmer draws the bolt across his barn lest the ghostly Korrigans steal his cattle.

The last candle in the town is snuffed out. In our hotel room, lit by electric light, we examine the pebble of granite which we discovered at the base of a menhir. It has the same crystalline quality as rock crystal. Glittering and tufted with a coarse salt-splashed lichen, it reminds us of the mysterious circle of stones at Er Lannic that march blindly down to the sea and are lost in some incomplete design of a submerged cathedral. For here, in the *Landes des Mégalithes*, there is always a feeling of going back to the beginnings—to the foundation-stones out of which the governmental and sacrificial rituals of cities and religions have sprung, or even still earlier to the first understandings of the pure mathematics of eternity.

—Neville Braybrooke

A Plant of High Altitudes

By Edith Shiffert

THE purple-violet
of Menzies Penstemon
spreads on rocky cliffsides
in the Hudsonian
and Arctic-Alpine zones
of the Cascade Mountains.

Where July snowbanks end
in drips of ice-water
the small shrubby plants,
shiny leafed, cover
split granite with flowers
wind-blown as stunted firs.

Tired from difficult climbs
near the top of a ridge,
often my hand has sunk
deep in a purple ledge
to keep from falling, reached
higher while my face couched

in the cool touch of mouths
blossomed from the late snow.
In this sheer altitude
fog and mist come and go
for the few weeks blooming is known;
the valleys are straight down.

Mosses and willow grass,
saxifrage, gold fleabane,
northwestern painted cups,
lichens, and dwarfed lupine
cluster, seasonal
in meadows, the final

height of mountain flowers.
Among these, on cracked rocks,
the Menzies Penstemon
looms first. Where color shocks
the windy air, hangs broken,
purple bells hang shaken.

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The English

Continued from page 15

er critics of Britain, sometimes loosely known as the "Angry Young Men," for up until now they have spent much of their time attacking The Establishment. Lord Portal, the ousted chairman of British Aluminium, was a figure in The Establishment; so was Lord Kemsley, the chairman of *The Sunday Times;* so, to a lesser extent, was Sir Richard Burbidge, chairman of Harrods. Thus, while the Young Angries are still training their guns on the environs of Buckingham Palace, they are discovering that many of these ancient institutions are no longer occupied by sedate and stuffy old Englishmen, but have been taken over by something more mysterious and perhaps more alarming: the cohorts of international big business.

THE dilemma is not a superficial one, and it is echoed right through British social life. For some time now it has become clear that the British class system, which forms the ultimate protection against change, is beginning, however slowly, to dissolve. Most people, particularly the Young Angries and the Socialists, will doubtless be glad to see it go. What perhaps its critics have not fully realized is that if one form of hierarchy is broken down, another is bound to take its place. If the old Etonians, the press barons, and the banking families are to disappear, they will be succeeded by those who are most ambitious and single-minded in the art of building personal and economic power. It is the class system—more than insularity, prejudice, or lethargy—which has undergirded British traditionalism; as it disintegrates, so an economic power hierarchy is bound to take its place, and not even a Socialist government can prevent it.

It would be rash to carry the generalization too far. Ever since Elizabethan times London has had a way of deflecting men's ambitions from pure profit-making. Roy Thomson and Hugh Fraser may end up as peers, as their predecessors did; the grand pianos may remain in Harrods, and *The Sunday Times* may continue to serialize royal memoirs. Those in Britain who complain vaguely of "Americanization" should realize that, at the same time, the U.S. has in some respects also become more European. The two no longer represent opposite poles. Yet it remains true that a great deal of Britain is crumbling before our eyes; and we may be forgiven if—in spite of the boom and the new freedom and ease of our life—we shed a few tears.

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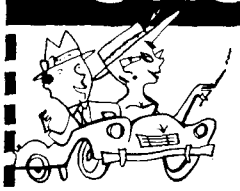

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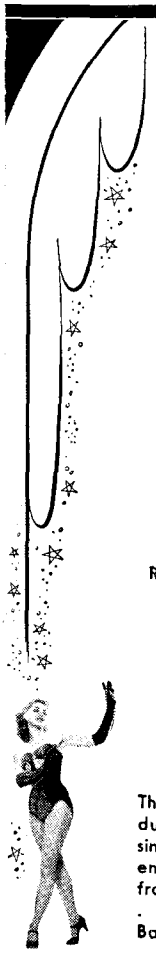

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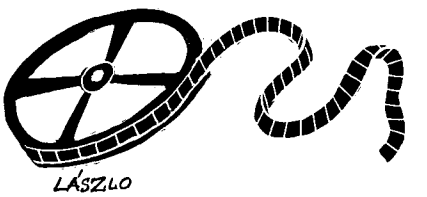
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

To a Great Human Being

I SOMETIMES get the impression that the last stronghold of integrity is Hollywood. Hard-bitten producers have been known to burst into tears at the mere mention of the word in a screenplay, and I have long harbored the suspicion that those few Hollywood writers who once attended meetings of Communist cells did so not to subvert American institutions or to help workers of the world unite, but in the magical belief that they were thus demonstrating their integrity. It seems to be automatically assumed in Hollywood (and on Madison Avenue, too) that a novelist who sells 1,000 copies of his book is maintaining far more integrity than one who sells a half million. Off-Broadway, similarly, represents integrity, while Broadway, for whoever makes it, stands for compromise. This is our mythology and we are presumably stuck with it. Integrity is a word like mother, grandchildren, apple pie, and Thanksgiving. It has a certain reality, and at the same time it gives us a warm glow. This warm glow permeates Columbia's **"The Last Angry Man,"** adapted from Gerald Green's novel.

Dr. Sam Abelman is a living symbol of integrity. He practices in a slum area of Brooklyn all his life, and doesn't maintain a fancy office like his close friend, Dr. Vogel. A patient is a patient to him, regardless of his fee-paying ability, and taking on a new patient means taking on a responsibility. These virtues may be homely, but there is nothing saccharine about them, especially as they are played by one Paul Muni. Mr. Muni is one of the last representatives, it would seem, of an almost lost art—the grand acting style. He seems to have created Dr. Abelman, this courageous little doctor of the slums, like a sculptor working with living materials. By the time Mr. Muni has finished his job he *is* Dr. Abelman. There is nothing faddish, or modish, or pretentious about his performance. He simply looks like Dr. Abelman, speaks like him, and acts like him. The gestures are not the mannerisms of an actor, but of a real person who, astonishingly, isn't Paul Muni at all. This is character creation, the real thing, and what, it seems to me, acting is all about.

Into the world of Dr. Abelman comes an intruder, a symbol of compromise, a man from the worlds of Madison Avenue and television, who wants to put the humble doctor on a program called "Americans, U.S.A." A program very much like this, by the way, is supposed to come up for discussion every so often in TV circles. The idea is to put *real* people on display, not tycoons, or movie stars, but the genuine article from what is known as all walks of life. One such program is said to have bogged down when William Zeckendorf was suggested as the first in a series of simple, representative Americans. At any rate, David Wayne, as Thrasher, the young TV executive, sells his idea to a sponsor, the head of a pharmaceutical house, and calls on Dr. Abelman, finds out how he lives, learns about the plain Jewish household his wife Sarah keeps, and learns something of his philosophy, a rather homely one laced with doses of Thoreau. By the time he has gained the doctor's consent to appear on the program and has gone ahead with preparations Thrasher is firmly sold on integrity as a way of life. Wayne is a good actor, and he gives some dimension to his portrait of



Thrasher, and conviction too, as he succumbs to the values of this minor Schweitzer, but he is also stuck with a role that is closer to a type than a character, and there's not much he can do about that.

Integrity eventually wins out over compromise with somewhat more subtlety than an old morality play, and the movie achieves that heart-warming glow in the process. This, for me, is one of its lesser virtues: it's a little too pat and overly emotional. Among the greater virtues of the movie are fine casting (Luther Adler, Nancy R. Pollock, Joby Baker, Claudia McNeil, and Billy Dee Williams are close to perfect in well-realized parts), the excellent, realistic photography of James Wong Howe, and expert handling of the players by Daniel Mann. Mr. Mann, I think, has carried on his deathbed scene for a few too many sobs, but he has also obtained several genuine moments. Most of all it has Paul Muni carving another niche for himself in screen history. It might be mentioned that Richard Murphy, who adapted Gerald Green's screenplay, is the man who also did well earlier this year by "Compulsion."

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Capitol Risk

JEROME Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's new play, **"The Gang's All Here,"** is a slice-of-history entertainment, whose effectiveness largely depends on three things: the fact that it really happened, the recaptured flavor of an era recent enough to remember, and the revelation that a famous man can have the same failings as ordinary people.

The play begins with a longshot view of a shameful era in American politics. It seems almost parody as we observe a scurvy crew of politicians horsetrading at a Presidential convention to nominate a weak and stupid man whom they know they can bamboozle in graft-rich government posts. The man, Griffith P. Hastings, turns out to be a dead ringer for Warren G. Harding.

Despite a wonderful set by Jo Mielziner, which creates for us the essence of convention hotel shabbiness, the

parody is restricted by a sobering literalism in the writing. The protagonist impresses us as merely homespun and not very bright. There is little insight into why the future President feels so warmly towards his poker-playing chums, nor as to why they have become the jackals they are.

We then see the new President so overwhelmed by the responsibilities of his office that he takes to sneaking out of the White House to play poker and carouse with his shady friends. Again the emphasis is on a total, disgraceful picture in which the President is only one character. But in the final scene of Act II, the focus narrows to the individual. Now that he is aware of the scandalous activities of his friends, what is the President going to do? This is the first dramatic question of the evening, and the authors have worked hard to bring an ennobling answer out of the weak character they have created. They would have us believe that in the President's decision to discharge his guilty friends and to commit suicide before their countercharges could damage the office of the Presidency, he had forty-five seconds of greatness.

This promising scenario is occasionally fulfilled. There is, for instance, a perceptive moment when Senator Hastings refuses the nomination, because "the Senate is the nicest club in the world," a husband and wife scene in which we ask ourselves if a man accepting a job he suspects he cannot do well is both morally wrong and at the same time living up to an essential American tradition, and a bitter speech by the ringleader of the grafters, who compares the takings of a political opportunist with those of a tycoon. Best of all is the scene near the end, where we are treated to the pathetic yet humorous sight of the President patiently spelling out names to an inept copyboy to whom he is dictating the most important news release of his career.

In between these highlights of a low administration, the script is less sharp, a fact which may cause some of the performers to strain. Melvyn Douglas pounds at us incessantly the little-boy-in-a-man's-job aspect of his role. While he catches this part of the characterization very well, it tends to become tiresome when repeated in situation after situation. As the most corrupt of Hastings's friends, E. G. Marshall works a little too hard to make some rather unpersuasive arguments seem overpowering. And Jean Dixon has a thankless role as an unloved First Lady.

The best parts are those of the earnest young man who befriends the President, played nicely by Arthur Hill, and two short but effective caricatures. Fred Stewart is eloquent as he says nothing in reply to the President's angry complaint that he has had thousands of letters from members of the AMA protesting that the President's personal physician is a chiropractor. And Bert Wheeler needs only a few simple lines to suggest the whole wretched character of a good-time Charlie as amiable as he is weak.

As it stands, "The Gang's All Here" is a spasmodically interesting "See-It-Now" that may make a better movie. Onstage it does not gain enough of our sympathy for the human being in the middle. And while one gives it A for accuracy in the drawing of its details, one is disappointed in its failure to find and hit a big target with explosive force.

—HENRY HEWES.

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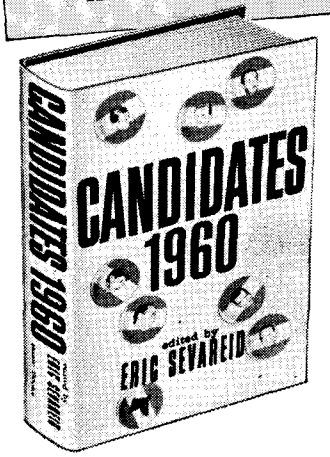

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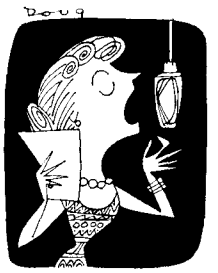
TV AND RADIO

"And Then I Wrote . . ."

"AND THEN I wrote . . ." was the hit songwriter's standard single in vaudeville and stage "presentation" days. He would sit, in the spotlight, at the grand piano, and arpeggio the keys. Then he would *segue* gently into the first eight, and the audience, thrilled with recognition, would applaud. It was a medley of strong impacts for popular music fans, and each would notch the string of melodies with his own private associations. The form failed to carry over into television, except in rare instances, when a Kern, a Gershwin, or a Berlin is rendered a "salute," in heavy-production, neo-classical style, replete with large orchestra and choreography—a fashion which usually overwhelms the intimacy of memory and dilutes the pleasure of nostalgia. "Love and Marriage," a new NBC-TV Monday night situation-comedy series which premiered recently, gave promise, in its initial episode, of a potential revival of the "And then I wrote . . ." device; and if the producers take care to keep it a permanent part of the act, the show could become an enjoyable return point in the new season's schedule.

Kay Armen, a popular singer with that contemporary rarity—a pleasing,



"legitimate" voice—plays the part of Sophie, a secretary to Bill Harris, a music publisher (William Demarest). She admits to forty birthdays, and, according to her boss, is one of the best "demonstrators" in the business, doubling at the piano as well as at the typewriter. Miss Armen, on the first program, sang "With a Song in My Heart," the Rodgers and Hart tune from the musical, "Spring Is Here." She was recalling, for fictional purposes, the time when the new writing team presumably brought the melody to the firm, hoping to sell it. The publisher, at the same keyboard in his office, picked out an old Kurt Weill-Maxwell Anderson ballad, "September Song." His married daughter, Pat (Jeanne Bal), remembered when a songwriter brought her his new song, "Baby Face," as a birthday present, when she was a little girl. The songs fitted into the plot, of course, which concerned the publisher's contempt for rock 'n' roll music, his consequent failing business, and his need for continued activity rather than retirement. The daughter first connived to make him quit, then joined the firm as his new partner. The script, written by Mel Shavelson, was amusing and believable (even literate, with a reference to King Lear's daughters).

The situation has interesting possibilities in the clash of tastes in popular music between the older and younger generations. I shudder periodically at the "cool" addiction of my own two daughters, Diana and Muffet, to the nonverbal atavism of the theme song of "77 Sunset Strip." "Love and Marriage" has two little girls in it also. It's a show each member of the family may watch without emotional martyrdom. I rejoice at the opportunity my girls will have to hear—perhaps even to understand—the popular songs I remember with pleasure. I might even come to appreciate and like rock 'n' roll. But above all other virtues which the show promises, it's about Tin Pan Alley, and Tin Pan Alley will always be "And then I wrote . . ." Back before TV, deep into radio's early days, producers have always sought to put Tin Pan Alley on the air. No one ever found the successful format. The idea, generally, was to "tell the stories behind the songs." The form was inevitably the dramatic tale; the people too special, too remote. "Love and Marriage" puts Tin Pan Alley into the conventional and immediately understandable family pattern of relationships; and it seems to work.

There is but one danger for the producers to avoid—the peril of becoming so involved in the complexities of plot that they forget "And then I wrote . . ." Let them keep the cast huddled around that piano in Bill Harris's office—just as Major Adams and Mr. McCullough huddle around that wagon train, just as Darren McGavin huddles around that riverboat, just as the Cartwrights huddle around that Ponderoso bonanza, just as Hoagy Carmichael huddles around Laramie. And let them keep Kay Armen going from refrain to refrain of music that you have to sing with words, not just with the third finger and the thumb.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1334

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

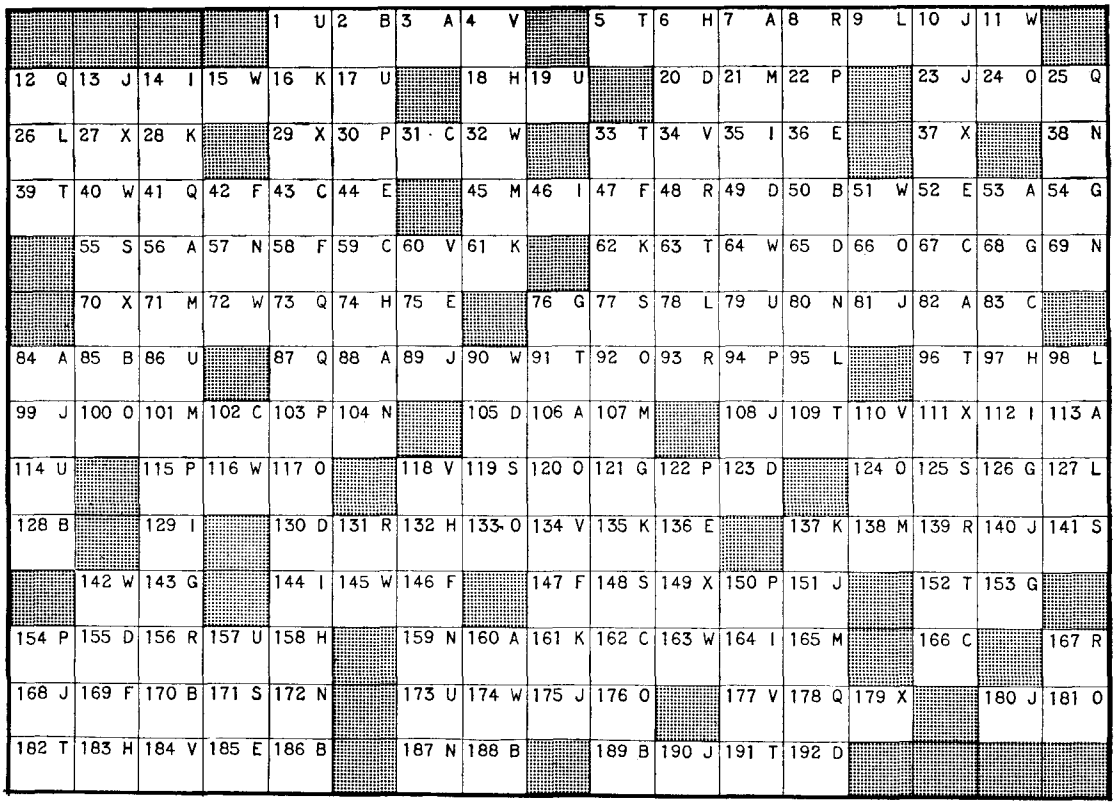
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Resident in the beautiful suburban town in central N.Y. traditional birthplace of Hiawatha.	88 3 7 113 106 160 56 82 84 53
B. Impetuosity.	50 170 128 2 85 188 186 189
C. Initiated; introduced, as to an office.	166 102 59 67 83 31 43 162
D. Leader of a chorus.	130 20 65 123 105 49 155 192
E. Clasped to the bosom.	36 52 75 136 185 44
F. The English printer who works both as compositor and pressman.	42 169 58 47 146 147
G. Away from.	126 153 143 121 76 68 54
H. East Indian shrub whose root is used as substitute for sarsaparilla.	158 6 74 132 183 97 18
I. Brilliant musical composition usually for organ, free style, rapid notes.	144 14 35 164 46 112 129
J. What yearn "to breathe free" on the Statue of Liberty (2 wds.).	89 99 180 108 168 13 23 81 190 140 151 10 175
K. Important political division bounded on the north by the Cheviot Hills.	62 135 137 16 28 161 61
L. County, seat, and bay, NW Eire, location of University College.	98 78 9 127 26 95

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To dread; a small work placed within an outwork of a fortification.	138 101 107 21 71 45 165
N. Lacking normal repetition of sounds.	69 159 187 57 38 80 172 104
O. Apportioning of amounts to be paid.	92 124 66 24 120 117 100 181 133 176
P. In the interim (2 wds.).	103 115 122 22 154 30 94 150
Q. Mischievous, with the implication of malicious mockery.	41 25 12 73 87 178
R. Polish dance whose rhythms inspire many a composer for the piano.	156 167 8 131 93 48 139
S. Potbellied.	141 55 148 119 77 125 171
T. Acuteness of sight.	152 63 191 182 91 109 5 33 39 96
U. Wraps up.	19 1 157 86 79 173 17 114
V. Stagger in a peculiar way, characteristic of certain nervous disturbances.	177 134 4 34 110 118 184 60
W. Having the form of a serpent.	142 64 32 116 90 40 174 72 15 145 51 163 11
X. Colloq. for poor or dishonest treatment received from another in a transaction (2 wds.).	27 37 29 70 179 111 149

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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Country of the Typing Tourists

"Russian Duet: The Story of a Journey," by Willie Snow Ethridge *(Simon & Schuster. 313 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Moscow Gatecrash," by John Godley, Lord Kilbracken*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 240 pp. $3.50), report cheerily on the respective authors' adventures in the USSR. Patrick Dennis, creator of "Auntie Mame" and other books, recently spent six weeks behind the Iron Curtain. He says he has nothing new to add to the literature on the area.*

By Patrick Dennis

APPARENTLY no one who has traveled as far as two stops on the Moscow subway can resist writing a book about his experiences in the Soviet Union. Correspondents, politicians, exiled nobility, "literary" authors, exchange students, diplomats, their wives, so-called average tourists and *their* wives—all have taken a crack at poor old Mother Russia. So many, in fact, that a visa, a typewriter, and a friend in the publishing business seem to be the only requirements for becoming a Russian expert.

In the past couple of years I have read so many of these volumes that I can almost invariably open one of them to the exact page where it reads: "They were *amazed* by the quality and workmanship of my simplest clothes . . ." Fifty pages hence I can find: "When I described the life of the average American workman, they stared at me incredulously. Obviously they thought I was lying." At the bottom of the following page there will be: "'But what of the American Negro?' Igor asked me."

And, as the dazed veteran of a round dozen Russian recollections, I can tell you exactly what to expect. The average book covers six Soviet cities (with a side trip to the monastery at Zagorsk). It is described on its dust jacket as "warm . . . witty . . . human . . . penetrating." It costs three-ninety-five, remainders at nineteen cents, and runs to 300 pages. I can give you the contents in half as many words.

> Russia is big. The government is terrible. The Russian people are charming. Everything is filthy. The sidewalks are clean. Everything is ugly. The subways are grandiose. The people are poor. Prices are exorbitant. The food is terrible. Service ditto. Inefficiency reigns. Women work. The ballet is sublime. Moscow is dismal. Leningrad is nicer. The Russian people are charming. Clothing is unspeakable. Communal farms are archaic. Trains, planes, and ships are different from ours. Medical service is free. The red tape is ghastly. The language impossible. Propaganda abounds. There *is* a class system. Russians are fat and have steel teeth. They want peace, friendship, and religion. The Russian people are charming. East, West—home's best. I was glad to leave. My baggage was—or was *not*—searched. I was—or was *not*—followed on the streets. My mail was—or was *not*—opened. My hotel room was—or was *not*—wired.

(Although to judge from some of the literary outpourings of returned visitors, I can only feel that the Soviet secret service was tuned in on some of the most hopelessly fatuous conversations imaginable.)

In "Russian Duet," Willie Snow Ethridge, who, with Russian-born Nila Magidoff as traveling companion and

—*From "Russian Duet."*

The Borscht Circuit.

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interpreter, did the Leningrad-Moscow-Black Sea-Stalingrad (or Borscht Circuit) Tour, says—in 313 pages—just about the foregoing. Happily, Mrs. Ethridge is a seasoned writer and sets down her unexceptional experiences in a pleasant, cheerful fashion. If you have never read any of the dozens of other books describing a trip through the Soviet, "Russian Duet" will do as well as any.

A shorter and—to me—more noteworty book is "Moscow Gatecrash," by John Godley, Lord Kilbracken. Although he passed only a couple of weeks in Moscow and a day in Leningrad, the things he saw and did were considerably more interesting than the usual tourist attractions so often described to the reading public.

Lord Kilbracken, a full-time country squire in Ireland and a part-time London *Daily Express* reporter in other places, was sent to Moscow to cover the fortieth anniversary of the Revolution. Unable to get a ticket to the big parade, he ended up marching in it disguised as a humble worker and carrying a banner.

Disguised as a *Life* photographer in a button-down American shirt, Lord Kilbracken managed to crash an Egyptian Embassy party (at a time when England and Egypt were on the frostiest of terms) and obtain a long, exclusive interview with Khrushchev himself. And, on a subsequent visit, he even managed a rare—if not especially revealing—interview with Boris Pasternak when all of the more orthodox press representatives were being held at bay.

While Lord Kilbracken makes most of the usual observations about Russia and the Russians, he does so briefly and fairly. His writing is casual, entertaining, and urbane—and his adventures *are* unusual and amusing. If you feel that you must read another book about the Soviet, "Moscow Gatecrash" is warmly recommended.

However, it is only fair to warn you that the Soviet embassy in Washington issued more than 15,000 visas just prior to the tourist onrush of 1959. So if you miss either of these Russian recollections, there will be hundreds to choose from during the next publishing season. Perhaps what I hate most about the

prospect of space travel is how much we're all going to have to read about it.

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Railing the Rails

"Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story," by Jerome Beatty, Jr. *(Crowell. 247 pp. $3.95), laughs through tears over the agonies induced by the daily rail ride. Ad-man-novelist James Kelly ("The Insider") is also a chronic commuter.*

By James Kelly

RIGHTLY believing that commuter truths are funnier than fiction, Mr. Beatty (co-author of this magazine's TRADE WINDS column, humor editor of *Esquire*, and alumnus of respected publications such as *Coronet*, *Pageant*, and *Collier's*) has gathered quite a garland of them. Personal experience with the daily to-and-fro, steely observation of fellow lemmings, and some solidly professional reporting of what's what with this country's railroads make "Show Me the Way to Go Home" an ideal volume for the briefcase. Good reading while they send for another engine or fix a hotbox or proceed from tremulous pause to full stop in the Ninety-sixth Street tunnel.

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On page 230 we are told that "no railroad has been able to show that

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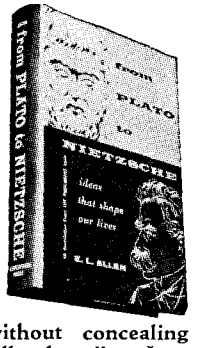

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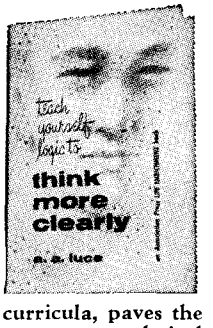

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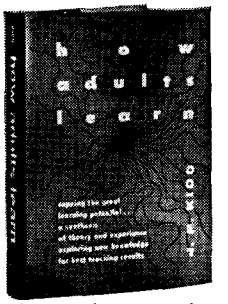

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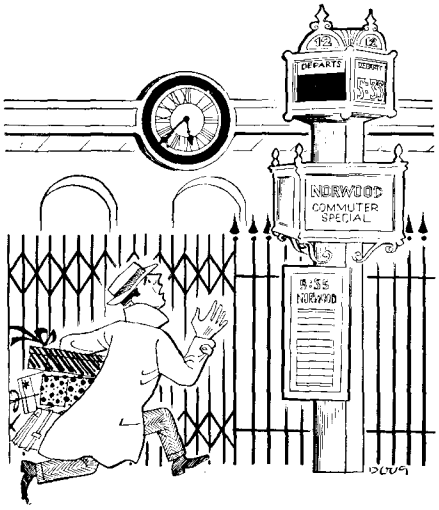
commuting is a losing proposition or how much it costs to move a commuter from here to there." Even though commuters ride only 15 per cent of the railroad miles and contribute but 13 per cent of passenger revenue? Yet a national news weekly reports this month that the railroad share of intercity passenger-miles has dropped from 49 per cent to 28 per cent during the past ten years and that railroad income after taxes has dropped from $431 million to $210 million during the same ten years. Without taking sides, the average reader may wonder who's got the hanky-panky in this little imbroglio.

There's no jest about it: Mr. Beatty proves that a scar can hurt like a wound. He also demonstrates that an entertaining Baedeker can be compiled for a familiar department of everyday life, using only eyes, ears, nose, and journalistic curiosity.

Oh, yes. There's a solution for the railroads, once they've dried their eyes and faced stern reality. The Big Solution, Mr. Beatty says, is to declare 'em to be a National Park. We saved the American bison that way; we protect our battlefields and historical shrines that way. Of course, it would cost millions of dollars, but much less than we now spend to reach the moon, and "most commuters would be extremely satisfied to reach home, the heck with the moon."

Another solution would be to bring back the beautiful sixteen-wheel steam locomotive with its haunting roar and whistle—and Thomas Wolfe to write some mnemonic sales copy. Antiseptic Diesels be damned, along with all other spoor of uncomfortable commuter progress.

SMTWTGM may be special material, but it sure explains why the waiting wife should be gentle with the nervous, haunted, distraught husband who returns to her at close of day.



—Jacket art from the book.

"The heck with the moon."

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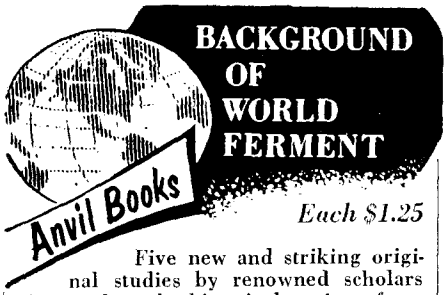

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BROKEN TOYS AND DERVISHES: A hundred years ago the Golden Road to Samarkand was paved with sun-baked bones of the truly intrepid adventurers seeking the Oriental treasures of Khiva, Merv, Bokhara. There were the white talcum dunes to cross, the black sands of the Kara Kum, and roving bands of brigands who admitted no allegiance to any of the fierce little Khanates, which were always warring among themselves. But the legend of riches and culture had so grown upon them that the unlikeliest persons, knowing their lives in jeopardy, rich as Tamerlane and Polo, poor clergymen, did occasionally reach this fabulous lost world.

Russia was to the north of it, British India to the south, so it seemed wise to hold hostages of both nationalities in these Khanates in the event of war. Two of these were proper British officers whom a little Jewish-Bavarian-British clergyman, Joseph Wolff, set off across half the world to free, but too late. Connolly and Stoddart, the English prisoners, had first been treated to the splendors of Bokhara then sunk to its depths, "a noisome pit, twenty-one feet deep, full of men's bones, decomposed animal matter and other indescribable filth, and swarming with a mass of specially bred vermin and reptiles . . . and including enormous sheep ticks that burrowed into the flesh . . ."

Stoddard eventually broke down and was transferred to a verimous cell with Connolly until the Emir at last grew tired of his broken toys and whacked off their heads.

Fitzroy Maclean, a great traveler himself and author of a Tito biography, has included various other wanderers in his rather uneven book, "**A Person from England and Other Travlers to Turkestan**" (Harper, $5): the limping Vambery, disguised as a dervish, curing unrequited love with false attar of roses, an American newspaperman held captive, and a wild Irish journalist, O'Donovan, who so ingratiated himself with the people of Merv, curing their ills with dandelion juice, that he actually was made a khan.

But on the whole the book is burdened with details of no historical or romantic surprise. Its writing is able, its humor pawkish, but the shops will be cut-rating it in no time at all.

—Hassoldt Davis.

THE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE: Few Americans can know what a moral and political shambles the Second World War made of Greece. When Kevin Andrews arrived there in 1947, civil

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SAINTS AND OTHERS

Here are a dozen names of saints, religious leaders, and great humanitarians, together with a jumbled list of places associated with them. A third column gives the titles of books or poems (usually hymns) by them or about them. Elizabeth Kelly Peck of Chevy Chase, Maryland, asks you to assign the correct geographical backgrounds and book titles. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 76.

1. Saint John	( )	Epworth Parsonage	( )	"The Bach Book"
2. Saint Augustine	( )	Orleans	( )	"A mighty fortress is our God"
3. Saint Francis	( )	Lambaréné	( )	"Corpus Christi Office"
4. Saint Thomas Aquinas	( )	Monastery of Jarrow	( )	"The Lark"
5. Caedmon	( )	Wittenburg	( )	"Jesus Lover of my soul"
6. Venerable Bede	( )	London (1478-1535)	( )	"Utopia"
7. Saint Thomas à Becket	( )	See of Hippo	( )	"Murder in the Cathedral"
8. Martin Luther	( )	Canterbury	( )	"Paraphrase of the Scriptures"
9. Saint Thomas More	( )	Whitby Monastery	( )	"Canticle of the Sun"
10. Saint Joan of Arc	( )	Italy	( )	"Ecclesiastical History of the English People"
11. Charles Wesley	( )	Assisi	( )	"Revelation"
12. Albert Schweitzer	( )	Isle of Patmos	( )	"The City of God"

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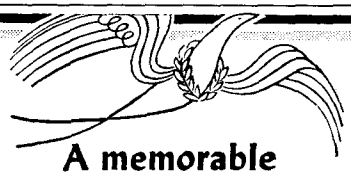

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From 1860 to 1920, few men had greater impact on American writers and writing than William Dean Howells, who saw at first hand a whole literature grow, mature, and flourish into national proportions. His influence as novelist, poet, critic and editor is still felt today. Among his personal friends were Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Whitman and other titans of this extraordinarily fruitful period in American literature. In this rich, engrossing biography Pulitzer Prize-winner Van Wyck Brooks has written one of his finest works. *Illustrated*

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war was strangling the country, and poverty and bitterness were destroying its people. The extraordinary ability of the Greeks to survive the overwhelming burden of affliction during those terrible years is the theme of his revealing book, "**The Flight of Ikaros**" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75).

Mr. Andrews came to Greece on a Harvard fellowship and traveled about the country for four and a half years, mostly on foot and nearly always penniless. There is hardly a word in his account about the Byzantine and Frankish remains he came to study, nor is it concerned with political events, though everyone in Greece was in some way a victim of the struggle in Athens between left and right, or of the Communist-induced guerrilla war that raged elsewhere. Instead, as the author wanders over the primitive countryside, the map of Greece becomes a geography of personal relationships.

He ultimately wins acceptance with an unquestioning sympathy for his Greek friends, which even extends to a former member of the German-sponsored Security Battalions: Kostandi. The latter killed some 500 fellow Greeks, and his spirit nearly failed when political stability forced him to stop. Though some will find it difficult to understand the friendship, Kostandi is a character who is entirely believable, and so are Mr. Andrews's illiterate but poetic shepherd, the Athenian slum boy on the verge of death, a village priest who must forgive to exist, though his family had been murdered by other Greeks before his eyes.

"The Flight of Ikaros" is written with a literary quality of a very high order, but, more than that, its author has managed to convey a most elusive quality, the national character of a people. With affection and understanding, he has drawn his friends "with their ferocity and warmth of heart, their delicacy and impatience" during a time of trouble.

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

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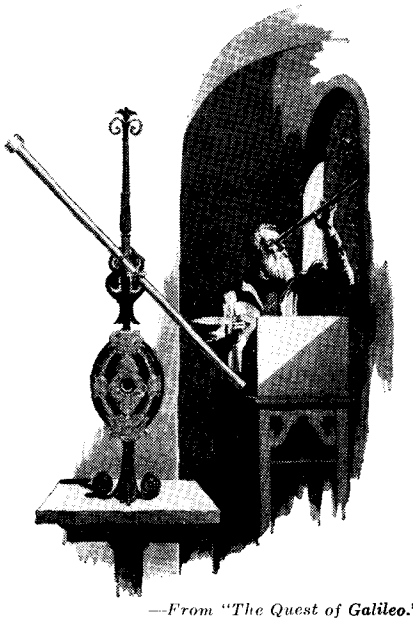
The Here-and-Now and the Whole World of Fantasy

By IRMA BLACK, *a former teacher, who, as chairman of the Publications Department of Bank Street College of Education in New York, is studying child development and literature for children. Her seventeenth juvenile is on Knopf's current list.*

MANY adults seem to believe that writing for children is an easy part-time occupation. All that is needed is a free hour and a "cute story." Unfortunately, a hasty survey of bookstore shelves may perpetuate this fallacy. There one can find winking trains and weeping boats, rabbits in aprons and camels in hats. There is a baby Volkswagen crying for its Cadillac mother until, headlight eyes shining, he becomes the cleverest car on the turnpike. Now that the juvenile book industry is big business, there is a temptation to write and to serve up to children all kinds of poor fare, including comic strips, warmed-over movies, and television shows.

Fortunately, anyone searching for the childlike, rather than the childish, will find a wide variety of excellent juveniles. They are presented by publishers who believe that books for any age should be good books. And they are the work of people who know that a good juvenile may demand even more of an author than an adult book, since the former requires a deep understanding of children as well as artistry.



—*From "The Quest of Galileo."*

The serious writer for youngsters pays careful attention to their behavior. He notices their vivid language, their keen sensory awareness. A four-year-old, up very late to see the stars, says, "Look, the sky is all decorated!" A three-year-old settles down for a nap. His mother pulls the shades and says, "There, it's dark as night." "No," says the three-year-old, "it's just nap-color."

The writer will watch children's eagerness to learn, their first efforts at generalization. A two-year-old sees that he is the only one left at breakfast and comes forth with "Everybody are not eating toast but I." A six-year-old discovers the aversion of poles and generalizes, "Look! Magnets can pull *and* push!"

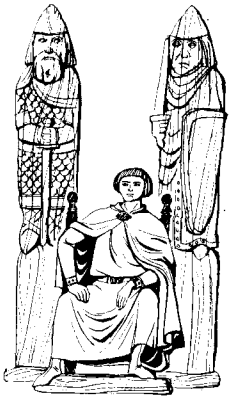
The observer of children will find that their own fantasy is as vivid to them as the real world, and will discover (as did Milne, Carroll, Grahame) that children's fantasy springs from the real world, having a logic, a consistency of its own.

Conclusions about particular children will be confirmed and enhanced by scientific data from such fields as anthropology, psychology, education. The writer will gather evidence to show that children cannot be pushed or "trained" into the acquisition of behaviors, skills, or understandings before they are ready. They mature slowly, individually, and in a fairly predictable sequence. Each age has characteristic strengths and concerns. The artful juvenile author will, intuitively or by design, take these into account. The story for a three-year-old must differ from that for an eight-year-old, not only in length, complexity of language and thought, but also in motivation and in emotional identification.

Books for young people have always reflected attitudes toward children at a given historical period. From the Puritan notion of the child as sinner, for example, came books like the New England Primer, which attempted to insure children's salvation in the face of the terrible probability that many of them would die before maturity.

Aware of the best modern thought about childhood, today's serious writer for youngsters creates books that further the child's dignity, that recognize his feelings and interests, and that provide him with valid interpretation of the world all about him. This season's outstanding juveniles give evidence that writing for children is a serious and creative task.

Those for the very youngest are characterized by gentle, rhythmic treatments of the themes with which two-to-five-year-olds are most concerned—homes, families, daily routines, and the first tentative steps toward other people. **"Having a Friend"** by Betty Miles (Knopf, $2.50), follows two little girls from the first cautious exchanges which open friendship through to the giggly fun and the happiness of being close to another child. Eric Blegvad's affectionate drawings add to the warmth of the book. In **"Look Out the Window"** (Harcourt, Brace, $1.95) Joan Walsh Anglund talks about the simultaneous existence of variety and uniqueness, in unpretentious but significant prose. ". . . Wherever you go you'll see lots and lots of children . . . but try as you may, you will never, never find another child that is quite like you." Ethel and Leonard Kessler tell how a surprise snowfall turns an ordinary morning into **"The Day Daddy Stayed Home"** (Doubleday, $2). The book is full of pleasures: the child's deep joy at having a parent to himself, the special sense of festival, and the look, feel, taste of new white snow.



—*From "Stories of the Norsemen."*

As they grow, children move steadily from the small world of home into the wider world around them. Despite their increasing competence, even at six or eight or ten they sometimes feel, and

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—From "The Reason for the Pelican."

are, quite small and powerless. Learning how things work is one way of gaining a hold on the world and replacing fear with mastery. Knowledge brings self-respect and a measure of the control over their world that these young people seek. In **"What Does It Do and How Does It Work?"** (Harper, $3) Russell Hoban tells about power shovels, dump trucks, and other heavy machinery. This book differs from many others on the same topic in its assumption that the child wants serious, straightforward information that respects his ability to understand. The book also acknowledges the child's need to be powerful and strong: "Here is where you sit . . . when you want to dump the load, you shift the lever to raise the body . . ." The pictures are distinctive for their strength and force—no merry blue-and-red tractors here, but powerful, massive machines.

Some fine nature books answer other "why's" and "how's" of children. The authors of these books recognize that careful, detailed examinations of living creatures can be as exciting as anthropomorphic fantasy. **"After September"** (Whittlesey House, $2.50) is Glen O. Blough's offering to second- and third-grade readers, and to younger listeners who want to know what happens to birds and animals in winter. In this, as in other books by Mr. Blough and illustrator Jeanne Bendick, the child is led to make new nature discoveries on his own. **"Whitefoot Mouse,"** by Barbara and Russell Peterson is the newest of the superb Holiday House Life Cycle Stories ($2.50). Without sentimentality, the book follows a small mouse through his struggle to survive. The Petersons are aware of children's need for truth in their matter-of-fact treatment of hunter and hunted in the natural world. A much simpler book, one that the beginning reader may enjoy doubly because he can read it alone, is **"Peep-lo,"** by Jane Castle (Holiday House, $2.50). The central event is a girl's glimpse of the hatching of a plover chick, but the theme is the larger one of the child's coming into the presence of the beauty and logic of the natural environment.

While the increasing knowledge of the here-and-now world absorbs school-age children, it does not contain them. They are increasingly able to think in terms of distant places, remote times, and a whole realm of imaginary happenings. Fantasy intrigues them now; humor delights them **"Pugwash Aloft,"** by John Ryan (Criterion Books, $2.75), is a truly comic book and sets a real boy among as impossible a pirate crew as ever coped with rival desperadoes.

But whether he tells of pirates or tractors, the creative writer for children begins where the child is and leads him on to heightened appreciation of his real world and the world of his imagination. This, after all, is the goal of every sincere author, whatever the age of his audience.

Suggested Good Books for Growing Readers

WHEN THE COWS GOT OUT. *By Dorothy Kock. Illustrated by Paul Lantz. Holiday House.* $2.50. Tim gets the cows home without grownup help, and the beginning reader can follow the story with the same independence. Ages 5-7.

YOU WILL GO TO THE MOON. *By Mae and Ira Freeman. Illustrated by Robert Patterson. Random House-Beginner Books.* $1.95. Never before, such a promise to first-graders! The Freemans conquer space and a 187-word limit in a veritable *tour-de-force.* Ages 5-7.

THE SILVER BUTTON. *By Helen D. Olds. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Knopf.* $2.50. A six-year-old learns to be unafraid of the walk to school, and an almost magic button helps in this easy-to-read book. Effective illustrations are contemporary in content but Victorian in mood. Ages 5-8.

THE REASON FOR THE PELICAN. *By John Ciardi. Illustrated by Madeline Gekiere. Lippincott.* $3. Mr. Ciardi plays exuberantly with words and rhythms in these poems, which, like the best nonsense, are often quite sensible indeed. Ages 6-12.

JOKES, RIDDLES, FUNNY STORIES. *Compiled by Oscar Weigle. Illustrated by Crosby Newell. Grosset & Dunlap.* $1.95. "One-way ticket to Toronto, please." "By Buffalo?" "Of course not, by train." A standard reference book for after-school hours. Ages 6-12.

WILDWING. *Story and illustrations by Phoebe Erickson. Harper.* $2.75. An Indian boy tames a horse again, but this is a believable boy and a slow taming. The reservation setting is described without sentimentality. Ages 8-12.

GETTING TO KNOW THE U.S.S.R. *By John A. Wallace. Illustrated by Don Lambo. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. A careful, factual report which is pro-American without being anti-Russian. For interested children, a route to independent understanding of today's headlines. Ages 8-12.

BUFFALO KILL. *By Gardell Dano Christensen. Thomas Nelson.* $2.95. Based on fact and written with skill and integrity, this is the story of the coming-of-age of an Indian boy. Anthropological detail concerning pre-Columbian times is judiciously used. Ages 10-12.

SIRGA, QUEEN OF THE AFRICAN BUSH. *By René Guillot. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Criterion.* $3.50. The story of a boy and a lion cub told in the slow pace of legend against a detailed natural background. Ages 11-14.

WORDS OF SCIENCE. *By Isaac Asimov. Houghton Mifflin.* $5. This primarily etymological work contains expert summary of many scientific facts, concepts, and achievements. Well-written and very readable despite the handicap of fragmented presentation and alphabetical arrangement by key words. Ages 12 and up.

THE QUEST OF GALILEO. *By Patricia Lauber. Illustrated by Lee J. Ames. Garden City.* $2.50. Through the story of Galileo's discoveries, this book conveys the challenge and excitement of scientific investigation. Ages 12 and up.

RANGATIRA. *By Norman B. Tindale and H. A. Lindsay. Franklin Watts.* $2.95. This novel of ancient New Zealand is raised above the level of exotically set adventure by its use of historical and anthropological detail. Occasionally academic, but on the whole competently written and well-paced. Ages 14 and up.

A IS FOR APPLE, AND WHY? *By Solveig Paulson Russel. Illustrated by Robert A. Jones.* $2. Simple, lucid exposition of how A and the rest of the alphabet evolved from the earliest cave-drawings. This workmanlike book will be useful in schools and libraries. Ages 8-11.

STORIES OF THE NORSEMEN. *By Johanna Johnston. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Garden City.* $2.95. Dramatic stories of the wanderings of the early Norsemen, to Iceland, to Greenland, and finally to North America. Based upon a combination of both historical evidence and legend. Ages 10-14.

MODERN ADVENTURES UNDER THE SEA. *By Patrick Pringle. Franklin Watts.* $3.95. As exciting as a Western, as tersely and soberly written as a scientific report. For young people with an alertness in science and adventure. Ages 14 and up.

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

Of the whole collection, the title story, "The Riddle of the Fly," probably employs most fully the author's many skills, containing as it does within itself three quite different, completely charming short stories.—HOPE HALE.

RISE OF ROME: With his quiet, if somewhat acid wit, and his penchant—to borrow a phrase from E. A. Robinson's poem about Shakespeare—for filling "Ilion, Rome or any town you like of olden time with timeless Englishmen," Alfred Duggan, in his series of successful novels about the past, marinates rather than sugar-coats history. In consequence, if he does not truly penetrate into the ancient mind, he avoids the false front and the tinsel of the average costume romance. His method has won him a solid following.

Now, in his latest novel, **"Children of the Wolf"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), Duggan uses it again with the same skill. This time he applies it to the founding of Rome; to Romulus and his shadowy brother, Remus; to the first forty years of that palisaded collection of mean huts and wattled hovels which was later to become the most famous city in the world.

The convinced Dugganite hardly needs to be told that the author uses his method in his own way. Remus is indeed slain—for leaping over the ploughed furrow that marked the future city walls. The Sabine women are made Roman wives. Romulus is supposedly carried off to become the god Quirinus.

But these facts from the legendary tale of how Rome came into being no more resemble the facts that were accepted by 1,200 years of Romans than Mr. Duggan's twelve vultures resemble the twelve imperial eagles of the official version.

As a matter of fact, the substitution of vultures for eagles (a switch which is surely made with a smile) sets the tone for the whole book. It is entertaining, sarcastic, disillusioned, and yet neither uncharitable nor intolerant, and the dramatis personae have the odd quirks and human aberrations you would therefore expect. It is true that they belong to the place and age. But they are not bronze statues nor figures from an Arch of Triumph. They are not supposed to be. —THOMAS C. CHUBB.

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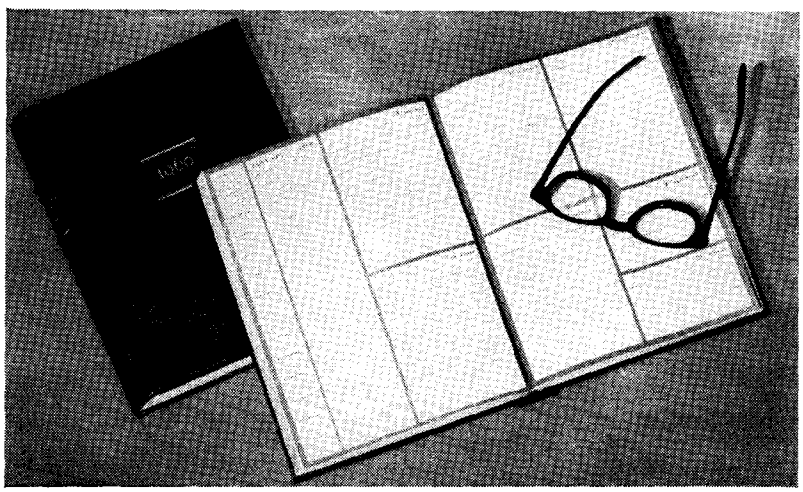

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Criminal Record

NO NEXT OF KIN. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $2.95. TV appearance to aid politico papa is bad medicine for Connecticut miss (it draws blackmailers); newshawk does fine detection job, is in at deaths; yarn has some fact basis in fatal Hartford circus fire of 1944. High up among year's best.

INTRODUCING MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES. *By fourteen authors. Baker Street Irregulars, Inc., 221B Baker St., Morristown, N. J. 350 copies, wrappers.* $5. Latest BSI offering is gathering of introductions to various Sherlock Holmes collections; writers include Vincent Starrett, Howard Haycraft, Rex Stout, Elmer Davis, Christopher Morley, Louis Untermeyer; the dedicated Edgar W. Smith introduces the introducers. Required reading for true believers.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 10, 12, 6, 8, 9, 2, 7, 5, 4, 3, 1. Column Three should read: 12, 8, 4, 10, 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, 6, 1, 2.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Philharmonia Hungarica, Prizewinner Frager

MORE than a group of musicians greeted the audience which gathered in Carnegie Hall for the first orchestral concert of the new season early in October. In one aspect, they were representatives of what a recent visitor to America described as "gangsters and hooligans." In another, broader view, each of the three score and ten (or so) represented thousands and thousands they left behind when they fled from Hungary during the uprising of 1956. And without respect to sentiment, merely in terms of the music they made, the personnel banded into the "Philharmonia Hungarica" proved they have the makings of a really distinctive ensemble.

The best of their uniformly good efforts came in the Bartok "Divertimento," in which the total personnel (after taking part in the ceremonial presentation of a scroll from the city of New York) left the stage to the string section. This is unquestionably the most uniformly excellent element of the whole, and as directed by Antal Dorati, capable of doing singular justice to the creation of their great fellow countryman. Expert performances of the work are by no means unknown to New York, but there was a bite and rhythmic thrust in this playing which added a seasoning both arresting and palatable.

At the same time it must be noted that the austere marching orders for their American visit (providing for only six double basses, ten firsts, eight 'cellos and violas) put the group at a disadvantage by measure of the sonorities our orchestras produce. There was, certainly, finely controlled fire in the playing of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" overture and Mendelssohn's "Italian" (A major) symphony, but a little lightness of sound on the bass end, and thinness in the top. First class woodwind playing (oboe and flute especially) were ear catching details in both. With all respect to the devoted efforts of Dorati, who has worked without stint to bring the orchestra to its present, highly presentable condition, it would be the measure of another kind of capacity to hear it under its own youthful maestro, Zoltan Rozsnyai. There should be opportunity to welcome them, and him, back after their American tour.

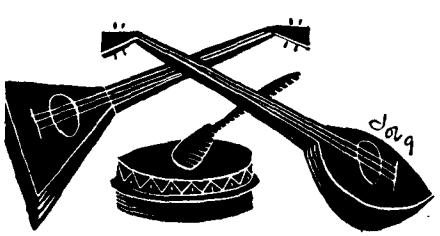
* * *

The proposition that an English conductor, before he is anything else, is a conductor of Gilbert and Sullivan is having a happy affirmation at the City Center, whose new ingratiating production of "The Mikado" is under the direction of Robert Irving. If it is a worthy endeavor that the punishment fit the crime, then it is equally certain that a production should fit the surroundings, which this one does in detail and sum. It even has some distinctions to challenge the legendary standard of D'Oyly Carte productions.

These include, beyond Irving's savorous treatment of the score (vocally as well as orchestrally), a simple but effective solution of the scenic problem by Donald Oenslager, attractive costuming by Patton Campbell, and a frequently amusing staging by Dorothy Raedler. The mixture of new and old acquaintances of the City Center public produces some high points of musical quality, especially in Barbara Meister's youthfully charming Yum-Yum, Claramae Turner's Katisha, and Herbert Beattie's vast, substantial Pooh-Bah. The versatile Norman Kelley makes an evening-long delight of his Ko-Ko, and there are worthy efforts by Sophia Steffan as a Peep-Bo (with overtones of Liza Doolittle), George Gaynes as the Mikado, and Frank Porretta as his errant boy.

The bane of cuteness, which is an abiding peril to those who can take their G and S or leave it, intrudes only now and then, mostly in the second act. By this time, most of the natural laughs (in the counterpoint of "business" to the written text and action) have been exhausted, and the only recourse is to unnatural ones. Possibly this has to do with the late arrival of the Mikado on the scene, and the need to give him his comic due. But even a stage Emperor should not stoop so low to concur. This quibble aside, the lovely score is having an uncommonly artistic recreation by and through Irving, whose abilities as a conductor of ballet (Sadler's Wells and now New York City) have led us to expect nothing less.

To judge from the public concert arranged in Carnegie Hall by the Leventritt Foundation to celebrate its twentieth year of encouraging talented young musicians, the state of the Union's pianism is sound, the flow of octaves unvexed by the shoals and sandbars which lurk beneath the surface of Brahms's D minor Concerto, the G minor of Prokofiev, or even the Rachmaninoff C minor. These, in order, were the choices of Tana Bawden, Malcolm Frager, and Kenneth Amada, who survived the earlier eliminations to perform the three-part final "examination" with the Symphony of the Air under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein.



At the moment this is being written, the choice of an eleven-member panel of judges is unknown to me, but if it isn't Frager, he should demand a recount. The hearty applause that rewarded his playing of each movement of Prokofiev might be attributed to a determined partisanship among some listeners, as the showy account of his technic could be a byproduct of the Prokofiev No. 2, a showy work. But the poise, sensitivity—and above all—personality Frager put forth in this performance were strictly his own. He has an inclination to slug when a jab would do, and some broadening of dynamic range would be desirable, but for a pianist just entering on a professional career (the competition, on a more modest, nonpublic scale, provided the first opportunity also for Van Cliburn to play with major orchestras, in 1954) Frager has decided attributes in his favor.

Miss Bawden and Amada justified their choice as finalists with performances of commendable discipline and stylistic awareness, but neither met the challenge of the work-in-hand nearly so well as Frager. Miss Bawden's Brahms was intelligent, orderly, even expressive, but this is a notoriously difficult work for the most muscular male pianist to make "sound." With all her effort, she did not command the pianistic power to dominate the orchestra when the opening idea bursts forth again before the end, nor was there the tonal scope required for the finale. In a different, but related way, Amada was the victim rather than the benefactor, from his choice of Rachmaninoff. In his case, his attributes tended toward a bright, rather than the ringing, tone desired, more restraint than abandon, emotionally.

(Thanks should be expressed to judges Abram Chasins, Rudolf Firkusny, Leon Fleisher, Gary Graffman, Eugene Istomin, Leopold Mannes, Nadia Reisenberg, Rudolf Serkin, George Szell, Gitta Gradova, and Alfred Wallenstein for agreeing in sufficient majority to declare Frager the winning choice, and make rewriting of the foregoing unnecessary.) —IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

From George to George with Love

WHETHER OR NOT the period 1919-1937 should be called "the Gershwin Years" (they were pretty good Porter, Berlin, Kern, and Rodgers years, also), there is little doubt that 1959 is *the* Gershwin year. Provoked no doubt by the long-awaited film version of "Porgy and Bess" and the recording opportunities that derived from it, other projects ranging from Ira Gershwin's "Lyrics on Several Occasions" to Russell Bennett conducting a new version of his "Symphonic Picture" have emerged to enrich the literature. Among the most welcome (and likely to be the most enduring) is Decca's bulging harvest of melodic blossoms echoing the title of Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart's "The Gershwin Years."

Asset No. 1, of course, is the literature of music itself; asset No. 2 is the embracing skill, as selector, arranger, coordinator, and conductor of the three LPs (Decca DXSZ 7160, $17.94) of George Bassman, an old hand-around-studios (whether radio, recording, film, or TV). In one particularly pertinent way, Bassman has made his project worthy of the Gershwins' Years. For, as one George to another, he has had the enterprise to start with the first published song (the raggy "When You Want 'em You Can't Get 'em" of 1916) and end with the last ("Our Love Is Here to Stay" of 1937). Also, he has had the discrimination to crowd the grooves between with practically all the best-known songs, and a gratifying sampling of others which have only been neglected because of the abundance that had to be honored first.

If there seems a touch of the pedantic in the chronological pattern, rest easy—there isn't. Bassman is much too skilful a hand at programing his material to permit continuity to imperil contrast, or one style of writing to be served at too long a stretch. By the use of varied instrumental combinations, from a small jazz group to a large string-woodwind-brass ensemble (what Broadway calls "symphonic"), he has maintained almost unvarying listener interest from start to finish, mixing his orchestral colors cleverly in terms of the musical character he was delineating—rhythm, ballad, torch, etc.

For my taste, Bassman has functioned most effectively in imparting a timeless musical style to the material. This is a composite of two things: his own arranging skill, which strives neither for tricks nor over-complication but does succeed in evoking the best musical comedy atmosphere of the period with which he is concerned, and his faultless choice of tempi throughout. Conversely, when he dips into the Gershwin past for a pre-"Rhapsody" instrumental "novelty" number of 1917 entitled "Rialto Ripples" (a kind of less refined "Nola") he gives it all the trap-raps, the piano breaks, and rag effects suitable to the (2/4) time.

The true song sequence begins with item three, "Some Wonderful Sort of Someone," sung by Nora Bayes in "Ladies First" of 1918. In addition to a graceful melodic idea, it has an insinuating harmonic pattern, even the sense of extension and elaboration of the pop-tune formula (by rhythmic variation), which became his personal signature soon enough. In short, Gershwin was Gershwin from his nineteenth year on, merely becoming more so as time brought greater assurance and craft in the manipulation of his materials.

I daresay everyone will quarrel with the exclusion of one number or another from the total of more than sixty—where, for example, are "Yankee Doodle Blues" and "I Found a Four Leaf Clover"?—but Bassman is to be applauded for acquainting us with "I Won't Say I Will, But I Won't Say I Won't," "So Am I," "He Loves and She Loves," "Do What You Do," "Isn't It a Pity," and a whole batch from "Treasure Girl" ("Oh So Nice," "I Don't Think I'll Fall in Love Today," "Where's the Boy? Here's the Girl"), which might well have made the reputation of a composer less prolific than Gershwin.

A note on the singers, without whom the brotherly words of Ira Gershwin would be denied their indispensable place: they have been selected not to impose their personalities on the material, but to let its personality shine through them. Richard Hayes is versatile enough to suit his flexible baritone to "Swanee" or "They Can't Take That Away from Me," with the "girl" songs divided by Lynn Roberts, who does agreeably with those of the "Man I Love," "Maybe," "Do Do Do" variety, and Paula Stewart. She has a more appealing soprano sound than most ingenues, with charming effect in "Looking for a Boy," or in duets with Hayes on "Mine" and "Isn't It a Pity." Finally, Decca has stinted nothing to provide a proper physical frame for the full-length portrait: a twenty-four page brochure, with texts by Louis Untermeyer, Edward Jablonski, and Saul M. Saget (plus a bibliography of Gershwin's Broadway and Hollywood production by Miles Krueger), and a varied photopanorama. Even to the glassine record envelopes (which reproduce Gershwin's pencil sketch of himself in gold on white), this is a production from George to George, with love. Sounds great, too.

BY THE side of such a project, more conventional exercises in Gershwiniana are apt to seem skimpy. There is, however, at least curiosity interest in a Warner Brothers LP (BS 1243, $5.98), devoting a full side each to "Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris." Each is performed at full length rather than in the abbreviated versions sometimes favored, with Ray Heindorf conducting the Warner Brothers Orchestra. This disc, like its others, shows

—*Decca Records.*

George Bassman—"A timeless musical style."

Paula Stewart—Sings "the brotherly words."

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a sure command of two-channel skills.

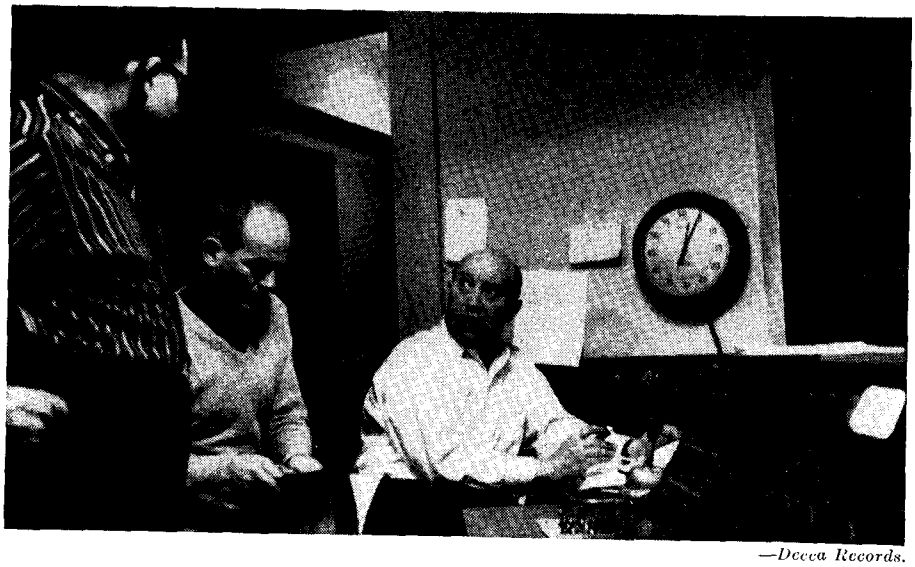
It also shows a keen striving for "authenticity" in attempting to reproduce the spirit and tempi that prevailed when the pieces were new, thirty and more years ago. Presumably, preliminary soundings were taken by means of contemporary recordings, in addition to which Bert Shefter, a pianist who collaborated with Morton Gould in performances during Gershwin's lifetime, added his knowledge to Heindorf's.

The result, to my taste, is both archaic and a little uncomfortable. It is easy enough to restore some tempi, which have grown slack with age, to the pace (mostly quicker) that prevailed in the Twenties. But to revive the muscle tone of the original, to impart the breezy, almost casual air which characterized Gershwin's own piano playing is another matter. There is a bearing on this in an RCA Victor release of midsummer (LPM 2058, $3.98), in which Gershwin's performance of a piano solo version of the "Rhapsody" is reproduced from a piano roll. One doesn't have to accept everything about it as accurate to find unmistakable indications that Gershwin played his own music with a lighter hand, a less portentous air, than a good many contemporaries. (The disc also contains a delightful tribute from Gershwin to Kern in a version of the latter's "Whose Baby Are You?," as well as other characteristic items performed by such favorite piano roll performers as Zez Confrey, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Felix Arndt, Lee S. Roberts, etc.). The best we can ask, it seems to me, is for today's performers to understand the composer's enduring matter rather than trying to mimic his (or anyone else's) bygone manner.

For another aspect of the *annus mirabilis*, consult Verve (MG V 2115, $4.98), whose title is "Mitzi Gaynor Sings the Lyrics of Ira Gershwin." This might lead to the impression that Miss Gaynor has found a new source of material with which to celebrate the author of "Lyrics on Several Occasions," but no—it is the same "old" repertory for which the composers were such estimable but otherwise obscure chaps as Kurt Weill, Vernon Duke, Harold Arlen, and Ira's younger brother.

Though Miss Gaynor's singing, in contra-distinction to the usual cliché, *is* the least of her talents (she is something of a Jennie-One-Note where stylistic variety or dynamic range is concerned) her catalogue is amply varied. It is especially good to have, at full length and with relevant instrumental detail, "I've Got the 'You Don't Know the Half of It Dearie' Blues" not only a tasty bit of word-matching by the author of "Lyrics on Several Occasions," but also a deftly characteristic tune. Further rarities from the Gershwin-Gershwin file are "Treat Me Rough" (from "Girl Crazy"), and "Isn't It a Pity" (out of "Pardon My English").

However, as "Lyrics on Several Occasions" attests, its author was no one-collaboration man. Vernon Duke's "I Can't Get Started" would hardly be the same without its classic text, and the engaging, little-known "Spring Again" and "Island in the West Indies" are equally refreshed by the well-bred words. Harold Arlen's "Gotta Have Me Go With You" and "Here's What I'm Here For" ("A Star Is Born") are hardly his best tunes, but it is no fault of the lyrics. Completing the collection are "My Ship," in which Kurt Weill's compositional talent is shown at its popular best. And to round out the credits for "The Gershwin Years," the explanatory comment here is by its co-author Lawrence D. Stewart. No mention is made of the clearly superior jazz personnel, which is as anonymous as the arranger or conductor. —Irving Kolodin.



—*Decca Records.*

George Bassman (l.) goes over some music with Decca producer Milt Gabler.

Holbrook as Mark Twain

SHORT of a return to the earthly arena of the author himself, there can hardly be as satisfactory a way of enjoying the wit and wisdom of Mark Twain as is contained in the disk just issued (Columbia OS 2019, $5.98) entitled "Hal Holbrook in 'Mark Twain Tonight.'" Covering such subjects as "Journalism on Horseback," "My Encounter with an Interviewer," "How to Be Seventy," and "Huck Battles His Conscience," the disc presents the high points of the evening-long entertainment which Holbrook introduced at New York's Forty-first Street Theatre last April.

Having missed attendance at Holbrook's live performance, the recorded version came to me as a new, unpredictable experience. It was reasonable to anticipate something lively and amusing in the way of a "reading," but nothing so detailed, picturesque, or absorbing as a characterization. If the slightly rasping, deliberately calculating delivery is not a replica of the original, it suits the material so well as to be altogether believable.

"Mind you," says Twain, in discussing smoking, "I have no objection to abstinence. I practise it myself on occasions. I make it a rule never to smoke when asleep." The words as read have their quota of self-ridicule. But as delivered by Holbrook, with the punctuated laughter (well-controlled) of his audience, it becomes a small essay on the technique of humor. Similarly in the case of "My Encounter with an Interviewer."

What establishes Holbrook's feat as something more than a form of intellectual ventriloquism becomes apparent in the lengthy selection from "Huckleberry Finn." In addition to personifying the boy through the cracked voice of the elderly author, he achieves a climax of touching sentiment in delivering Jim's reason for wanting to escape to a "free state." "He was gonna work savin' up money and never spend a single cent and when he got enough he would . . . he would buy his wife . . . and they would both go to work and buy the two children." Like most great humorists, Twain's laughter was the product of an essentially serious view of life. Holbrook has made a fascinating combination of the two elements in a project ideally suited to the recorded medium. —I.K.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Lee Konitz Meets Jimmy Giuffre." Verve MGV 8335, $4.98. "Palo Alto"; Darn That Dream"; "When Your Lover has Gone"; "Cork 'n Bib"; "Somp'n outa Nothin' "; "Someone to Watch Over Me"; "Uncharted," "Moonlight in Vermont," "The Song is You."	Jimmy Giuffre's liner notes refer to scoring for the date, which he describes as "a sort of contrapuntal harmony, giving each member of the section a lyrical line to play at all times." There is stride and depth to achievements of this particular session; room was provided for solos by Konitz, and these are delivered with generous ease against the scoring as described. "Cork 'n Bid" sets up some amusing interplay between members of the group; "Uncharted" provides fine moments with a light, tripping rhythm section.
"The Fabulous Eartha Kitt." Orch. cond. by Maurice Levine. Kapp KL 1162, $4.98. Also stereo. "Sholem"; "Love is a Game"; "Lamplight"; "Yellow Bird"; "Mack the Knife"; "Shango"; "Tierra va Tembla"; "Jambo Hippopotami"; others.	There's a line to one of Miss Kitt's songs, "Lamplight," that might be taken as clue to what she's about: "the Hudson looked just like the Nile." Perhaps it's her way of setting out to say that she intends to transmogrify nearly every familiar object to something less cozy. From first to last band, there is hardly a moment of letdown as Miss Kitt strives for her transformations. Sometimes, as with "Mack the Knife" or "In the Evening," her flair for the dramatic doesn't get in the way; at other moments, as with "I'd Rather be Burned as a Witch," it grates on the teeth, like an overdose of spinach.
"Pete Kelly's Blues." Band under Musical Direction Dick Cathcart. Warner Brothers WS 1303, $4.98. "Pete Kelly's Blues"; "Charleston"; "Fat Annie's Place"; "I Might be Your Once-in-a-While"; "17 Cherry"; "Ain't We Got Fun"; "Hot Pizza Rag"; "Tea for Two"; "The Riff Song"; "Savannah's Tears"; "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You"; "Chinatown, my Chinatown"; "Lupo's Lament"; "Mountain Greenery"; others.	With the exception of the band assembled for the "The Boy Friend," groups put together to provide, a backward look at the twenties have been doing an utterly miserable job of recreating any musical feeling of the period. Some relief from this annoying minor vogue of the rooty-toot skiddo school is vouchsafed in this LP by a group known as the Tuxedo Band. It plays tunes from this era as if it cared. Try their "Charleston." The other band, "Pete Kelly's Big 7," is the same unit minus Frank Beach, trumpet. Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Moe Schneider, trombone are in the reed and wind line-up. It has the sound of Bob Crosby's Bobcats, or of any competent Dixieland band; they are heard "exactly" as in the television series of the same title.
"50th State Jazz." Lyle Ritz and His Jazz Ensemble. Verve MGV 8333, $4.98. "Leis of Jazz"; "Rose Room"; "Polka Dots and Moonbeams"; "Blue Hawaii"; "Clean from Porterville"; "The Song is You"; "Per-jazz"; "Hana Maui"; "Blue Lou"; "Sky-lark"; "On the Beach at Waikiki"; etc.	This is not jazz from Hawaii, but jazz as a group of west coast musicians would like to export it. Their leader, Lyle Ritz, plays a ukulele. The particular ukulele employed here is a tenor, tuned a fourth below the standard, smaller instrument. In action, it sounds somewhat like an electric guitar, and seems to take over its role in the various instrumental combinations of each track. There are some moments of contemporary jazz, featuring solos by Paul Horn, (tenor saxophone, clarinet, and flute) and John Bambridge, Jr. (tenor and soprano saxes).
"Louis and Keely." Louis Prima, Keely Smith, Orchestra. Dot DLP 3210, $3.98. "Night and Day"; "All I do is Dream of You"; "Make Love to Me"; "I Don't Know Why"; "Tea for Two"; "And the Angels Sing"; "I'm Confessin' "; others.	Louis Prima and Keely Smith have worked out a number of blasting vocal routines that have to be classified as duets of love. The restraint usually accompanying announcements of tender intention, even on the operatic level, is missing here. There is not much variation to the routine; the duo shouts, into a microphone, that it loves. Once the point is established, there doesn't seem much to do but sit by helplessly and wait for the next declaration. We couldn't get beyond the third track.
"Justin Gordon Swings." Dot DLP 3214, $3.98. "My Foolish Heart"; "Stars Fell on Alabama"; "Moonglow"; "Laura"; "I'm in the Mood for Love"; "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"; others.	The whole structure depends on one instrumentalist, Justin Gordon, tenor-saxophonist. The selection of material is appealing and the orchestra that plays along with it is entirely competent, although not identified by the producer of the record. Just as with the Jonah Jones LP's, it's fine for any one who cares to sit through a long session with one instrumentalist.
"Things to Come." Ted Heath and His Music. London LL 3047, $3.98. "Four Fours"; "I'll Remember April"; "Sometimes I'm Happy"; "Ringside Suite"; "Stompin' at the Savoy"; "Waterloo Bridge"; "Just You, Just Me"; "Out of Nowhere"; "Taboo."	A brisk rouser after Prima and Gordon, above. There are so many musicians present that don't play regularly with Heath that it's hard to tell whether this is meant to be a sampler of the Heath band, or a vast spread of all the goodies of contemporary British jazz. Thick or not, the spread comes out as palatable. The reed and brass sections are big—eight saxophones, eight trombones, and as many trumpets romp around several of the tracks—and the wonder of it all is that the music doesn't sound overworked. Perhaps this is because the section work is so clean.
"The Cool Scene." Warner Brothers WS 1328, $4.98. Stereo, "Dues Blues"; "I Love Paris"; "The D.A.'s Man"; "Deserted Harem"; "It's a Lonesome Old Town"; "Improvisation"; "Manteca"; "Invitation"; "The Stu Bailey Blues"; others.	A number of vocal and instrumental combinations gather to make this a somewhat eclectic survey of what goes on, day after day, in American jazz circles. Trombones, Inc.; Marty Paich; Frank Comstock and Orchestra; Don Ralke; The Smart Set; Robert Prince and His Orchestra; and Chico Hamilton are among those represented.
"Como Swings." With Mitchell Ayres' Orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. RCA Victor LPM 2010, $3.98. "I've Got You Under my Skin"; "Donkey Serenade"; "Dear Hearts and Gentle People"; others.	Mr. Como takes a crack at "St. Louis Blues," "Route 66," and "Mood Indigo," among others. These are a little outside his ken, and to our ears, he doesn't understand them as well as either Crosby or Sinatra. His voice is pleasant and he is impeccable as singer of the other pop tunes; he is distinguished, among contemporary vocalists, for an approach that is straight-forward and lyric.
"Late Date with Ruth Brown." Arranger-conductor Richard Wess. Atlantic SD 1308, $4.98. "It Could Happein to You"; "Why Don't You do Right"; "Bewitched"; "I'm Just a Lucky So and So"; "I Can Dream, Can't I"; others.	We'd be more inclined to want to listen to Miss Brown if she wouldn't try quite so hard to be Ella (Fitzgerald) and Lena (Horne) and Sarah (Vaughan) all at once, and if she displayed some entirely bewitching vocal quality or styling of her own. As it is, she does well enough with a variety of tunes, perhaps best of all with those of Ellington, and maybe this indicates a vein to be worked.
"Flames, Flappers and Flasks." Joe Glover and his Collegians. Epic Stereo BN 503, $4.98. "Collegiate"; "Just Like a Butterfly"; "San"; "Last Night on the Back Porch"; "I Wanna be Loved by You"; "Barney Google"; "Sweet Lady"; others.	If any group has the right to shell out the corn of the twenties, it's probably this one assembled by Joe Glover for a re-make of some of its classics. Several of the musicians really played in dance bands of the period, and they've not lost their touch. As the tunes and words emerge—the emphasis is on melody—it seems like a remarkable age of innocence, characterized by a curious blend of sentiment, faith, and hard drinking. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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Opera in Space

—Edinburgh

EXPENSIVE productions of major contemporary operas require the pioneering spirit of adventurous and speculative impresarios. At the Edinburgh Festival the Swedish Royal Opera Company of Stockholm under the leadership of operatic tenor, Set Svanholm, has mounted Karl-Birger Blomdahl's "Aniara" in a futuristic setting of outer space which leaves very little to the imagination. The designer, Sven Erixson, has evolved a one-set stage which uses lighting facilities and backdrops to create the illusion of a spaceship's orbit through the planetary void. The movement of projections on backdrop scrims and the aural jet-like sounds which accompany the visual phases carry the audience along in the spaceship ride somewhat like the Disney "Land of Tomorrow" moonship in southern California. All the forces of the Swedish Royal Opera have been concentrated into producing Blomdahl's work with sympathy and understanding.

This is not another science-fiction project conceived as another trick show in modern settings of the usual music-drama. Based upon a libretto by Erik Lindegren after Harry Martinson's epic poem, this fable describes the trials of a group of space emigrants as they attempt to flee their lethally radioactive planet and settle on Mars. Traveling on one of the regularly-scheduled planet ships, their vehicle collides with a swarm of "leonides," suffering irreparable damage to the steering mechanism and throwing her off course. The passengers and crew are destined to travel eternally through space until they die or the ship is destroyed. As the opera progresses, the viewer sees the ship and its inhabitants spiral down the years as it wanders aimlessly through the eonian universe. The psychological and spiritual evolution of these doomed persons represents the moral tale of the work.

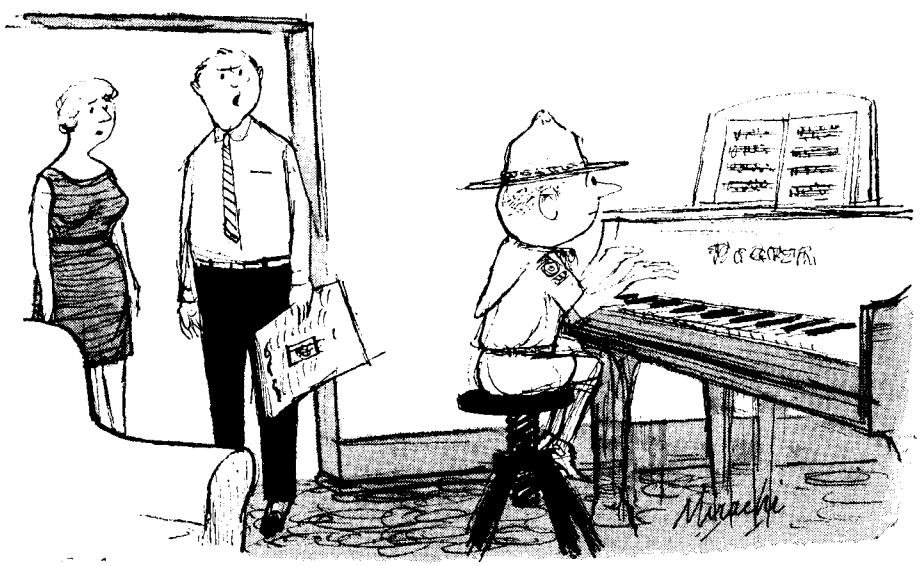
This story is told by recitation-like passages in which the excellent voices of the cast outline the developments aboard the ship. The chief engineer soon becomes a dictator; his villainous acts stifle the spiritual rebirth which is attempted by a blind poetess, who recalls the earthbound religious and spiritual life of their earlier existence. She is thrown into a prison cell together with a sensitive astronomer who has been responsible for the operation of a time machine which has the power to report on the past and search out the future. The time machine, Mima, has such wonderful properties that the travelers worship it as a goddess. The materialism of the mechanical world around them has subdued their esthetic and spiritual taste, and the vulgar amusements of "futuristic" rock and roll, jitterbug, and jive dances satisfy their recreational requirements. The sex drive continues to function but it takes the form of uninhibited perversion with an emphasis on Lesbianism, depicted on the stage in a female sexual dance that leaves little to the imagination but does not deprave.

It is in the midst of this that the quiet and sweet words of the blind poetess interpolates the concept of spirituality. Margareta Hallin, as the blind poetess, was ideally cast, for her lovely, bright, precise tone, with a slight undertone of passion, interjected a clarity of melodic line amidst the complex sounds and noise of the vibrating pulsing rocketship and the garish recreation of the despairing spatial nomads. The antithesis of this monastic voice was the jazz singer, Kjerstin Dellert, who contrived to remind the spaceship habitués of their delightful night-club carousals of the past. The sonorous baritone of Anders Naslund, as the Mimarobe who controlled the Mima machine, recited the story of the Mima and interpreted its predictions and reports from the past and present. When the machine collapsed as a result of its extraordinary electronic efforts, he was imprisoned as a traitor to the world around him.

The usual need for conflict in an operatic plot is well provided for in "Aniara." The individual could interpret its relevance as it affected his own personal philosophy. Undoubtedly the opera was a serious attempt to understand the future of mankind and its excesses in relation to his materialistic and emotional environment. Whether Blomdahl's opus achieves this cannot be answered with one hearing. The score has a number of musical influences. Some are reminiscent of the most commercial moods from the usual Hollywood science-fiction movie. These effects have been produced on tapes and are played during the Mima scene, when the machine is reviewing history and bringing in tales from neighboring planets.

BUT the score has a great deal more than this, for it provides expert accompaniment in a variety of styles for the several arias or recitatives and ballet. Hindemith's theoretical teachings are recognized as one of the bases for Blomdahl's technic. Bartók and Stravinsky too, are reflected in sections. Yet there is a native personal idiom here which is hard to catalogue without more precise and careful study. Certainly, atonality and expressionist idioms appear whether intended or not. The "musique concrete" mirrors contemporary experiments which have much more definite purpose in this opera than is often the case in concert performance. Sound as music and sound as noise become necessary partners in the exposition of the plot.

—Maurice Faulkner



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Too Good to Be Forgotten

CAPITOL and Angel have announced the withdrawal of more than 100 monophonic LPs. Many are of quite recent vintage, and some remain current in stereo editions. Some of the most attractive, sure to become collectors' items, are listed here. Each disc lists at $4.98, although the Angels may be found also in $3.98 "thrift" packages.

BALAKIREV: *Symphony No. 1, C Major. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Angel 35399.

THIS IS THE ONLY Beecham cut-out in the list, a surprising deletion since the stereo version was issued so recently. There is no other recording of this beautifully melodic work, and the radiant performance is outstanding, even from such a master of this genre as Sir Thomas. The memorable slow movement stands comparison with the most celebrated orientalisms of Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov, and the opulence of both solo and ensemble playing here and in the vigorous *Polacca* finale is a splendid complement to the imaginative reading.

BLISS: *Miracle in the Gorbals (ballet suite) and Music for Strings. Sir Arthur Bliss conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35136.

THE MASTER of the Queen's Musick has never commanded much attention on our side of the Atlantic, where, despite the premiere of his Piano Concerto at the New York World's Fair twenty years ago, he is best known as a composer of occasional music ("Welcome the Queen") and film scores ("Things to Come"). These are two quite respectable twentieth-century scores, with a good deal of excitement and solid musical interest in them. "Music for Strings" continues the fine English tradition of Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro," Vaughan Williams's "Tallis Fantasia," and Holst's "St. Paul's Suite." Sir Arthur is a highly capable conductor, and the recording, a bit light in the bass, is otherwise excellent.

BOCCHERINI: *Symphony in A Major; Symphony in C Minor. Franco Caracciolo conducting the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples.* Angel 35384.

THESE TWO may well be the finest of all the prolific Boccherini's symphonies, or so one is persuaded by these ingratiating performances. The more familiar A Major has inevitable resemblances to Haydn, but both works abound in examples of what must have been daring originality in Boccherini's time, including a trace of Spanish-Moorish influence in both minuets. The C Minor, which boasts several really delightful *concertante* episodes, has been newly recorded by Giulini and the Philharmonia (also on Angel), but the Scarlatti Orchestra is so obviously "at home" in this music that its admittedly less polished performance has the edge. The sound, somewhat lacking in definition, is warm and full.

CORNELIUS: *Der Barbier von Bagdad. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Oskar Czerwenka, Nicolai Gedda,* et al., *with the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf.* Angel 3553-B/L (two records with libretto, $10.98).

A COMIC OPERA masterpiece popular in Germany for over fifty years (and actually more than 100 years old), Cornelius's "Barber" has been likened to Gilbert and Sullivan. However, Cornelius was his own witty Gilbert, and his score, while far less tuneful than any of Sullivan's, reveals a mastery of orchestral usage to be compared with that of any mid-nineteenth-century composer. If only a recording of a Mozart opera, or one of Wagner's, were as nearly perfect on all counts as this one! A labor of love? Obviously. Oskar Czerwenka's Abul Hassan is as marvelous in its way as Christoff's Boris, and the Gedda-Schwarzkopf duet in Act I is worth the price of the set. A tremendously enjoyable set, a lamentable deletion.

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 86 in D Major and 92 in G Major ("Oxford"). Franco Caracciolo conducting the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples.* Angel 35325.

IF NAPLES SEEMS a strange source for Haydn, one might remember that the composer once considered settling there as court composer. What is important here is the wonderful No. 86, one of Haydn's really top-drawer pre-London symphonies. It is possible to imagine a more virile performance—Caracciolo may round some of the corners a bit too smoothly—but this one, like those of Boccherini above, has considerable elegance, and there is no other available at present. The "Oxford" is given a more polished performance (despite a brief verbal exchange during the first movement), second only to Szell's crisp Columbia (also discontinued recently) and a few paces ahead of Hans Rosbaud's fine Decca.

HINDEMITH: *Kleine Kammermusik, Op. 24, No. 2 (wind quintet).* POULENC: *Sextette for Piano and Winds. Fine Arts Wind Players (with Leona Lurie, piano, in the Poulenc).* Capitol P-8258.

THERE ARE STILL five or six recordings of Hindemith's little classic, few of the others spread so uneconomically over an entire side. None of those others, though, seems to match this one in the just-right warmth of its sound or the charm of its performance. The only other recording of the Poulenc (on Angel) is also being withdrawn, but will not be missed as much as P-8258, a model of both the playing and the recording of a wind ensemble.

HANS HOTTER (*baritone*): *Songs of Brahms,* Angel 35497; *Songs of Wolf,* Angel 35057. *Both with Gerald Moore, piano.*

ONE OF THE most superb and versatile vocal artists of our age, Hotter seems to be regrettably overlooked here, which may explain the deletion of these outstanding discs. Whether as Wotan or on the intimate level of these songs, he is an amazing performer, and it would be difficult to imagine more successful presentation of any of the twenty-eight selections offered here. The Wolf collection includes all three of the *Harfenspieler,* the two *Cophtisches,* three Michelangelo songs, "Prometheus," and the grisly *"Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Ketten hüllen."* The Brahms disc includes *"Auf dem Kirchrofe," "In Waldeseinsamkeit,"* the *"Sapphische Ode," "Wie bist du, meine Königin,"* and *"Wir wandelten,"* among others.

SCHUBERT: *Music for violin and piano (3 Sonatinas, Op. 137; Sonata in A Major, Op. 162; Fantasia in C, Op. 159; Rondo Brillant, Op. 70). Johanna Martzy (violin) and Jean Antonietti (piano).* Angel 35364-6.

MARTZY'S GLOWING account of the Dvorak Concerto on Decca showed her to be an artist of uncommon communicative gifts, an impression strengthened by her loving, assured treatment of the Schubert works on these three discs. M. Antonietti, no mere accompanist, is a perfect partner, and together they are remarkably expressive without ever tripping into sentimentality. The open-

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ing of the first Sonatina is a promise of wonderful, completely unself-conscious music-making, a promise fulfilled through all six sides, unless one finds the *Rondo* less *Brillant* than he might wish.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Quintet for Piano and Strings, Op. 57. Victor Aller (piano), with the Hollywood String Quartet.* Capitol P-8171.

WE THINK OF Shostakovich primarily as an orchestral composer, and such adjectives as "sardonic" and "gargantuan" come to mind almost at the mention of his name, although the nobility of the Fifth Symphony and the *Largo* of the Sixth must be conceded. He has turned out quite a bit of chamber music, however, including some sturdy quartets, some interesting sonatas, and this greatly admired quintet, which one writer hailed as "surely the most beautiful composition to come from Soviet Russia." There is nothing satirical in this serious, mature work. Its scale is intimate, its tone that of sincere self-expression, quite free of any real or imagined extramusical overtones. The recording was not only a fine one, but the only one in the catalogues lately.

RICHARD STRAUSS: *Sonata for Cello and Piano in F, Op. 6;* MENDELSSOHN: *Sonata No. 2 in D, Op. 58. Andre Navarra (cello) and Ernest Lush (piano).* Capitol P-18045.

NAVARRA IS ALWAYS an interesting performer. If one is at all attracted to the early Strauss Sonata, his is definitely the version to have, for neither of the remaining ones offers anything like this extremely sympathetic performance. Can the slow movement really be as beautiful as what we hear on this record? If we have heard of Ernest Lush at all, we tend to think of him as the accompanist who is available when Gerald Moore is busy or the man who plays the piano in "Handel in the Strand" when it's not Percy Grainger. What he proves to be here, however, is an admirable chamber music collaborator, and, despite the disappointing retirement of this disc, one hopes to hear more from this team.

STRAVINSKY: *Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée" and Suite from "Pulcinella." Igor Markevitch conducting l'Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française.* Angel 35143.

WHILE NEITHER SIDE represents the very best version of the respective item, the coupling is hard to resist. Markevitch's rhythms are crisp, his control complete, and he makes the most of the humorous episodes in this music. Apart from the advantage of the coupling, however, better versions of both titles are to be had—Fricsay or Reiner in the Divertimento, or Stravinsky's own beautiful recording of the entire *Baiser de la Fée;* Fritz Lehmann or Ansermet in the "Pulcinella" Suite, or, again, the composer's own version of the complete score.

VILLA-LOBOS: *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1 (for 8 celli), Chôros No. 4 (for 3 horns and trombone), Chôros No. 7 (flute, oboe, bassoon, clarinet, saxophone, violin, cello, tam-tam). Chamber groups conducted by Werner Janssen.* Capitol P-8147.

DESPITE THE INTERESTING sonorities of the two *Chôros*, the Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1 is by far the most arresting work on this record, and quite possibly the most successful of the entire series so titled. It is perfect cello music, and the multiplication by eight makes it that much richer and not at all unwieldy. Capitol has already replaced this with a new recording of B.B. 1 under Felix Slatkin, but, for all the sumptuousness of the new recording, one misses the bite of the older one. The *Chôros*, too, are far from being mere smart-aleck pieces for outlandish combinations. *Chôros* No. 4 boasts a member of the distinguished Brain family (Alfred) as first horn.

—RICHARD D. FREED.

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Twelve-Tone Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: THRENI (*Id Est Lamentationes Jeremiae Prophetae*) (*1957-58*). *Igor Stravinsky conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra and the Schola Cantorum (Hugh Ross, Director); Bethany Beardslee, Soprano; Beatrice Krebs, Contralto; William Lewis, Tenor; James Wainner, Tenor; Mac Morgan, Baritone; Robert Oliver, Bass.* Columbia, MS 6065. $5.98.

LIKE RELIGION and politics, music has been able to divide its followers into hostile and violently opposing camps. The militant adherents of the opposition are often more fanatic and opinionated than the cause or composer they espouse would seem to warrant. The history of music relates many such warfares. The Wagner-Brahms controversy of the last century, for example, was a heated one. The more recent battle of the twelve-toners on one side and the neo-classic Stravinskyites on the other has been known to shatter many otherwise pleasant relationships.

But for Stravinsky—and this should have been expected—to embrace the procedures of his former California neighbor Schoenberg was surely disturbing to many of his earlier disciples, who may have felt the toppling of a pet deity. Some scurried about as hastily as fellow travelers who tried to explain logically the bed-fellowing of the Nazis and Reds in the champagne days of von Ribbentrop. The repercussions of Stravinsky's defection—or, you may prefer, conversion—are and will be powerful. It is perhaps curious that it has taken him so long. And he comes upon it long after many other composers have explored and experimented with it brilliantly.

Of Stravinsky's most recent works, which include "Agon," "Canticum Sacrum," and "Threni," the last is the only one following a strict serial technique. That is analytical jargon, perhaps, and of not much concern to the listener who may prefer to use his ears rather than his slide rule. The work alone is of interest. It is, for all its preoccupations, still Stravinsky, and sounds that belong to him are there. "Threni," or, in English, "Threnodies," are the elegies of the prophet Jeremiah. Stravinsky's setting was commissioned by the North German Radio of Hamburg and performed for the first time by the orchestra of that organization at the 1958 Venice Festival, with Stravinsky conducting. The work requires a modern-sized orchestra, chorus, and six solo singers. Since it contains no *tutti* at all, one does not have the feeling of any substantial performing body. The result is sparse and, as lamentations should be, dour.

The opening is auspicious. It is both dramatic and deeply effective, as Stravinsky here begins the Jeremiad of a city:

> How does the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks.

We have paid our obeisance to Stravinsky—and rightly so. And with "Threni," praise him for another masterful work, and one that bears re-hearing well.

But it is not all of a piece, and one wonders whether his canons are better than canons by other composers. Is his linear structure within these prescribed limits more noble or affecting? Ignoring the odium of comparison, we might ask: is this a better setting of the Lamentations than that of Krenek? Not necessarily so; for the Krenek work has a sense of relating to the great enduring Gregorian tradition and is, though perhaps less varied, a profoundly moving work.

Stravinsky must now face the perhaps unpleasant fact that on invading other territories he will stand among men who have explored such terrains for decades and more, and have seasoned their reports with time. And there are now men about him—of his age and obviously younger—who unfortunately challenge him, as in the past all kings and prophets have ever been challenged.

In "Threni" there are superbly impressive choral sections. And hasn't the Symphony of Psalms taught us that there should be! Tonality to Stravinsky—he refers to *polarities*—transcends other dicta. The harmonic orientation seems unshockingly innocent. Surely this is not a progressive work but a rather latter-day creation in a style enjoying popular favor in certain quarters. In perspective, "Threni" will not become a landmark comparable to Stravinsky's "Sacre" or other of his earlier works. While it is not a work of pioneering nature, it is a mature investigation of new ways. For Stravinsky's forward look we must be grateful.

Columbia has recorded this work effectively and more richly than Stravinsky often prefers to sound. The soloists and chorus perform admirably and the orchestral forces are first-rate.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

Lecture to the Geophysical Society

By David Posner

THE Russian said it was no dream.
He studied the weather as
it rode him on
where submarine mountains divide
the ocean—
the floor of the sea furrowed like hell.

He watched the ice-pack thaw at spring
till he could stick a spade inside it.
Now winter lay above his head,
sky was cracked with the weight of
stars.
He charted two magnetic poles, strange
kingdoms;
his floe spun like a madman's pate:
hold me, the ice groaned in terror—
the sloughing marked by several
machines.

He felt his mind pusued by water.
Ocean frothed through the holes he cut
to let the melting snow away;
sea-girt the berg brought logic home.

He showed on the board the shape of
winds,
how ice is propelled, velocity of
danger.
Often in storms there is no peak
in sight, no place to go but down.

There were small names for death,
even at day;
Caught up by sun, he smiled, ice broke
like an artillery cannonade,
"a passing train, a distant plane, even
a beehive." *Apis aetheria,*

Capuan Peter wrote, the soul can sink
or float, according to the instruments.
There are no islands in so cold an
ocean
as men must reach, a world sharply
like heaven.
Ice is not earth. But still it will bear
life.

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OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet describes all possibilities for employment abroad, government and private—administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper, many others—$1.00. Included free, "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Foreign Countries." Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

EXPERIENCED WRITER, translator from Russian, seeks literary work. REpublic 9-8270 NYC, nights, Box J-830.

SWEATERS, JACKETS, handknit in Ireland in intricate Aran stitches, thick, oily, warm, beautiful. Carol Brown, Putney 6, Vermont.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, Marine officer, seeks unusual foreign mission. Box J-928.

(Continued on page 86)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 85)

RETIRED BOSTON LAWYER will execute confidential commissions England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, South America. Minimum fees plus expenses using American Express Credit Card. Box J-930.

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PIANO INSTRUCTION by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. BUtterfield 8-3770 NYC.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHER-WRITER. Intelligent, mature, capable young woman. B.A.—liberal arts background with fields of concentration in literature and international relations. Publishing and PR experience. Seeks interesting position in stimulating and challenging atmosphere. Box J-887.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. Set, instructions, $5.00. Milton Bradley, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

NEW "MAGIC KEY TO FRENCH." Learn with Dulac, co-author. First lesson thousand words. Also Spanish, Italian. MUrray Hill 5-4160 NYC.

NATIONALLY KNOWN LECTURE BUREAU'S New York office looking for secretary-stenographer with sales ability accustomed own correspondence. State salary. Box J-906.

CHARMING MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive one room studio suites, with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Avenue, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

WANTED: Copies loose or bound of Variety, Billboard, N.Y. Clipper, N.Y. Star and other theatre publications or books. Sam Stark, Collector, 78 North La Senda, South Laguna, California.

IMPORTED FRENCH CHEESES. Six sophisticated natural French cheeses in "Party Pack," for serving or gift giving. Bleu, Brie, Camembert, La Grappe, Pont l'Eveque and St. Paulin (Port du Salut type), $9.00; west of Mississippi $10. For price list with serving hints write: Continental Cheeses, 20-S Harrison Street, New York, New York.

PROFESSIONAL DECORATING SERVICE for home or apartment makes possible substantial savings. A complete service designed to solve individual home decorating problems. Minimum budgets handled. Personal conference without charge or obligation. Box J-942.

WRITER WANTED to collaborate on unusual human story. Box J-948.

LIBRARIAN, Children's or Branch; LS degree; expanding program; Long Island Sound boating town with city advantages; excellent schools. Northport Public Library, Northport, New York.

ELDERLY LADY in good health will share colonial house, garden northern Jersey with lady. Room, board, garage provided. References exchanged. Box J-949.

FINANCIAL BACKING DESIRED for audience-tested, well-received one-man show. Details on request. Confidential. Box J-939.

WANTED: MEMORABILIA OF O. HENRY, especially photographs, newspaper reprints of stories. Gilbert Di Lucia, OREgon 5-0525 NYC, Box J-932.

MATURE LADY OR GENTLEMAN with some income, college education or equivalent to assist owner of small inn. Comfortable living, moderate salary. Holiday House, Manchester, Vermont.

YOUNG MAN, 24, seeks position as personal secretary, investigator or traveling aide. Write Edward Post, General Delivery, La Jolla, California.

FOR SALE AT SACRIFICE: 300 hours Arthur Murray dance lessons. Sell whole or in part. Box J-938.

IMAGINATIVE YOUNG WOMAN desires position in arts; fashion; advertising. Art background. TRafalgar 3-0924 NYC—8:00 P.M.

NEED TO GET THINGS DONE? Personable, capable, PR-trained, N.Y. woman will handle them for you—from a simple news release to a promotional luncheon for 400! Box J-958.

OPPORTUNITY—Retired or other intellectuals as volunteers. International work associated United Nations. Write: International League Rights of Man, 25 East 64th Street, NYC 21.

PERSONALS

SAN JUAN—Young couple desires open small "good" restaurant, needs encouragement. Box J-935.

BRAZIL: Executive-Attorney departing for Brazil in January for one year. Will undertake personal and commercial missions. Box J-959.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

THREE ROMANTIC HOUSES. Octagonal gate house, studio, guest house. Dutchess County. Overlooking Hudson. School bus stops at door. Box J-954.

VERMONT VIEWS—Hill or Valley—Retirement Homes—summer or year 'round. Quiet, healthful living. Broker, Raymond Holway, Box 347, Rutland, Vermont.

MAINE LAKESHORE. Charming large village home. Authentic 18th Century. Many fine features. 1,500 foot water frontage, 6 acres, salable shore sites. 7 large rooms, workshop, garage, 4 fireplaces, 2 baths. Needs minor repairs. No central heat. Ideal for retired with summer paying guests. 3 eli rooms and bath easy to separate and stove-heat. 18 miles to Augusta and Maine Turnpike. Active village life. Superior prep school. Under $10,000. Terms. Hector Cadarett, Readfield, Maine.

EGREMONT, MASSACHUSETTS. White colonial in rural village near Pittsfield and Tanglewood. 3½ lovely acres, 11 large rooms, new wiring, modern kitchen, 2 baths, oil steam heat, recently painted. $23,500. Box J-952 or call Concord, Massachusetts, EMerson 9-5603.

MAINE HOME CHEAP. Village home, lake view, Belgrade Lakes area. 5 rooms. Excellent condition. No plumbing or central heat. Under $3,000. Terms. Hector Cadarett, Readfield, Maine.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, college grad, seeks same to share comfortably-furnished, 5-room garden apartment in suburban Summit, New Jersey. Easy commuting to Newark, NYC. Call CRestview 7-4398 evenings until 12, or write Box J-905.

BACHELOR EXECUTIVE, 40, share Chicago Gold Coast balcony apartment with responsible same. Box J-956.

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

SPARTA, NEW JERSEY—Studio equipment. Kilns, potter's wheel, sprayers, molds, materials, gas heater, tables, tools. PArkway 9-7055.

VACATIONS

SPEND THE FALL in Tucson sunshine. A country place in the city; near the University; charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American plan, $9 to $14 a day. Christopher Square Inn, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA. COLONY BEACH CLUB RESORT. Longboat Key. Ideal for all the family. INDIVIDUAL BEACH HOMES with kitchens. Full hotel services. Fine dining room. Cocktail lounge, music, white sand beach, fresh water pool, tennis, golf, fishing, shelling, art studio. Write THE FIELDS' Colony Beach Club, Gulf of Mexico Drive, Sarasota. Special Fall Rates until December 18th.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

BERMUDA COTTAGES. 2 or 3 bedroom private housekeeping cottages in choice locations for families, intimate studios for couples. Beautifully furnished, all have living room, bath, kitchen, fireplace, telephone and radio. Private maid does your housekeeping. Beach and club privileges. Reasonable daily rates. Write: Bermuda Cottages, Paget, Bermuda.

VACATIONS

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Beautiful WILMOT INN. Open year round. Provides swimming pool, relaxation and sunshine in lovely gardens, friendliness, exceptional food, patio rooms. European or American plan. 330 South Wilmot Road.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

FOREST COTTAGE FOR HONEYMOONERS, $45.00 weekly. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

ENJOY AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY at EL ESTRIBO LODGE pre-season rates. Intimate resort located exclusive Camelback area, select clientele. Write D. FitzMorris, 5998 East Camelback Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

CROSSROADS, an established "Halfway House." Folder. Box 718, Hanover, New Hampshire.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

ANTHROPOLOGIST who has worked in back areas of Mexico will take small groups for three week trips into isolated Indian villages and jungle ruins. Next departures November 14th and December 19th. Write Miss Fitch, c/o American Tourist Bureau, 7 East 48th Street, Dept. S-1, New York 17, N.Y.

EUROPE 1960: Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion Play, other special events. 40—58 days in Europe, 13—19 countries: $1,095—$1,378. Regular departures May, June, July, August; sea or air. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

IF YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED TO THE MOST FOR THE LEAST . . . try Beekman Tower Hotel for the most marvelous views in all Manhattan . . . the finest location: exclusive Beekman Hill adjacent to United Nations and East River in the heart of midtown . . . famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky), Turtle Bay Dining Room. Enjoy a most pleasant outlook on rates, too: special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $6.50. Family rates also available. If you're driving to New York, write to BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries, $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

EASTERN EUROPE ADVENTURE. Plan now to join an American group for summer tour featuring Yugoslavia, Dalmatian Coast Cruise, Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, White Russia, Ukraine, Crimea, Black Sea, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany, Oberammergau Passion Play, East and West Berlin. See your Travel Agent for folders or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.

EUROPE BOUND? Have fun on your trip, take an Italian ship! **T.V. Irpinia, T.V. Ascania.** Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—and of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgium Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

EUROPE BY FREIGHTER. Modern, fast German freighters with comfortable passenger accommodations available. GLAESSEL SHIPPING CORPORATION, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC.

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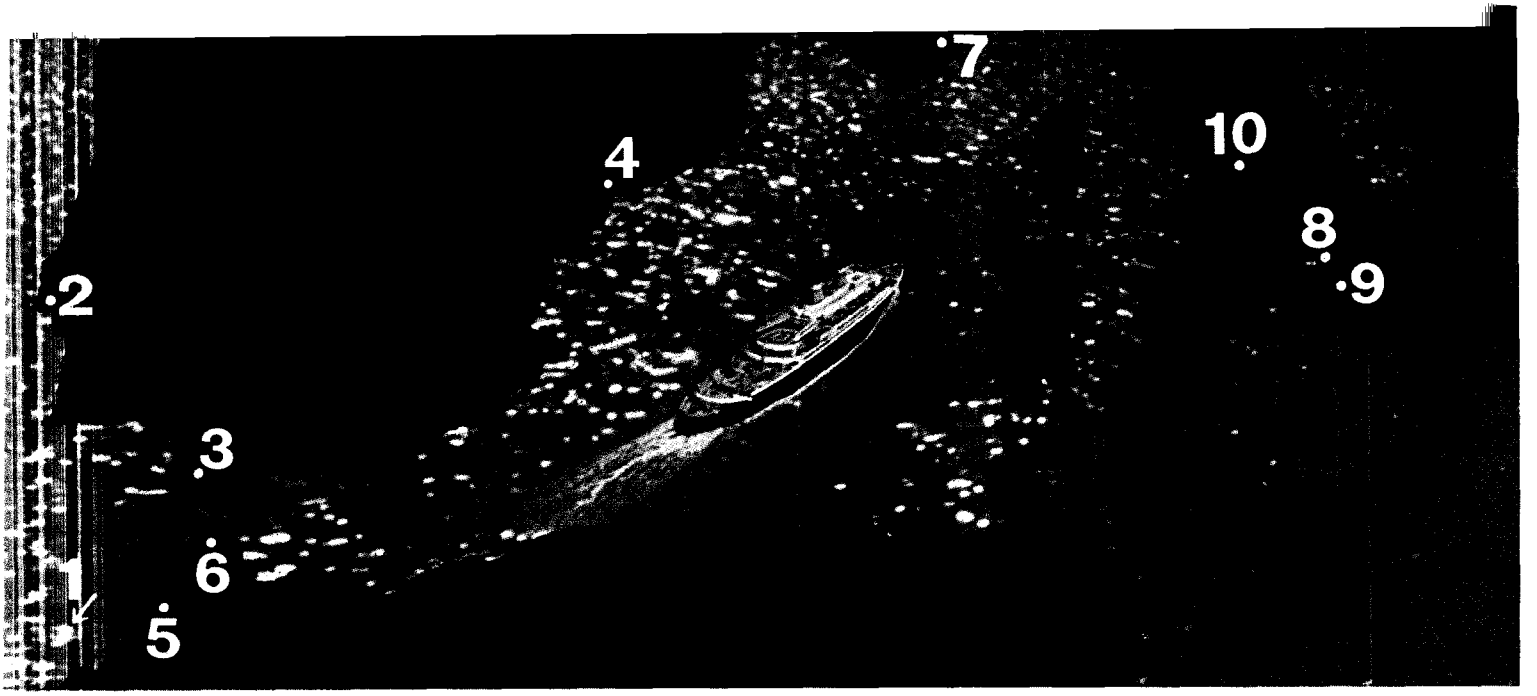


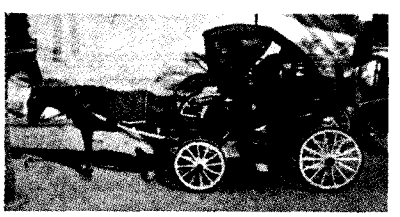
This Fall and Winter, sight-see your way to Europe

Spain, Africa, Portugal, the Riviera, Italy—3-week Sunlane Cruises as low as $555 Cabin

1 Canary Islands. The Romans called these the Fortunate Isles. Phoenicians thought them the peaks of lost Atlantis. Visit Santa Cruz; Mt. Teide towers above it. Breath-taking! (Even in winter the air is soft on the Sunlane.)

2 Lisbon. On the coast of Portugal, painted fishing boats are beached and the nets spread as they have been for 1500 years. Nearby: the resort of Estoril and the famous Shrine of Fatima. (No unpacking; the ship is your hotel.)

3 Cadiz. Byron called it "the cup of silver"—a white city shimmering in sunlight. Nearby are Jerez de la Frontera (have you tasted 1850 sherry?) and lovely Seville. Its Flamenco dances are authentic and spectacular.



4 Barcelona. There are bullfights and gypsy bodegas. North is Montserrat, mountain home of the famous monastery. 125 miles to sea is Majorca. Chopin and George Sand thought it the most romantic island on earth.

5 Casablanca. Exploring the Casbah is a tingling experience. It is a city of contrasts: old walled quarter (Medina) and modern shops. (On ship, our chefs love to be challenged. How do you like your lamb noisette? Capon?)

6 Tangier. The Moors say the devil lives here. It's an exotic city—snake charmers, storytellers, fascinating bargains. Cafes with mint tea and Arab music. Some cruises stop at Madeira—wines, laces, ox-drawn rides.

7 Cannes. Unsling your camera. Here is the view from the Grand Corniche, spectacular drive to Nice, Grasse, Monte Carlo. Then Genoa and the Italian Riviera. (From Cannes, it's only a matter of hours to Paris.)

8 Naples. Our picture is Capri, a scenic ride from Naples. In the fall, Capri is uncrowded and beautiful. Do you know Vesuvius still smokes peacefully; backdrop for your visit to Pompeii. (Our Aces also sail to the Mediterranean.)

9 The Amalfi Drive dips, winds, climbs from the silken beaches of Sorrento to Amalfi. South is Palermo, Sicily. You drive the Conca d'Oro (golden shell) to the Cathedral of Monreale and its famed 12th century mosaics.

10 Rome. Proud medieval echo: the Swiss Guard. (Which of the above cities do you wish to see? Sunlane itineraries are varied and flexible, even to Sea-Air cruises—go by ship, return by TWA. Ask your travel agent.)

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Up to 30 miles a gallon on regular gas. Experience Run, U.S.A., proved the Falcon's exceptional gas mileage and oil economy.

Made in U.S.A. . . . serviced everywhere. The Falcon is a product of Dearborn, Michigan, automotive capital of the world. Every part of the Falcon has been designed for maximum durability and dependable performance. Falcon service is available at over 7,000 Ford Dealers across the country.

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